

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

NO. 2.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

By William S. Bridgman.



ALL SOULS' CHURCH.

UNITARIANISM, world old as a religion, is young as an organized church. It is little more than a century since Theophilus Lindsey preached to the first avowedly Unitarian congregation in England, at his little chapel in Essex Street, London. Yet before that, when the same principles were enunciated by a Presbyterian pastor in Sheffield, and a conservative hearer reproached him with, "Sir, I like the old doctrine," the minister replied: "So do I, sir; the older the better. Mine is as old as the Apostles." Servetus, whom Calvin burned at Geneva, was a Unitarian; so were Bartholomew Leggatt and Edward Wightman, the

two last English martyrs sent to the stake for their religion, nine years before the sailing of the Mayflower.

In America Unitarianism grew up and took definite shape a decade or two later than in England. The movement there had its main sources in the Presbyterian church; here it centered in the Congregational bodies, and in New England. Yet it was an Episcopal clergyman, Dr. James Freeman, who set up its earliest clear landmark by formulating a revision of the prayer book that was adopted by his congregation as a Unitarian liturgy.

Its first great leader as a separate church was the famous William

Ellery Channing, whose ministry began in 1803 at the Federal Street Church in Boston. It was Channing who planted its seeds in the metropolis, holding New York's earliest Unitarian service in April, 1819, in a private house. A few days later he preached to a large gathering in the old Academy of Physicians on Barclay Street, and in May, as a result of his mission, a body was organized that took the name of the First Congregational Unitarian Church. Ground was bought in Chambers Street, west of Broadway, and a church was built. At its dedication, in January, 1821, the preacher was Edward Everett, then, at twenty seven, professor of Greek at Harvard. William Ware, a man eminent as a divine, a scholar, and an author, was the first pastor; Dr. Follen, the second. The third was Dr. Henry Bellows, during whose long and memorable ministry the First Church, steadily grow-

ing in numbers and influence, moved up town to a building on Broadway, between Prince and Spring Streets, and thence again to its unique Romanesque temple, the church of All Souls, at Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street—an edifice that Dr. Bellows himself designed, planning "every tower, every arch, every inch of it to be a religious sentiment."

During the civil war the pulpit of All Souls' was a power of patriotic eloquence hardly less notable than that of Plymouth Church. And Dr. Bellows gave more than words to the cause of his country. It was he who founded that great engine of practical philanthropy, the Sanitary Commission; and as its president he devoted time and effort unstintedly to the supervision of its work, vast in sphere and no less vast in usefulness.

Dr. Bellows died in 1882, and was lamented as a great hearted preacher and patriot. To succeed him, in June of the following year, the Rev.

Theodore C. Williams was called from a country church in Massachusetts. He was a young man—twenty eight years old, and ordained less than a twelvemonth before; but he had already shown evidence of worthiness for his post.

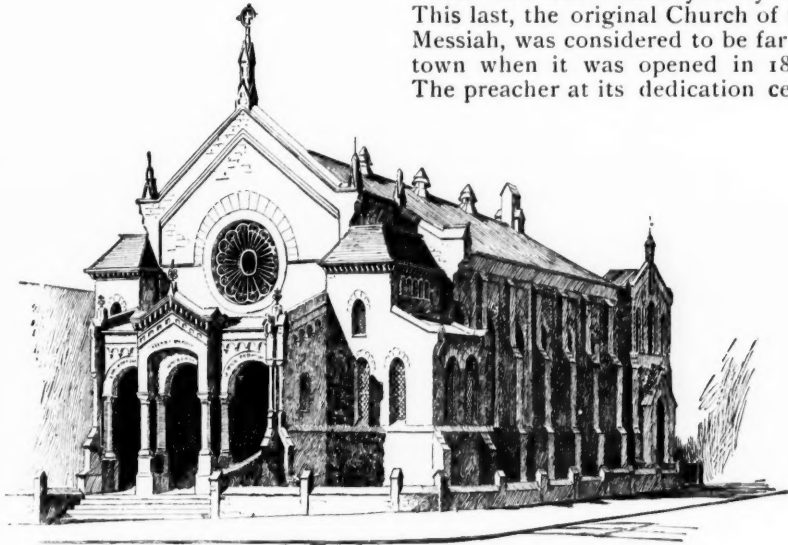
Like most of the Unitarian leaders of the metropolis, Mr. Williams is of New England birth and training—born in 1855 at Brookline, Massachusetts, and educated at the Roxbury Latin School, at Harvard—where he was a class orator—and at Andover. Though an avowed Unitarian, he found at the great Congregational seminary a courtesy and tolerance which, to use his own words, "gave him a large ideal of Christian unity." Nevertheless, a lack of sym-



THE REV. THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, PASTOR OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH.

pathy with Andover theology impelled him to finish his studies for the ministry in the somewhat more liberal atmosphere of the Harvard Divinity School. He was ordained in November, 1882, and called first

five years. It was the successor of a large granite edifice that had stood on Broadway, near Washington Place, for another quarter of a century, and that in turn succeeded one in Prince Street, west of Broadway, which had been destroyed by fire. This last, the original Church of the Messiah, was considered to be far up town when it was opened in 1826. The preacher at its dedication cere-



THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

to Winchester, Massachusetts, and thence to his important charge in New York.

Twice in the last four years Mr. Williams has been one of the university preachers at Harvard, succeeding Dr. Edward Everett Hale in that capacity. He is known, too, as a writer both of prose and verse. A poem that appeared over his signature in a recent magazine drew, from the analogy of a shell picked up on the shore, the thought:

Take courage, soul! Thy labor blind
The lifting tides may onward bear
To some glad shore, where thou shalt find
Light, and a Friend to say, "How fair!"

The history of All Souls' is closely paralleled by that of the Church of the Messiah. This latter, the temple of the Second Congregational Unitarian Society, has stood at Park Avenue and Thirty Fourth Street, on the crest of Murray Hill, for just twenty

mony was Dr. Channing; its first minister, the Rev. W. Lunt. Dr. Orville Dewey and Dr. Samuel Osgood came next in its pastorate; then Dr. Hepworth, who passed from it to the Church of the Disciples, and thence to the no less widely influential pulpit of a great New York newspaper's editorial chair.

In 1879, after once declining a call from the congregation of the Messiah, the Rev. Robert Collyer accepted a second invitation and came to it from the Chicago church in which he had won fame as one of the great preachers of the day. Mr. Collyer's career has been as striking as is his personality. He was the son of a country blacksmith in the north of England, whose death forced him to go to work for a living when he was only eight years old. For six years he toiled in a Yorkshire linen mill; then he was apprenticed at his



THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

father's trade, and grew to manhood as a journeyman blacksmith. One of his Chicago parishioners, years afterwards, discovered and purchased the anvil on which young Collyer, in his little shop at Ilkley, used to swing his sledge six days in the week. He was always a great reader and a deep thinker, and on Sundays he wielded a metaphorical hammer in the pulpits of the Methodist chapels of the neighboring villages.

He was twenty seven when he determined to try his fortunes in America. Taking passage to New York on a sailing vessel, he settled at Shoemakerstown, near Philadelphia, where he went to work at his trade. The Philadelphia Conference, to which he brought letters, gave him a license, and for nine years he acted as a local

Methodist preacher. It is recorded that in payment for his services he received a few household necessities and ten dollars in money. Then in 1859 he was charged with heresy, and the Conference refused to renew his license. He had abandoned the doctrine of the Trinity.

Mr. Collyer was called to Chicago to take charge of a Unitarian mission, which conducted a night school and did charitable work among children and the poor. He was very successful, and became pastor of the newly organized Unity Church, which under his leadership grew to be perhaps the most important religious society in the Lake City. The great fire of 1871 swept away his church and his residence. On the next Sunday morning he called

his congregation together in the ruined building, that stood, roofless and blackened, amid a seemingly ruined city. He spoke words of hope to his people, many of whom had seen all they possessed vanish into flame and smoke. He told them that he had, not so long before, preached for a dollar a year, and was ready, if need be, to do it again. If the worst came, he declared, he could still forge as good a horseshoe as any blacksmith in Chicago. And it was not long before the church was rebuilt, and regained its prominence and usefulness.

As the veteran pastor of the Church of the Messiah draws near his three score and tenth year, it may be said of him, in words taken from one of his own sermons, that "a man advanced in years is to be envied rather than pitied; the best thinkers agree in looking upon the declining days of life as those of the richest fruition The buoyancy and springtime of youth may be carried into the experience of age. It is the privilege of every man to whom is given length of years to spread a power for good over his fellows. His years properly make him respected, and if they have been wisely spent there comes with the lapse of time such a gathering up of knowledge of men and things that he becomes a monument in the community about which men love to cluster."

The remaining Unitarian congregation in the metropolis—for there are but three—is a young organization that has in its six years of existence reached a position of creditable strength, and a promise of much more. In September of last year, after several migrations from one tem-

porary home to another, it dedicated its present building at Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty First Street—a building that is interesting as a remarkably thorough embodiment of the practical side of church work. Without any attempt at showiness of exterior, it provides, on a comparatively small site, quarters for a wide range of helpful institutions. It has its reading room, its drill room, its gymnasium, its baths, its girls' club room, and it is to have its boys' club room and training school. All these have been built up by the pastor, the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, on lines not unlike those of the great Episcopal parish of St. George's, and yet quite original with himself.

Mr. Wright is a man of thirty three, with the energy of youth, the culture of academic training, and a liberalism notable even in the liberal



THE REV. MERLE ST. C. WRIGHT, PASTOR OF THE LENOX AVENUE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

communion to which he belongs. He is a Bostonian, a graduate of Harvard—where he was prominent in athletics as well as scholarship—and came from the Theological School of the Cambridge university to the Lenox Avenue church—he its first pastor, it his first charge.

Such, in briefest outline, are the past history and the present status of Unitarianism in the metropolis. Its future is an interesting matter for speculation. Although its congregations in that city have not mul-

tiplied as those of other sects, it has in recent years shown, both there and elsewhere, a strength that has led some hopeful adherents to term it the coming religion of at least the educated classes. Others admit that it can hardly hope to rival the numbers of the larger churches. It lacks the essential elements of a great popular religion. It is too broad to be sectarian and self assertive; too critical to kindle affection and inspire enthusiasm. Its very intellectual strength is its material weakness.



THIS glittering sword, this same bright blade,
A glorious part in history played.

See, there half effaced is the British crown
And the hilt is ablaze with jewels gay.

My grandfather found it in Boston town
Just after the British had sailed away—

When Washington was our General.

And then for years, tradition sings,
It helped to sever the apron strings

Which bound us to England across the seas.

It served to make real a hope forlorn,

It fought for the Thirteen Colonies,

And then in a proud salute was borne—

When Washington was our President.

This glittering sword, this same bright blade,
In a case for a hundred years was laid.

It made all titles transparent seem,

In the land where men are equal and free

Forever—but wait, now faint as a dream.

A face and form fair and lovely I see;

I forgot that a queen reigns over me.

Walter H. Hawkey.

THE GREAT WHITE CZAR.

By Theodore Schwartz.

WHEN the third Alexander ascended the throne at whose foot lay the mangled body of his father, it is safe to say that there were few who envied his imperial honors. Prophecies were rife that his reign would be short and its end tragical. Nevertheless, nearly twelve years have passed and he is still Czar. During those twelve years no effort has been made to ameliorate the condition of his vast empire, to give political and social liberty to its millions, or to bring them from semi savagery to fuller civilization. The government is still a mixture of autocracy and bureaucracy, and—at least as its enemies say—of oppression and corruption. And yet the Nihilist propaganda, which sent man after man—and woman after woman—to lay down their lives in the attempt to end that of Alexander II, has given little sign of energy under his successor. Has it been crushed out by the rigorous crusade of the imperial police, has it given up the fight in despair, or will it yet make itself heard and felt?

That is an interesting question. It must be especially interesting to the Czar himself, unless his long immunity from danger has given him a sense of security. There is no doubt that in the earlier years of his reign the fear of a fate like his father's was very clearly before his eyes. He shut himself up

his palaces—the Gatchina, most frequently—and lived the life of a recluse. Soldiers guarded every avenue of approach. A few trusted retainers—and there were very few whom the Czar did trust—made daily searches for dynamite under beds and in dark corners. Every dish on his table was tasted, in his presence, by the chief cook to prove that it hid no poison. He had been more than two years on the throne before he dared to go through the public ceremony of coronation.

Not that Alexander is a coward. As a boy he was a great huntsman

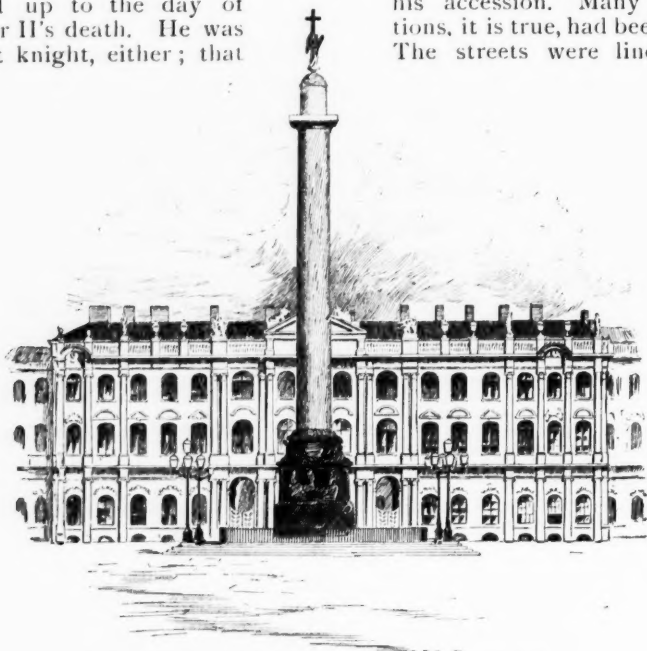


ALEXANDER III, CZAR OF RUSSIA.
From a photograph.

and athlete, a high spirited, self-willed lad who—for he was his father's second son—was not subjected to the rigorous training deemed necessary for the heir to a crown. When his elder brother died, leaving him next to the imperial throne, he had entered the army; and his service continued up to the day of Alexander II's death. He was no carpet knight, either; that

pitals of St. Petersburg and spoken words of sympathy to the sufferers.

That must have been an anxious hour, nevertheless, when at his coronation he moved through the densely packed streets of Moscow—the first time that he had faced a great popular assemblage since his accession. Many precautions, it is true, had been taken. The streets were lined with



THE ALEXANDER COLUMN AND THE WINTER PALACE.

he has faced the perils and the hardships of war is proved by two fingers on his left hand that are maimed by frost bites, and a scar on his temple that was made by a Turkish bullet. In the struggle with Turkey he held an important command, defending the left flank of the Russian invading army; and though he bore no part in the bloodiest battles of the war, those around Plevna and in the passes of the Balkans, he saw plenty of fighting, and his personal gallantry made him immensely popular with his soldiers. Again, in the recent cholera epidemic, it may be noted that while the German Kaiser found an excuse for staying away from stricken Hamburg, the Czar has repeatedly visited the hos-

soldiers, and soldiers were posted on the housetops. The police had arrested "suspicious characters" by the hundred. They had sent home the Moscow students, a body that the socialistic heaven had notoriously tainted—for it is the educated class, not the uneducated, that has furnished Nihilism with its leaders and its martyrs. There was no fear of the peasantry; they have always revered their "great white Czar" as a creature more than half divine. As he rode into Moscow on that May morning of 1883, from the Neskushnoi palace, eight miles out of the city, where he had spent three days in prayer and fasting, the sheepskin clad *moujiks* knelt as he passed on the way to his crowning place.



THE PALACE IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

That crowning place was Uspenski Sobor—*Anglice*, the Church of the Assumption—where every Czar since Ivan the Terrible has had the imperial diadem set upon his brow by the highest priest of the national church; a curious, characteristically Russian temple with five balloon-like domes of gleaming gilt. It stands in the midst of the Kremlin, the great citadel and palace that overlooks the winding stream of the Moskwa and the ancient capital of Russia. On a platform raised in the center of its gorgeously decorated interior Alexander was crowned Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, with a sonorous roll of nearly fifty such lesser titles as Prince of Novgorod, Master Absolute of Armenia, and Gossoudar of Pskoff. Around him stood—for seats are not permitted in Russian churches—six hundred princes, nobles, and ambassadors, and, for the first time, it is said, in the history of these inaugural ceremonies, five reporters, representing five newspapers in Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris, and New York respectively.

Very little of the Czar's time is spent at this old palace of the Kremlin, and not much at the Winter Palace, his official residence in St. Petersburg. The southern façade of this latter is shown on page 138, with the great Alexander Column before it—the monument of the first Alexander, a huge monolith of red granite, with a capital cast from Turkish cannon. His favorite palaces are the Peterhof and the Gatchina, both sufficiently near St. Petersburg to be called suburban.

At these his daily life is simple and quiet. The rigid guard he threw about him in the first years of his reign has been greatly relaxed of late. He walks unattended through the wide parks that surround the palaces, and occasionally drives in to St. Petersburg. Not long ago a newspaper report told of a visit he made to the capital to attend the funeral of an aged Englishwoman who had been the nurse of his infancy. He walked behind her coffin, hat in hand, through the streets, from the Winter Palace to the English chapel on the Neva, and when

the cortège reached the place of interment he and his brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, lowered the coffin into the grave with their own hands. Though crowds of spectators were present, the report added, there was no escort of police or military present.

Ever since the time of Peter the Great, nearly two centuries ago, the

devoted to his wife and their five children, and the Czarina is as popular in Russia as is her sister, the Princess of Wales, in England.

At one of the Empress Eugénie's brilliant receptions in Paris, Alexander, then Czarevitch, or Crown Prince of Russia, was asked by the fair Spaniard—either in jest or in hope of a compliment—to point out to her the most beautiful woman in the assembly. He promptly pointed to his wife. That was not long after their marriage, but it is declared that although last year he celebrated his silver wedding he has never changed his opinion.

Of their eldest son, the Czarevitch Nicholas, some particulars appeared in a recent number (January, 1891,) of this magazine. He has been engaged during the past summer in supervising the distribution of the famine fund. Whether he has succeeded in preventing a goodly percentage of it from adhering to the official fingers through which it must necessarily pass it would probably be difficult to say.

The eldest princess, Xenia, is now eighteen years old, and is said to be a beauty. Her marriage is already a matter of diplomatic consideration. All the imperial children have been thoroughly educated, and can speak not only Russian and

French but also Danish, their mother's native tongue, and English.

The Czar is said, and probably with truth, to be the richest sovereign in the world. He is certainly the greatest of landholders, the extent of his crown estates being measured by hundreds of thousands of square miles. He has gold and silver mines in Siberia, great parks, woodlands, and farm tracts in European Russia, and the amount of treasure heaped up in his many palaces is literally untold.

And yet this billionaire ruler of a nation of paupers is a man of the simplest personal habits. The apart-



USPENSKI SOBOR, THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION
IN THE KREMLIN.

Russian emperors have so invariably sought their brides in Germany that the blood of the Romanoffs is now almost purely Teutonic. The present Czar broke the rule by marrying Princess Dagmar of Denmark. There was a romance in her early life like Princess May of Teck's. She was betrothed to the Czarevitch Nicholas shortly before his death, and his dying wish was that his brother Alexander should marry her in his stead. The match was largely, of course, one of political expedience, but it has proved a notable instance of what Mr. Gladstone calls a "union of hearts." The Czar is undoubtedly

ments in his different residences that he uses as bed chamber or study are neither grand nor gorgeous. At the Anitchkov Palace in St. Petersburg, which was his home before his accession to the throne, he had a room that is described as small and plainly furnished, and constantly littered with maps, books, and newspapers—of which last he is a great reader, little as his government favors the liberty of the press. Another feature of life at the Anitchkov was the annual Christmas tree, to which the Crown Princess used to invite not only the children of the nobility but several hundreds of the poor boys and girls of the Russian capital.

At the Gatchina and Peterhof palaces the Czar's morning is given to such business as may be brought to him by officials from the bureaus of St. Petersburg. At one o'clock he lunches with his family, seldom admitting any one else to the meal. In the afternoon he drives or walks with his wife or his sons; in the evening there is generally an old fashioned gathering of the family, when the empress plays the piano or the emperor reads aloud. Truly a simple routine for the autocrat of a hundred millions!

The Czar's personal convictions and purposes must necessarily be a matter of more or less uncertainty. The Russian government can be judged only by its acts, for it makes no statements of its position or its intentions; and even its acts are often imperfectly reported and understood in foreign countries. There is little reason to believe that Alexander has any thought of moving in the direction of more liberal institutions. One of his earliest memories must be of the day when he was brought to the bedside of Czar



DAGMAR, CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

From a photograph.

Nicholas, to receive the blessing of his dying grandfather; and his political ideas seem to be in the main those of that despotic monarch. He is no doubt a firm believer in the divine right of kings. The rôle of an autocrat suits him precisely. A characteristic story is told of his boyhood. It was suggested that he should join the palace orchestra, and he was asked what instrument he would prefer. He promptly selected the trombone, and his performance on it is said to have been a well sustained and fairly successful effort to drown the rest of the orchestra.

And he has always retained his fondness for "leading parts."

FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

X—JEAN JACQUES HENNER.

By C. Stuart Johnson.

HENNER is one of the veterans of the artistic fraternity of Paris, less famous only than such great leaders as Bouguereau and Gerome. A "leader" Henner can scarcely be called; he occupies a place by himself, and has been but little affected by the movements of the contemporary art world. He has neither followed the lead of others, nor have others ventured to imitate him.

He is ranked as a pupil of Dröll-

ing and Picot, painters of the old French historical school; but he had learned his art before he came to Paris. His powers were extraordinarily precocious in development. There is in his studio a canvas that shows the figure of an Alsatian peasant—an elderly man with sharp features, gray hair, and a white cotton cap. It is a portrait of old Hermann, the village carpenter of Bernwiller, and Henner was not six when he painted it. "I do better work now," he says of it, "but nothing more natural."

Bernwiller was Henner's birthplace. It is in France's "lost province" of Alsace, not far from Basel. His parents were poor people, but they did their best to encourage their son's wonderful talent for drawing. They sent him to a school at Altkirch, whose drawing master, a M. Goutzwiler, was, as Henner often afterward testified, an artist worthy of a more conspicuous post. They gave the boy pictures and models to draw from, and took him to the art galleries of neighboring towns.

In the Basel Library there is a collection of Holbein's paintings—Basel was Holbein's home before he went to London—which made an especially deep impression on Henner in his



"THE YOUNG JOAN OF ARC."
From the painting by Jean Jacques Henner.

boyhood. Indeed, that impression has never faded away. He often goes to the Louvre on a Sunday, to stand for a few minutes before the canvases of the great German master of lights and shades. Another painter from whom he drew inspiration was François Heim, a native of his own district, who was elected a member of the Institute in the year of Henner's birth (1829). He went to Strassburg to copy one of Heim's canvases, a "Shepherd," which was afterward destroyed by a shell from the German guns in the siege of 1870.

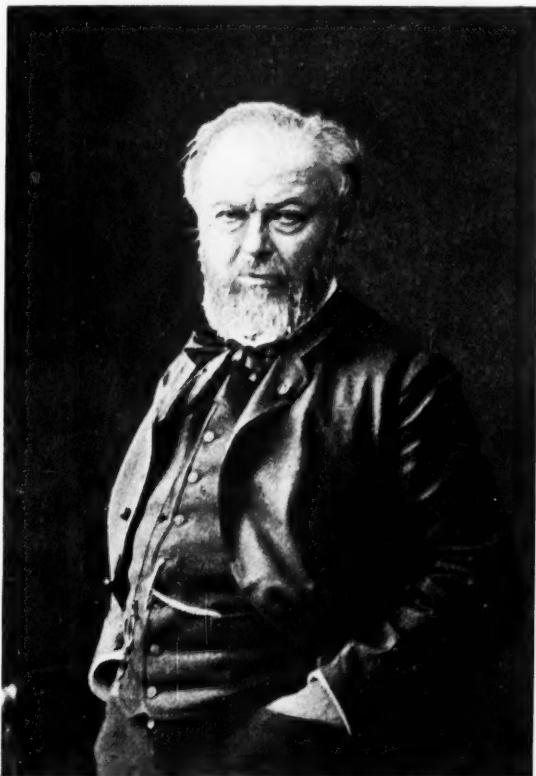
The Prix de Rome—the government bounty that provides a free education in art to the victor in a competition open to all France—is an institution that every French peasant knows, and Henner's father and mother confidently predicted that their boy would carry off the prize. He did carry it off, but they did not live to see it. On his father's deathbed the old peasant called his elder sons about him and asked them to promise that they would spare no self sacrifice to enable Jean Jacques, their youngest brother, to continue his artistic training.

The promise was made and kept. The lad remained at school, and then was sent to Paris, where he studied in the *ateliers* of the best masters of the day.

When he determined to enter for the Prix de Rome, he chose as the subject of his composition the death of Abel. The model who posed for the figure of the murdered son of Adam was enthusiastic over Henner's picture, and said it was sure to win the prize. "Only," said he, "if I were you I would put a club on the

ground—the club that killed Abel." The suggestion was adopted, and the silent witness of the murderer's hasty flight added a significant touch to the composition.

The prediction of success was



JEAN JACQUES HENNER.
From a photograph.

verified, and Henner went to Rome as the protégé of the government. His sojourn there was an uneventful period of quiet study and hard work, and he came back to Paris to take high rank in the art world. Three times in the four years from 1863 to 1866 he received a third medal at the Salon. One of the pictures that won him this distinction—a version of the oft painted theme of "Susanna"—was bought for the Luxembourg gallery; another, the "Bathing Girl Asleep," hangs in the museum at Colmar.



"LA CREOLE."

From the painting by Jean Jacques Henner.

Henner's ideal work has a strongly marked individuality. His favorite subjects are nudes; his greatest skill is as a painter of flesh. He has a peculiar fondness for dark shadows, somber coloring, and the atmosphere of twilight. "Who," says Jules Claretie, "has not stood to dream before his wonderful idyls, in which,

with the daring innocence of ancient days, some unclothed maiden stretches herself on the green grass or throws into the evening air the mournful strains of her reed flute? It is the close of a cloudless day. Twilight is at hand. The trees are outlined in solid and slightly darkened masses against a sky of tender

blue, while a lake, or the slumbering water of a brook, reflects the boundless vault of heaven. What a graceful, dreamy charm! Theocritus and Vergil sang as this Alsatian paints. In him there is both an incomparable painter and a poet—the poet of nature and of the woods, of dreams and of beauty."

Claretie's description would fit any one of a score or more of Henner's canvases. New Yorkers have a characteristic instance in the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe gallery at the Metropolitan Museum, numbered 108, and called "A Bather." Henner's titles, it may be remarked, are seldom very significant. His pictures are never of the "painted drama" order. He finds in most of his themes merely an opportunity for his effects of ivory flesh on a background of dark foliage and blue water. "What do I care about the subject of a picture?" he once said. "Look at such and such a masterpiece; what do you see there? Two white spots, which are women, on a green spot and a blue spot, which make a background of trees and sky. Where is the subject? One doesn't know. But there is a grace, a poetry, a charm, a harmony in it; it awakes emotion, it gives pleasure—and that is *painting*."

Henner's mastery of flesh tints, and the studied perfection of his modeling, make him one of the best of contemporary portrait painters. The engraving of "La Creole," on page 144, indicates his power in this direction. His portraits have a somewhat impressionist breadth of handling and a marked spirituality of

expression that recalls Sir Thomas Lawrence's saying that "Every one can paint an eye, but it is not every one who can paint a look."

"Prayer," the painting that forms the frontispiece of this magazine, is another figure study of rare beauty. Its subject is, apparently, the Magdalen, kneeling in a dark shadow that can best be characterized as Henneresque. On her upturned face there falls a light from above—"a light that never was on sea or land." The picture—one of the artist's best and most mature works—was painted about four years ago.

In the Salon of 1881 Henner exhibited a portrait of a gray haired man, wearing the rough fustian suit of a provincial farmer, and with strong features that bore a noticeable resemblance to Henner's own. This was explained by the title—"My Brother." It was one of the kinsmen whose fraternal devotion secured for the painter his start on the road to fame—a devotion that has been well remembered and requited.

Personally this painter of classic idyls is a sturdily built, broad shouldered man, with a thoughtful, intellectual face, and hair and beard whitened by his sixty three years. He is reserved, simple in his manner of life, and one who never poses or seeks advertisement. His studio is his home. At work there, in a loose flannel shirt and a velvet cap like that of Andrea del Sarto's portrait in the Uffizi, he finds his greatest pleasure in bending mind, eyes, and fingers to the service of his ideals of art.



A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

By A. S. Duane.

AMONG all contemptible things I have always particularly despised a liar.

There never seemed any excuse for anybody but a scoundrel and a coward telling lies, but I seriously doubt if any man ever told the whole truth—especially if he happened to be a husband.

There seems to be some morbid quality in a woman that makes her search out the things that she knows will "break her heart," and when she finds them, if they disappoint her, she pinches and twists and distorts them until they make a sufficiently unpleasant showing. Long experience as a married man teaches one to hide these little things very deftly. Only it happens, sometimes, that he finds the hole he has dug is big enough to swallow him up.

My intentions were perfectly fair and honest last year when I proposed taking a sea voyage. I had been working myself almost to death getting a new plant of machinery adjusted in the factory, and the reaction had come in the shape of chronic insomnia.

I tried everything for a remedy, from doses of contemporary fiction to late suppers of onions and beer. I think that the last might have done me some good, had not Julia objected. She said she had known older men than I who had found drunkards' graves from beginning with a doctor's prescription.

I met Senseny on the street one day, and he advised a sea voyage. Said he had taken one the year before, and it had worked like a charm. He had gone on the *Elia* from Baltimore to Bremen, had a day or two in Paris, and returned on the same ship. It only cost about

two hundred and fifty dollars, all told, and he had been sleeping like a top ever since. I went home and told Julia and asked her to go along, but she refused unless I would take Johnny and the baby, and as I had a conviction that absence from Johnny and the baby was a valuable ingredient of the prescription, I declined.

I went over to Baltimore one Monday morning, meaning to lay in a supply of cigars and literature, and an old friend if possible, to keep me up during the long voyage. I found the first two very readily, but the last I was about to give up in despair when I met Jim Blair.

If ever there lived the prince of good fellows, who is always, according to his friends, about to step into his kingdom by royal right and acclamation, it is Jim Blair. Hospitality beams from his sunny brown eyes. The world has gone easy with him from his cradle up. Into that infant nest a dying uncle poured piles of dollars, and Jim has made playthings of them ever since. It is one of the regrets of my life that I see so little of him. Until I married, he was my other self; but matrimony means a greater severing of old ties than any one imagines until he tries it. And there was another thing, which under any other circumstances I should hardly mention. Jim has a sister. She is, for a woman, exactly what he is for a man—gay, handsome, cordial, and clever. In my young days, before I knew Julia, I was desperately, head over ears, in love with Madge Blair, and she refused me.

Goodness only knows what ever induced me to tell that affair to Julia. It must have been in the early days

of our passion, when my brain, memory, and everything else, were liquefied and poured out before her. I've repented it often enough. The consequence has been that she insists that Miss Blair repented (does that woman live who does not believe that every other woman would have been glad to marry her husband?) and has kept her state of maidenhood upon my account.

"Oh, you needn't tell me," she always says, when I remonstrate with her upon her monstrous foolishness. "That woman is dead in love with you this minute, and I wouldn't be cold in my grave before she would marry you. A nice stepmother she would make for the poor children—a woman who has lived about in hotels with that fast man about town, her brother Jim."

There was no use in saying one word. I had to take refuge in silence concerning the Blairs, and let our friendship die out of sight. It was only out of sight. The root was there deep and strong, ready to send up its old time shoots and blossoms at the least encouragement. And when I felt the cheerful grasp of Jim's hand in the Altamont office, I felt that if I could only persuade him to take that sea voyage with me there was nothing more to be desired.

I didn't have time to broach the subject at once, as my old friend carried me off up stairs to see Madge. I hadn't seen her for five years, and her ripe, rich beauty burst upon me as if I had never seen it before. She seemed to be as glad to see me as Jim had been, and at once insisted upon my dining with them.

"Harry is just the man we wanted to see, eh, Madge?" Jim said jovially. "Got a holiday this summer, old fellow?"

"Yes," I said; "I am off for it now." And then I told my plans, and my hope that he would go with me.

"Bless my heart, just the thing!" Jim cried enthusiastically. "Only I have a plan worth ten of yours. Madge and I have taken a lodge in

the wilderness for the next two months. Maxwell has gone abroad, and has offered us his shooting box on the top of the West Virginia mountains. There is no end of game, from buck down to wild turkey; and the air—why, a man without any eyelids would sleep like a top up there. You are coming along with Madge and me."

It did sound enticing.

"But," I said, "I have already engaged my stateroom on the Elia——"

"Madge," Jim said, turning to his sister, "Germaine hasn't bought his ticket yet, has he? Do you know?"

Germaine was Jim's old French valet, who had traveled about with the brother and sister for years.

"No, he hasn't," Madge said. "He spoke to me about it only this morning, and asked me if I didn't think he had better go from here to Bremen, instead of going by way of England."

"There now, your last excuse is gone," Jim said exultingly. "Old Germaine is too rheumatic to follow us about any longer, and is going home. He can take your ticket, and you can come with us, and save two or three hundred."

"My dear friend," I said quietly, "you have never had either a wife or a physician. They have severally informed me that the thing to save me from insomnia is a sea voyage; and if I take my vacation in some other way, and come home with the same old tendency to walk the verandas all night, I am afraid there would be more 'I told you so's' than I could manage comfortably."

"Well now, see here," Jim said. "You give old Germaine the ticket, and come with us for a week. If you find yourself sleeping, you can stay and enjoy yourself; if, on the contrary, you are no better, you can take the next steamer and say nothing about it, except that you were detained. As I understand, your family do not expect to hear from you while you are gone, as you would be home almost as soon as a letter."

And this was the plan that I finally

consented to accept. If it had been anybody else but the Blairs, I should not have hesitated about writing to Julia at once; but in view of her absurd feeling in regard to Madge Blair, I concluded that discretion was a virtue. I could tell her when I went home, and give her the money that I saved, for a new sealskin.

I wrote her an affectionate letter from Baltimore, telling her that the Elia sailed on the morrow; and that night, Jim, Madge, and I took a sleeper for a few hours' ride down into West Virginia, where a wagon was to meet us and take us on to Maxwell's picturesque log house on one of the highest summits of the Alleghenies.

It was a beautiful morning when we left the train and climbed into the mountain wagon. The road wound through magnificent scenery, and we drew in deep breaths, and threw up our heads, with the joy of bare existence. Jim sat on the front seat with the driver, who was a rough son of the soil, an old guide and hunter of Maxwell's, and left the back seat to Madge and me. She wore a gay threaded tweed that had seen service in the Scotch hills the year before, and as I saw the glorious color in the round cheek, and the crisp curls on her white neck, I wondered what the Scotch lairds meant by letting her come away again. I suppose it was human nature to wonder if there was a single grain of truth in Julia's foolish talk, and if I really had had anything to do with her single life. I don't suppose the man lives whom that thought would not thrill.

If there was any truth in it, she had wonderful self possession. She reached out her hands to me when we reached the plateau, upon which the long verandaed lodge stood, with the same lack of self consciousness that she would have shown had her brother stood there.

And there began a life that was idyllic.

Maxwell had left his attendants with the house. You could hardly call them servants, for they were

anything but servile. They cooked our meals and groomed our horses, because they were paid for it; but they joined in our conversations, and expressed their opinions, with the freedom of equals. Madge and Jim called me Harry, and they called me Harry, too. I do not think they ever had an idea that I was not another brother. They didn't care. They didn't live above the clouds to worry themselves concerning the names and relationships of city people.

There was nothing strange to them in the long days Madge and I spent on the edge of some trout stream, with our lunch in a basket, and a story book as well as a fly book among our tackle.

Sleep? I slept like a seven sleeper, from eleven until dawn. The evenings were so delicious that it was impossible to go to bed sooner. We had a fire built in the sitting room, and, opening the door, sat out on the wide veranda, watching the twilight gather below us before we had lost the sun. The cigars that were to have mingled their smoke with the sea breezes wreathed away to be lost among the mists that arose from the valley.

For two weeks I felt as though I had alighted upon an enchanted shore where all the inhabitants were devoted friends or beautiful women.

In the third week Jim and I started off early one morning to a lick where they said deer were to be found. We rode on horseback for several miles, and then, leaving the horses, crept through the underbrush as cautiously as possible. When we came out to the water hole, we saw by the tracks about that we were too late; the animals had come and gone again. There was nothing to do but stay about the place until evening, when they would probably come again.

We had brought a luncheon with us, and ate that, fearing to smoke on account of the odor. Twenty times, I think, Jim wished that we had brought Madge with us. The day seemed very long without her, and as she was a capital shot, and had

never killed a deer, she would be very indignant at our creeping out in the early morning, and leaving her. We were hungry and tired long before time for the deer to come down to the water again; but we had made up our minds to stay, as our deer shooting had been anything but lucky this season.

It was just dusk on the mountain when we heard the snapping of a twig that told of the light hoof of a deer approaching. Jim had placed himself behind a log on one side, and I was in a group of trees on the other.

Almost simultaneously with the first footstep came another, apparently almost behind me. The first deer emerged from the forest and stood still, looking like a bronze statue in the dull light. He, too, seemed to hear the other step, and lifting his antlered head aloft seemed to snuff the air.

I went crazy. I lifted my rifle and fired, and then, hardly waiting to see him toss up his head, sprang out into the opening. I never once thought of considering that the buck would or could do me harm. He made one lunge toward me, his head lowered. Then there came the sharp crack of a rifle behind me and the deer fell over forward dead, carrying me down with him.

In another second Jim was by me, and Jim's sister Madge was holding my head.

"Bravo, Madge," Jim was saying, a world of tender pride in his voice. "That was the prettiest thing I ever saw done."

"Is he hurt?"

I *was* hurt, and just then it was convenient to faint dead away. The fall and shock had dislocated my shoulder. I don't know how they got me back home; I only remember the journey as a confusion of pain.

There was a country doctor, "a natural bone setter," about ten miles away on the mountain, and he came and set my shoulder, and assured me that "it wasn't just nothin'," but for several days I had a most un-

pleasant low fever. After that they rigged me a hammock chair, so that I could sit out on the veranda, and Madge Blair took care of me. I hope I felt as a brother toward her.

Toward the end of the fourth week I began to grow nervous. I must be back in Baltimore and arrive with the Elia. I knew that my life would hardly be worth living if I went home and told Julia I had been hurt and had not sent for her, but instead—had let my life be saved by Madge Blair, and had been playing invalid to her nursing.

The muddle was hopeless. The only way out of it was to go back to Baltimore, and go home from there with anecdotes of my voyage. As I had been abroad several times I could manage that part without much difficulty. As I did not want to appear in the city before the ship came in, I had to tell Jim and Madge that I thought, in consideration of my battered condition, I had better lay it to the account of the ship, where I ought to have been, and that I should like to have a telegram sent from the nearest station asking for the ship's date.

The Blairs are the sort of people (most rare) who never ask questions, but help you carry out your own plans; so Jim dispatched a man to Terra Alta with the telegram. He was gone twenty four hours, and came back with a stunning answer.

The Elia was long overdue, and as a great storm had been reported, she was supposed to be lost.

"Well, now," exclaimed Jim, "that's lucky. Of course she isn't lost; they never are. She will be coming along in a day or two, and you will have that much more time to recover from your accident. If she is lost you can say you came over on another vessel."

Ah, that was it.

We sent a man over to Terra Alta, with instructions to keep telegraphing, and bring us the first news of the ship. My conscience did trouble me now and then as I thought of Julia's anxiety, but I am afraid I arrived at the point where I was more

afraid of being "found out" than anything else. And notwithstanding everything, they were the last days of our holidays, and they were on wings.

A week went by, and Jim and I went over to Terra Alta to hear the wire messages for ourselves. I bade Madge a sorrowful good by, and tried to tell her how I appreciated her kindness, but I couldn't. As I turned for the last time and saw that there were tears on her cheeks, I resolved that, whatever came, I would never tell Julia the story of those weeks.

The final message from the Elia office had come. There was no possible doubt that the vessel had perished.

"There is nothing to be done," Jim said, "but to run up to New York and say you came over by one of the other lines."

So, going back by night and cross roads, to be sure of missing acquaintances, I reached New York. I only waited there long enough to inspect the latest vessel in, and telegraph Julia that I was in America. Then I boldly took the train for home. I was still weak from my illness, and as I alighted from the cars the crowds of old friends who came up with exclamations of greeting fairly bewildered me.

Everybody cried out at once, "Tell us all about it. How were you saved?"

"I came over in the Etruria," I said calmly.

"Yes," they said; "but how did you escape from the Elia?"

"I came over in the Etruria," I said again and again. Then my wife's brother quickly put me in the carriage and closed the door.

"Here come a lot of those confounded reporters," he said. "John, drive fast."

"I really don't see what reporters can possibly want with me," I said peevishly.

"Well," my brother in law said in a slightly sarcastic manner, "the sole survivor of a shipwreck is usually an interesting person to interview."

"But," I said, "I came over in the Etruria."

"What they want to know is how you got from the middle of the Atlantic Ocean to the Etruria. When a man leaves shore on a ship that never reaches land, and turns up again from another ship, the natural conclusion is that he has some sort of a tale to tell;" and he looked as though he expected to hear it there and then.

I fell back groaning in spirit. I was in a mess. Evidently the Elia had been lost before she reached Bremen.

At least I could plead nerves, and tell nothing tonight.

Julia and the children met me at the door, and my wife fell sobbing on my neck, while Johnny and the baby clung about my knees. Poor Julia was sick and worn with anxiety and grief.

"Oh, popper," Johnny said, "I thought for a whole week that you was a angel!"

The first words Julia said were, "Tell me, oh, tell me, how you were saved!"

"Tonight I cannot," I said faintly, "not now. Let me go to bed. I am nearly exhausted;" and truly, I was.

Some kind of yarn I had to make up before morning, and I spent the hours turning over and over various plans in my brain, only to reject them one after the other. One thing—the truth—was clearly out of the question. If Julia knew where I had been she would listen to no reason, but would consider herself entitled to a divorce at once.

By morning my mind was made up, and calling Julia and her brother into the morning room, I told my tale.

"Before I begin," I said gravely, "I want to say one thing; this story I am in honor bound not to tell the reporters. Can you promise me that it shall never pass beyond these walls?"

Yes, they said, they would promise.

"Then," I said, "I did not return on the Etruria."

"Why, Harry," Julia cried in astonishment, "you said you did!"

"Yes," I said, "we are sometimes compelled to deceive the crowd;" and I felt meaner than any cur. "Another thing I must tell the reporters and owners of the *Elia* is that I did not go abroad on their ship."

"But, Harry darling, you did!"

"Yes—yes—but wait until I tell my story. We had been out about eight days when a terrible storm came up."

"I thought it was the eleventh day," my brother in law said.

"It lasted until the twelfth," I returned. "The ship was driven this way and that, the water broke over her until the decks were swept clean; at least so they told me; I didn't go up to see them. As you know, I am not a good sailor, and I was wretchedly ill. I could hear great confusion all about, and then the storm seemed to have abated, for everything was quiet, and at last I fell asleep. In the morning there was a terrific swell on the ocean, but I managed to crawl up on deck. I found myself on a deserted ship, slowly sinking."

"I ran up and down, and, by great good luck, found a small boat, which I lowered over the side. The ship was now so far down in the water that I had no difficulty in leaping into it, notwithstanding the swell. The next wave took me away from the sinking ship, and almost before I could realize it I was alone, in that tiny craft, among the terrible, mountainous waves. I had not had time to think of food, and there was not even a drop of drinking water in the boat. I could contemplate no fate but hideous starvation. I did not think I should drown, as the water was growing stiller every hour. At last I lay down to sleep. I must have slept many hours, for when I awoke the waves were rolling under the sun, and almost upon me was a large schooner yacht."

"They had seen me, and even as I looked they were sending out a boat. I imagined, of course, that it was the pleasure ship of some American or English plutocrat, until I had boarded her and been taken into the

cabin; but instead of the magnificence of a private yacht, I found a rough store room piled with cases of goods and cigars. It was a palpable, plain, undisguised smuggler."

"The man to whom it seems I was to be submitted was a big, handsome blonde fellow, with a heavy frown, but a most pleasant smile."

As I got off that last piece of melodramatic description, I saw a queer look come into my brother in law's eyes. I had several times regretted taking him into this "true tale" of my deliverance. But he said never a word.

I went on. "He began business as soon as the sailors had left us."

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I told him."

"I am not very glad to see you," he said quietly.

"That's strange," I said. "I am awfully glad to be here."

"Mr. Duane," the man said, "I suppose you consider an oath binding?"

"I do."

"Well now," he said, taking a worn old Bible off the shelf—

"Wasn't it queer he should have had one!" Julia said.

"Not at all," my brother in law said gravely. "He kept it there for just that purpose."

"He said," I went on, "I shall have to ask you to swear on this book, that if we take you to shore you will never tell how you were saved; otherwise I shall be compelled to set you adrift again."

"And I swore. I do not consider that I am violating my oath in telling you this, as it will prevent painful misunderstandings. Sooner or later it must come out that I did not return in the *Etruria*. Other people can think as they choose,—but you—"

My wife kissed me.

"The smugglers landed me at a private yacht wharf on Long Island, and I came on home."

"And did the voyage cure your insomnia, Harry dear?"

"Yes," I said, "I think it is cured."

That was several months ago, but

I never take up a paper without a
deadly fear that there may be news
of some survivor of the *Elia* having
come ashore.

No trace of wreckage from the
ship has yet been found. Maybe she
didn't go down. What am I going
to do then?

AN UPLAND PATH IN AUTUMN.

ON forests russet and golden the autumn sunlight lies,
And calm is the lake which mirrors the clear November skies.

I look on the world around me with a passionate love, for soon
Will winter pass through the valleys and roaring storms sweep down.

Now the leaves are thrown from the tree tops by cruel winds from the west,
And clear is the seal of autumn on the misty uplands pressed.

Oh, where are the purple asters that made the gardens bright,
And the goldenrods whose torches lit the pastures with their light?

How beautiful o'er my pathway the forest leaves are spread!
Like Joseph's the coat that covers each hillock with gold and red.

How still is the sleep of the flowers that cheered the early year--
Still as the sleep of the loved ones by the village chapel near.

Oh, what can comfort the living when the light from their hearts is gone,
And the winter of life surrounds them, and the chilling blasts sweep down?

I look on the peaceful village, that lies beneath the hill,
With its houses quaint and gabled, and winding road and mill;

And I hear the smith at his labor in his little forge below;
And through the open doorway shines his furnace fire's red glow.

The toilers at their labor behold the future vast;
'Tis only the idle dreamer who sits and sighs o'er the past.

Again I seek the forest for one last parting glance
At the stately oaks and hemlocks, and the brook's unfettered dance.

From the spreading elms the ivies their blood red banners spread,
Reminders of the summer woods and leafy glories fled.

Oh for the glorious springtime, when the earth will robe anew,
And the merry birds from the southland will flit the deep shade through!

The leaflets fall from the tree tops, and yet the buds are there;
So whispers Hope that storms shall end in days serene and fair.

Arthur E. Smith.

STAGE FAVORITES.

By Morris Bacheller.

IT was amongst the remarkable collection of the late William J. Florence that the writer some years ago happened upon a photograph of a strong featured lady, with the long, looped coiffure of a past generation, holding upon her knee a chubby, bare armed child of about four.

There was no need of caption to reveal the little one's identity. In the oval face, the large and melting eyes, the half sad expression of the features in repose, was the unmistakable foreshadowing of the mobile beauty that flashed upon the stage some fifteen years later.

The child was Fanny Davenport; the lady, Mrs. E. L. Davenport—an English *Juliet*, wife of the actor who was the great *Claude Melnotte* of the later forties, as he was the great *Brutus* of the seventies.

Fanny Davenport was born in London in 1850, while her father was still on the European tour for which Macready had engaged him. It was probably about six years later that she began the theatrical career which was to prove one of remarkable assiduity and duration.

She first appeared at the Howard Athenæum in Boston as the child in "Metamora," and at the age of seven was in the stock company of the famous Burton's, in Chambers Street, New York. At twelve she was suf-

ficiently advanced to make a serious début, appearing as the *King of Spain* in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."

Accounts of that period speak of her as fairly bewitching in such boys' parts; they also credit her with a very "fetching" song and dance in the "Black Crook." Then she became the capable soubrette of Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia.

But her true career began when she was singled out by Augustin



CLARA MORRIS.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Daly, who placed her in his Fifth Avenue Theater, giving her that crucial comedy rôle, *Lady Gay Spanker*, with her father for the *Sir Harcourt Courtly*. Her achievement of this part placed her instantly in touch with metropolitan audiences, but her dash and daring left them unprepared to witness the tranquillity and stateliness of her succeeding effort as *Effie* in "Saratoga."

From 1869 until her remarkable hit in "Pique," Fanny Davenport continued to delight New York as the exponent of grace, fashion, and good breeding in society comedies, occasionally creating a sensation by vivid contrast, as in her *Nancy Sykes*, as well as a reputation for unusual versatility.



FANNY DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

It was in 1873 that "Pique" was produced, and Miss Davenport's personal success was so remarkable that she secured the play for herself and starred the country. Since that time she has appeared in a most varied repertory of comedy, drama and tragedy. As a result, she is reputed to have earned a fortune, though at the sacrifice of some of the artistic fineness which she had reached under Mr. Daly's painstaking direction.

A few years ago she had the daring to enter upon the field of Bernhard, persuading M. Sardou to convey to her the American rights of "Fedora," "La Tosca" and "Cleopatra," in all of which she has made at least a popular success.

It was while Miss Davenport was reaping her mature success at Daly's that Miss Clara Morris entered the same company, coming unheralded from the West. There has been in her career much of the struggle and bitterness with which she is identified in the drama.

Miss Morris was born in Canada about forty four years ago, and passed her childhood in Cleveland in the midst of poverty. She played small parts at fifteen, and four years sufficed to advance her to the position of leading lady at Wood's in Cincinnati—salary, thirty five dollars per week.

She gave much for little, and her power made itself felt in the West. She received from a San Francisco manager an offer of one hundred dollars a week, but she refused it. Her eyes were turned toward the East.

On the day when she walked from the train to Mr. Daly's office she says that her personal wardrobe consisted of but two dresses, to which might be added the linen duster which she wore. Her stage wardrobe was the reverse of metropolitan. It is probable that the manager strained his convictions when he engaged Miss Morris upon the express condition that she should play any parts, excepting soubrette and general utility, at a weekly salary of forty dollars—to be doubled in the event of an unequivocal success.

This had to suffice to support her mother and herself and to provide her stage dresses. She had not a dollar left when her belongings were moved to New York and she had found a lodging there. She has even said that they could afford meat but once a day, and there is a grim humor in her mother's question as to whether she preferred her chops to rehearse on or to play on. Selecting the latter alternative, she found herself so weak at rehearsals that she showed indications of little but incompetency.

Her opportunity was near at hand, however. At the last moment Agnes Ethel threw up the part of *Anne Sylvester* in "Man and Wife," and Miss Morris assumed it. Five curtain calls on the first night attested her thrilling power.

After two seasons with Mr. Daly differences arose, and she engaged with Mr. Palmer at the famous Union Square Theater. Her first effort there was in the "Geneva Cross," the season's sensation. From that time on she was an established favorite.

The adjective to qualify Miss Morris is "phenomenal." She is small, frail, without claim to beauty, and ungraceful. She ignores the canons of art and convention, and, according to some wise critics, furnishes material for a compendium of faults.

But she leaps the chasm of her deficiencies and wrings the most human sensibilities of her audiences as no other woman on the stage today can. There is an anecdote of Bernhardt which epitomizes Miss Morris's power with the clearness of an epigram.

The former had heard much of the



MARGARET MATHER.

From a photograph by Ritzmann, New York.

wonderful American, and accordingly she at length attended Miss Morris's performance of *Camille*—the character above all others over which she herself may be said to possess the artistic rights. Up to a certain point in the play the Bernhardt had only cause to scoff; but at that point an exclamation broke from her lips.

"*Mon dieu!*" she cried, "that woman is not acting—she is *suffering!*"

Miss Morris does suffer. Those who have acted with her, and have seen her night after night weak and fainting in the wings after her

climaxes, attest this. She is a temperamental phenomenon and an anomaly of art, but her power is irresistible.

Another tale of girlhood poverty lurks behind the footlight glare that surrounds Miss Margaret Mather. Her history is unique. It is reported that her people were so poor that she was sent out upon the streets of Detroit to sell papers. A brother in New York offered to take her and educate her; so she was sent East, alone, and tagged like a bale of merchandise.

A policeman discovered the little child weeping behind her provision basket in the New York railway station, and, taking her to the address written on her label, found that her

brother was unknown there. He took her then to his own house and kept her until he succeeded in finding her consignee several days afterward.

She is next heard of as playing leading Shaksperian parts with George Edgar, which must have been the result of some unusually fortunate circumstance, for she had before that time received no dramatic training.

Reciting in private on one occasion, she was seen by Mr. J. M. Hill, who was just then flushed with the success of his first managerial venture—the introduction of Denman Thompson as *Joshua Whitcomb*. Mr. Hill became at once characteristically convinced of Miss Mather's possibilities under proper tuition, and he

made a singular contract with her before the lapse of many days. By its terms the lady was to seclude herself for the period of a year; her expenses during this time were to be paid and she was to be furnished with the best dramatic teaching that money could confer. On the other hand, Miss Mather agreed to indenture herself to Mr. Hill for the term of six years subsequent to her début.

During the period of her seclusion she received much ingenious and indirect advertising, but it is said that she sedulously denied herself to the press, and was the only actress in the world who could not be interviewed.

She made her first appearance under this contract as *Juliet* at Chicago in 1882, and the receipts were reported to be fabulous. Then she was conducted over the country for three years before being introduced to New York; and then, with his usual daring, Mr. Hill



MAUD GLASER.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.



GOLDIE ANDREWS.
From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

brought her out in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Union Square Theater while Mary Anderson was appearing in the same play at the Star, one block away. Miss Anderson continued for five weeks, Miss Mather for seventeen.

A sensation was made when Miss Mather suddenly married Mr. Haberkorn, the leader of the orchestra. Coincidentally difficulties arose with her manager. Doubtless he believed that his star's virgin dramatic luster was dimmed. Be that as it may, Miss Mather soon after began suit against Mr. Hill for an accounting and an annulment of contract, and secured her release, dealing Mr. Hill a blow that was the first of several that eventually led to bankruptcy.

Miss Maud Glaser, hardly yet known to the theatrical public, is another who has secured a sudden and rather adventitious rise to prominence. A Pittsburg girl and only about nineteen years of age, she sang in concert in her native city before securing a place in the chorus of the Francis Wilson Opera Company, to the management of which she brought excellent credentials. When Miss Jansen left that organization she was suddenly brought to the front as the seceder's successor, and those who saw her during the few performances in which she appeared last season agree that she brought forward the most adequate claims, both of voice and manner, to the distinction.

Miss Goldie Andrews and Miss



HATTIE HAMER.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

Hattie Hamer are other young aspirants for theatrical fame in the lighter branches, whose beauty and fast developing talents are already making much of a stir in their respective fields—Miss Andrews in the West, and Miss Hamer in London. Both may before long make their bid for admiration in New York. Miss Hamer will come here with the éclat of a London Gaiety career and will be heralded by the advance traditions derived from London's *jeunesse dorée*.

Apropos of the universal convergence of the world's stars toward

New York, it may be said that Mrs. Kendal has made of America a conquest almost unequaled of late years in extent, perhaps never approached in kind. Her tact, diplomacy, and acute judgment of a nation at large (shall we say of its foibles?) call for the most profound admiration—an admiration with some observers, perhaps, not unmingled with cynicism.

Mrs. Kendal—which term may be granted to include "the Kendal's"—represents a dramatic aristocracy. She has more than once been commanded to play before the queen, and she bears upon her breast

a miniature royal crown pinned there by Victoria's own august hands. She is the familiar of the titled, the intimate of conservative society, and is looked upon as the best exponent or model of the moral and social comportment which ought to characterize the dramatic profession.

For one who moves in such exclusive circles it is amazing to what degree she has taken the American public into her confidence. No one could be more easily reached by the press than Mrs. Kendal, and no one was ever more gracious, more obliging with views, ideas, moral and artistic principles, and the most flattering opinions of her enthusiastic hosts, the American public.

The enormous success that has attended her three visits to this country is due to several causes — her social vogue, her masterly self advertising, and her very refined histrionic talents. The field and the limitations of these are too well known to dwell upon here. More generally interesting are some of the extra dramatic achievements and attributes of this unique figure.

In the criticisms of her acting Mrs. Kendal has often been described as embodying the type of the British matron. This may be said to be also one of her life rôles. Some years ago she delivered an oration before an English social science congress, the keynote of which was the benefit that stage people might derive from a cultivation of the truly domestic sentiments and practices, and the burden of which was illustration and exemplification

through the medium of personal practice and experience. The address created a sensation, and did much to establish her peculiar status in the public eye.

In her book of reminiscences she has not failed to elaborate her views of family life and duty, and in many other ways she has succeeded in demonstrating that the stage and the family are not, as many have been prone to believe, incompatible with each other and with the entire success of both.

Mrs. Kendal is a believer in the efficacy of turquoises in the winning of friendship and of sapphires in the wooing of good luck. These two stones are conspicuous in her remarkable collection of jewels, whose intrinsic value she deems as little



LEONARD BOYNE AND JESSIE MILLWARD.

From a photograph by Downey, London.



MRS. KENDAL IN "THE IRON MASTER."
From a photograph by Barraud, London.

compared to their association with titled or otherwise distinguished donors.

Mrs. Kendal is the sister of the late Tom Robertson, some of whose plays still live. She first appeared upon the stage at about the age of four, and at seven was singing with childish sweetness in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

But these achievements are not regarded seriously by Mrs. Kendal, who places her official début at about the age of thirteen, when she was acting ingénue rôles in the British provinces.

To the question of date is attached an amusing anecdote involving Mr. Comyns Carr, the playwright, whose appearance is far more elderly than his actual years. Some years ago in taking Mrs. Kendal down to dinner he seized the occasion to compliment her effusively on the very excellent work she was doing on the stage.

"But I must say," he added, "that of all the times I have seen you in the theater, that which will longest linger in my memory is the performance in which I first saw you, when I was a very young boy."

This innocent compliment is said

to have lingered in Mrs. Kendal's memory, and the anecdote was revived when a press letter combat arose between the two over "The Squire," a play adapted from Mr. Hardy's novel, "Far from the Mad-ding Crowd."

Mr. Carr, some time subsequent to his *faux pas*, sent a dramatic version of this story to the Kendals' manager. The manuscript was returned to the author. Mr. Pinero later wrote "The Squire" at the Kendals' order, and on its production Mr. Carr did not hesitate to accuse them of appropriation of his ideas. It is to be remarked that the manager, in returning the manuscript, informed the author that in his opinion the play was worthy of acceptance, but that his principals thought otherwise, and from all these facts the scandal mongers claimed to trace a distinct connection between the two episodes.

Mrs. Kendal displayed her notably acute discernment when in 1880 she picked out a young actress on the occasion of her trial appearance at Toole's, and, engaging her at once, gave a well deserved chance to Miss Jessie Millward. The débutante subsequently engaged with Miss

Genevieve Ward, who said of Miss Millward that no one but she had ever realized her ideal of *Alice Verney* in "Forget-Me-Not."

While Miss Millward was still with this lady Mr. Irving offered her a position as first support to Miss Terry. And it is said that, a release being refused by Miss Ward, Mr. Irving himself begged it as a personal favor, and was gratified.

With Mr. Irving, and as a joint star with Mr. Terriss, the American public became acquainted with Miss Millward and added their stamp of approval to one who at the latter epoch was one of the youngest stars on the stage. Mr. Palmer was so pleased with her, indeed, that he contracted with her to be his leading lady at the Madison Square Theater, but a serious illness kept her in Europe. After her recovery and her release by the American manager, she was engaged by the London Adelphi as leading lady.

Her male support there has been Mr. Leonard Boyne, an Irishman, who possesses all the traditional dash of his nation together with striking personal beauty and an unusual degree of magnetism.

IN TENEBRIS.

I HEARD her song
Low, in the night,
From out her casement steal away,
Nor thought it wrong
To steal a sight
Of her—and lo! She knelt to pray.

I heard her say,
"Forgive him, Lord!
Such as he seems he cannot be."
I turned away,
Myself abhorred—
She prayed—and lo! She prayed for me.

Thomas Winthrop Hall.

NARRINGBY'S THANKSGIVING.

By Matthew White, Jr.

THE November wind blew in damp from the bay. Narringby turned up the collar of his cape coat and shivered as he breasted it on his way to the ferry. Just ahead of him was an Italian family, the father carrying a sleeping baby over his shoulder, the mother with a two year old child in her arms.

The woman was dressed in the fashion of her race, a gay colored scarf arrangement about her shoulders, nothing on her head. Narringby thought she must be suffering from the cold and was prepared to pity her. But she seemed not to need pity. As they all came into the glare of the ferryhouse lamps together, the little child made a demonstration with its arms and the woman laughed, looking up at her husband, who smiled in return and bent over to pinch the little one's cheek.

It was but a trivial incident, but it appeared to have made a deep impression on Narringby. He found his mind dwelling on it during the trip across the river to New York.

"I suppose," he mused, "that that fellow earns about seven dollars a week, and that they live herded together like sardines in a box. And yet there was pure happiness in their faces."

In Narringby's own there was anything but that. His forehead was seamed with lines of troubled thought, which deepened as he happened to gaze across the cabin and noted a young couple who sat opposite to him. The young man's black overcoat was beginning to turn brown from steady wear, and the girl's gloves were not kid, as Narringby could see by the hand she had taken from her shabby muff and allowed to rest in the folds of her dress. Her companion had

found it, and now covered it with one of his gloveless ones, sheepishness and triumph struggling for the mastery in his glance.

Narringby got up quickly and walked out into the biting wind of the forward deck. He leaned over the rail and watched the waters swish by and recalled his wondering, as a boy, if they were sensitive to the harsh stroke the buckets on the wheel dealt them.

"I did have a happy boyhood," he reflected. "I was like other people then, at the time my highest ambition was to drive a street car and be called Hen."

Hallam Narringby laughed outright at the absurdity of the thing, as memory called it up to him. The boat was nearing her slip now, and a woman who had come out from the cabin looked toward him at the sound. She turned to her companion and whispered: "What a handsome man, Tom. It seems to me I have seen him before, too."

"You don't know him, do you?" replied her escort, looking a little anxious as he noted Narringby's fine proportions and distinguished bearing.

"No, indeed, Tom. I wish I did. Can't you introduce me?" The woman laughed, showing her white teeth, but her companion took her by the arm to help her over the landing plank and muttered: "Don't be silly, Anne."

But a few moments later, as they stood on the platform of an Elevated station waiting for an up town train, he was the first to reopen the subject.

"There's where you've seen your man before, Anne." He had halted in front of an illustrated paper tacked up against a bulletin board over the

news stand, and was pointing with his stick to a portrait on the front page.

The woman bent forward and eagerly read the line underneath.

"Hallam T. Narringby, the popular story writer!" Oh, Tom, and to think we've seen him! He's awfully famous, and gets big pay for all he writes. I must tell Jule when we go over to Brooklyn again. She'll be so interested. Look, there he is now, coming this way. He's going to take our train. Let's hold back and get in the same car. I want to have a better look at him."

"Be careful he doesn't catch you at it or he'll think you're flirting with him," the man replied. He did not appear to object so strongly to his companion's looking at the man now that he had discovered that he was, in a sense, a public character.

The train came along, and as it was not crowded the two found no trouble in securing seats from which a view could be obtained of the man in whom "Jule would be so interested."

"My, he *is* handsome. Don't you think so, Tom?" commented Anne. "And how smart he must be! I've read two of his stories. I wonder if he isn't thinking up one now. He looks kind of solemn."

As a matter of fact Narringby was gazing at his feet and deciding that he must have a new pair of patent leathers. But as he had plenty of money to purchase them, he was not obliged to ponder long over the matter, and presently looked up to discover a pretty woman on the opposite side of the car gazing squarely at him. He allowed his own eyes to rove up and settle on an advertisement of Macy's bargains, thus giving the other time to recover from her confusion. Then he stole another look at her.

Yes, she *was* pretty, he decided. There was a clearness in the blue of the eye that particularly appealed to him. Then he sighed softly. Why could he not get up a stronger sentiment, he asked himself, such as other men would doubtless experience un-

der like circumstances? Why must he admire a pretty woman as he would admire a fine figure in a picture, or a piece of statuary? Was this the price he was to pay for his fame? Had he been endowed with the ability to write in exchange for the faculty of loving?

Anne Martin, meanwhile, was deeply moved. The color surged up from her throat into her cheeks, making her prettier than ever, as she realized that Hallam Narringby had actually singled her out from the persons on either side and looked at her. She had continued to note this fact from the corner of her eye while she pretended to be "taking in" a bonnet opposite.

"What will Jule say when I tell her?" she reflected. And then it occurred to her that perhaps she had better not say anything to Jule about it. Jule was Tom's sister, and as she, Anne, was engaged to be married to Tom, it might not be pleasant for her to hear about something approaching a flirtation between herself and a stranger, no matter how literary and how famous the latter might be.

And it was at this point that Anne sighed. She felt that Tom Munroe did not fill her ideal of a lover as she once thought he did. He was terribly commonplace. All his thoughts were about working hard, so that his salary would be increased by the beginning of the year, and thus enable them to be married. He cared nothing about reading, except the newspapers, was bored by pictures, and thought the lively music made by a brass band the only sort worth hearing.

Now Anne had her aspirations. Her father, who was a freight agent, had hoped to make a teacher of her, and she had managed to get through a year at the Normal School. But the daughter's capacities were not commensurate with the father's ambitions, and Anne was quietly dropped at the end of the second term. However, she had mingled with the other girls of the college sufficiently to imbibe from them a

taste for pleasures of a refined type—pleasures that she knew she would enjoy, albeit she might not always understand their full significance. It would be enough for her that they were the proper thing in society. Anne Martin could extract a good deal of satisfaction from the realization that she was going through the form of high toned enjoyment.

She had met Tom Munroe at a series of sociables which one winter met at the homes of the different "girls." He began to pay her attention at once, and Anne was flattered by the fact that she was the first one of her "set" who had a lover. Hence, rather than lose him, she very readily said "yes" when he proposed. Tom was a "very estimable young man," her father said, and Anne was inclined to agree with him, seeing that there was no likelihood of her ever meeting any one who might be higher in the social scale and able to lift her to the heights to which her soul aspired.

And she had been very well satisfied, all things considered. Tom was not bad looking, although no one would ever call him handsome. But tonight, this encounter with the young novelist quite unsettled her. She could not help but look down and contrast Tom's awkwardly polished shoes with the gleam of Narringby's patent leathers. He must be rich, she decided, as well as talented. What bliss—but no, she must not think of such a thing, even though he had looked at her for a second or two. She would buy his last book the next day and content herself while she read it with the thought that she had sat face to face with the writer for fifteen minutes the evening previous.

But it was not going to be fifteen minutes, for at this point in her cogitations the object of them rose and made his way toward the door, casting one brief glance in Anne's direction as he passed. Her heart would not have fluttered so much if she could have known that she went out of his mind as soon as he reached the street. He was thinking of

those Italians again, wondering if he could not weave them into a story.

He became so absorbed in this mental occupation that, knowing the route to his apartments well, he took but little note of the sights by the way, and thus it came to pass that he almost ran into an awning extending from the front door of a house to the curb, before he saw it. Then he became aware that there was much excitement underneath that awning, and a sound of laughter and merry voices. He turned to pass under the opening and reached it just in time to see the figures of a man and a woman flit swiftly in front of him and enter a carriage; just in time, too, to receive a deluge of rice over his back as he started to hurry through.

He shook it off with a vexation that was not wholly due to the tickling of the tiny particles as some of them made their way down his neck. He was incensed that so many incidents on this particular night should tend to remind him of his lonely condition. How happy that groom must be! A bushel of rice poured over him could not detract from his bliss. Narringby felt like an outcast from human kind as the thought came to him that such bliss never could be his to experience.

"I dare say I might find a girl who would have me," he reflected; "but then if I can't bring myself to love her the whole thing would be merely an empty form. I wonder if it is because I must expend all my sentiment on my characters that I have none left for myself!"

His mind reverted to Amy Bancroft. She admired him, he knew, and he thought highly of her.

"But confound it all," he muttered to himself, "a man doesn't want to marry a girl because he thinks highly of her. He must be impelled to love her by an irresistible impulse, a tide that sweeps reason, prudence, everything, before it. Heaven help me, I've described it often enough; I ought to know what it is. But to feel it, to be it, ah, that is not for me, who have been given instead the empty bauble—fame."

After what has already been set down about him, it will doubtless be unnecessary to inform the reader that Hallam Narringby was a very singular individual. An odd fish, his intimate friends called him. He was thirty two now. He had achieved fame with his pen when he was twenty five, and since then had had poured into his lap enough of renown and the filthy lucre that certain kinds of renown always bring to make any reasonable human being contented.

But the one thing he couldn't have he wanted most desperately. That was a wife whom he should love as ardently as he made his heroes love their inamoratas.

"There seems to have been a reed left out of me, Harvey, when the organ forming my soul was put together."

This was what he said once to his college chum, and facts certainly appeared to bear him out in the statement. He had been thrown with all sorts of girls, beautiful girls, bright girls, brilliant girls, homely girls—but not once had his heart prompted him to woo them, although many times his head had decided that this one or that would admirably grace the home he could well afford to give her.

Now, with Thanksgiving only three days off, he was reminded more keenly than ever of his homeless condition. His youngest brother had married last June, and would have a roof tree of his own under which to eat his turkey. Two other brothers and one sister had been married for years. Narringby had been in the habit of spending his holidays with them in their New England homes, but each occasion had caused him such a keen pang of envy that now he felt he could not endure it again.

"I'd better shut myself up in my rooms here till the holiday is over, and write," he reflected as he let himself in with his key.

They were beautiful rooms, too, in a choice location. But Narringby only heaved another sigh as he

looked around on the luxuries his pen had won for him. Then he rang the bell for Murray to take his coat.

The valet appeared promptly, although his eyes looked as if he had been wakened from sleep.

"Murray, I am not going away for Thursday. I have decided to shut myself up here and write. You may take a holiday and go where you like from Wednesday night till Friday morning. I shall get along very well by myself for that little time."

Murray was accustomed to his master's vagaries. He thanked him and resolved to make the most of his opportunity without puzzling his head as to the reasons why it should have been given to him.

"I hate holidays," Narringby muttered to himself, as he noted the happy look that came into his man's face.

It was too bad for Narringby that he wasn't a cynic. He might have managed to extract some joy out of his existence, then. As it was, he felt supremely miserable as he wrote regrets to the invitations he had received for the approaching holiday.

But his gloom was lightened momentarily, giving place to curiosity, when in some mail matter forwarded to him from his publishers on Wednesday morning he came across the following note:

MR. HALLAM NARRINGBY:

DEAR SIR—I have just finished reading your last book. It is simply splendid. It would be something I would remember all my life if you would give me the opportunity to thank you in person for the pleasure your stories have given me.

Respectfully, A. E. MARTIN.

Narringby had received many odd letters, but never one like this. He could not make it out. With the caution habitual in our latter day celebrities, he looked to find some scheme underneath it whereby the writer could turn a doubtfully honest penny out of him. But he could not unearth anything of the sort. Then the sex of his correspondent puzzled him. The penmanship seemed feminine, although not pronouncedly so, but if the writer were a woman why should she seek to conceal the fact?

He concluded finally that A. E. Martin was a literature struck youth who had taken this method of trying to obtain an interview with one of his "gods."

Narringby's first impulse was to take no notice of the communication. He was about to consign it to the waste basket when he recollected that he would be alone all the succeeding day.

"I've half a mind to write and tell him to come and see me here. It will be a break in the day for me, and I can amuse myself by guessing what he'll look like and seeing how close I come to the truth."

He placed the letter before him on the desk again and noted the address, which was on one of the cross streets in Harlem. Then he drew his pad toward him and wrote as follows:

MR. A. E. MARTIN:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your communication of yesterday I will say that I have a few minutes tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon, between four and five, when I shall be glad to see you here and make your acquaintance. Thanking you for your kind words about my book, I remain,

Very truly yours,

HALLAM T. NARRINGBY.

"There," said Narringby, as he sealed this with his crest, "very few strangers get such a gracious note from 'yours truly.' But I must celebrate tomorrow in some form or other."

He had an engagement at the opera with Amy Bancroft for that evening. Amy was very charming. Narringby anathematized himself as a fool when he left her for not being able to lose his heart. He went home in disgust, almost resolved to propose to Amy the next time he went to see her without waiting for the "spark."

When he woke up the next morning he recollected that the great football game was to be played that afternoon, and the appointment he had made with his unknown admirer cut him off from the chance of seeing it. He half determined to go, nevertheless, but it was blustery out of doors, and Murray was not there to find his fur lined coat for him. So

he decided to keep the appointment after all.

The hours of the festival day dragged slowly by. Narringby found that he did not feel like writing, so work did not speed them. When he went to lunch at his club there was scarcely any one there but the waiters. All the men he knew were at friends' or relatives' homes. Narringby began to set himself down as a fool for having allowed a mere notion to keep him away from the houses that had been open to him.

He went back to his rooms, threw himself down on the divan in what he was pleased to call his studio, and gave himself up to the gloomiest forecasts of the future. He saw himself an old man, helpless, irritable, with none to take care of him except such as did it for hire, no grandchildren about his knee, no companion by his side who would join him in making old age tolerable by calling up memories of past youth.

"What will it matter to me, then," he reflected, "whether my books have editions of fifty thousand, or even a hundred thousand? My readers do not love me for myself. They love only an abstraction which is not I, but that capacity within me for putting words together in a fashion to tickle their fancy."

He was startled from this dismal reverie by the sound of the bell. He waited for Murray to open the door, forgetting that he had allowed him leave of absence. When the bell rang again he muttered an exclamation of impatience and went forth languidly into the hall to wait upon the door himself.

"My ambitious authorling, I presume," he told himself. "What a disillusion my gruff humor will be for him!"

He opened the door, and in the dim light that penetrated to this portion of the apartment made out a woman's figure on the threshold. She was veiled, and for an instant did not speak. Then, in a voice in which Narringby could readily detect the tremolo, she said:

"You are Mr. Narringby? I came

in answer to—to your kind note. Perhaps I ought not to have done it, but then you know, in a way, you belong to the public."

"Yes, I suppose I do belong to the public," Narringby found himself repeating these words without in the least comprehending what he was saying.

The woman had come forward into the hallway, where the electric lamp was burning. She had thrown back her veil, and he recognized the girl whom he had caught looking at him that night in the Elevated train.

"I want you to tell me how you write such beautiful stories," she went on. "There was 'Phœbe Gray.' How did you know that Phœbe would think just that way of Philip? Ah, it was perfectly lovely!"

So was something else lovely, Narringby thought, as he looked down into the flushed face lifted toward his. He had never been conscious that he preferred one color beyond another, but now, as he noted the clearness of those eyes he decided that blue was the tint of tints. He felt an excitement tingling through all his veins. He was actually experiencing an emotion, he who had concocted so many on paper, and had never before lived any himself.

"I really couldn't explain how I knew it," he replied. "I can't explain how I know anything. Can you?"

"Yes," she replied promptly, "I know that these are perfectly charming rooms because I can see them."

"Very good," he laughed, adding quickly, "but pardon me. Here I have been keeping you standing in the antechamber. Won't you walk into the studio?"

He held aside the portière for her to pass. She took a step forward, then stopped and looked at him.

"It seems a very strange thing to do," she said. "You—you are not married?"

"Oh, no, no!" he said quickly. "But it is all right, I assure you. As you said yourself, we authors, artists and actors are public property, you know. Rules of conventionality

are suspended in our case. I have some pictures inside I should like you to see."

Anne Martin's heart was beating so fast that she feared her companion must hear it. She had never felt so wicked in her life. She had refused to go to the ball game with Tom on account of the cold, but insisted that he should go so as to come back and tell her whether Princeton or Yale won, in time for the Thanksgiving dinner he was to eat with them at six. And here she was in a strange man's rooms.

But she was happy. Every note in Narringby's voice seemed to throb through her brain like delicious music as she realized that it was spoken for her ears alone. He was handsomer than she had thought him at first. The velvet coat he wore was immensely becoming; his hair strayed down in captivating freedom over his forehead; he was looking at her.

Anne's brain reeled for an instant. It seemed as if all the aspirations of her whole life were being realized in this one moment, looking at famous paintings pointed out by a prominent man of letters who was evidently pleased with her, while a music box that he had started played softly an air from one of the operas.

"It is beautiful, beautiful!" she murmured. She was looking at a painting by Diaz, but her adjective was meant to be thoroughly comprehensive—of the picture, the rugs, the room itself, the entire apartment, and its owner.

"Have you read Mr. Howells's last story?" Narringby asked when they had made the tour of the pictures, and he noticed that his visitor's eye fell on the books in a rack on the table.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "But do you like the ending of it? It seems to me it ought to have a sequel. What do you think?"

He gave his opinion, and then they talked about books for twenty minutes, Narringby seated in an odd shaped chair that allowed him to rest his elbows on the back and gaze

at his companion; Anne in a low rocker, her feet on a cushion he had placed for them. They were both in that paradise which we mortals can enter but once. Anne Martin had found her ideal; Narringby did not stop to analyze what he had found, nor to think about ideals. He only knew that the strange way in which this woman had come into his life had thrilled into being a sentiment that he thought he did not possess.

The talk had drifted back to his own books again. He was telling her the plot of a story to come out in a magazine the following month when the door bell clanged. Anne started up as if the sound had been a shot from a rifle piercing her heart. The color forsook her face; she wrung her hands despairingly; she sobbed, almost in hysterics:

"What shall I do? what shall I do? It was wicked for me to come here. Now your friends will see me, and——"

Narringby stepped to her side, and took both her hands in his. The sound of that bell had dazed him, too; but only for an instant. He would not stoop to conceal his visitor. He quickly decided on his course.

"There is no occasion to be alarmed," he said firmly. "I do not know who it is, but I shall open the door and introduce you as my wife. Sustain the rôle and all will be well."

He left her and went out to open the door. It was only a visitor who was looking for an artist in the building, but had lost his way. Narringby set him right and then returned to the studio.

"It was nobody for me," he said.

Then those two looked at each other. They were both thinking of those words of Narringby's about presenting Anne as his wife.

Suddenly Anne dropped her eyes to the rug and murmured: "I must go, Mr. Narringby. I—I am sorry I came. I see now that while we may understand how you may be public property, everybody won't look at it in that light."

"You will let me see you home?" said Narringby.

"No, no, I mustn't. Good by." Anne put out her hand from which she had withdrawn the glove when she came in. As Narringby took and held it for an instant she closed her eyes. Then, as he released it, she turned and fled down to the street, never thinking to wait for the elevator.

Narringby went back into his studio and paced the floor. His brain was in a whirl. Why had this woman affected him as no other woman he ever met had done? He had seen others whom he knew must have been as pretty; he was positive that he knew scores who were more intelligent. He finally concluded that the spark had been ignited in his breast simply by the novelty of the approach, the unconventionality of the whole affair.

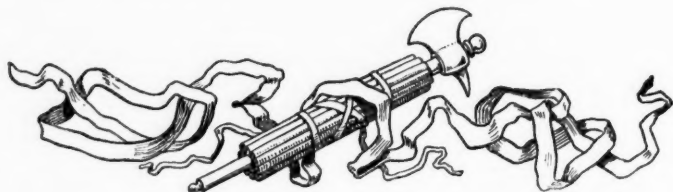
But ignited it was, and burning brightly, too. How well acquainted with each other that ring at his door bell, with its possible consequences, had made them! He must see her again. He had her address. He would write for permission to call.

He wrote the very next day, and received the following note in reply:

MR. HALLAM T. NARRINGBY:

DEAR SIR: It would give me much pleasure to have you come and see me, but you see I am not public property, as you are. I belong to Thomas Munroe, whom I am to marry next spring. Thanking you for the privilege you granted me, I remain;

Very respectfully yours,
ANNE E. MARTIN.



PHYSICAL PROWESS.

By Robert Raymond Williams.

MAN, we know, is a creature a little lower than the angels; the end and aim of terrestrial evolution; a being whose marvelous past and yet grander future are the philosopher's inspiring theme. And yet man is also an animal, with the same general structure as that of his fellow animals—his near kinsman the ape, for instance, or his more distant relatives the dog and the bear. The naturalist assigns to him, as to them, a definite place in the scheme of creation, labeling him with the generic and specific names of *homo sapiens*, and stationing him in the sub kingdom *vertebrata*, class *mammalia*.

And there he will always stay. He will always be a vertebrate and a mammal. Refine his mental nature, strengthen his intellectual power as you will, the basis of his existence will always be the animal structure whose formation is his begetting and whose dissolution is his death.

Here the civilized man and the savage stand on the same plane. Civilization is indeed after all a pretty thin veneer. Scratch the Fifth Avenue clubman with the sharp point of some sudden emergency, danger, excitement, and you will find his impulses startlingly primitive.

The "old Adam" is there and can never be wholly improved away.

Man, we have said, always was and always will be an animal. Education has done much for him and may do more, but this fact it can never overcome. The human being of the future has been pictured as a toothless and hairless person of insignificant

stature, with attenuated limbs and a huge protruding forehead—the embodied triumph of mind over matter. It is safe to say that the picture is—very fortunately—a false one. So long as the race admires and adores physical beauty and physical strength, the trend of its development will be toward that beauty and that strength. That mind and body are mutually dependent is a fact that is always



ROMAN WARRIOR AND GAUL, IN THE VILLA LUDOVISI AT ROME.

asserting itself. A tendency toward exclusively intellectual education brings about a reaction toward athleticism as surely as the pendulum pushed in one direction swings back in the other.

Physical beauty and physical strength—the love of them has run through all the ages of man's history. Discourse on its unworthiness as you will, oh austere moralist or blasé cynic, it remains a law of your being.

*It is the common ground on which past and present meet. To the old

Greek, strength and beauty were the motives of his art, the ideals of his religion, the mainsprings of his life. His very calendar, for more than a thousand years, was reckoned by the quadrennial celebration of the great athletic games of Olympia. When the time for them drew near, heralds went to all the states of Greece and proclaimed that for a month all wars must cease and all eyes be turned to the Olympic arena. Thither, from every quarter where the Greek tongue was spoken, men came to strive for the prizes of victory in running, wrestling, and boxing.

These prizes were simple enough—mere garlands of wild olive leaves—but they brought fame and fortune to the recipients. Proud was the state that could claim an Olympic victor among her citizens. On his return he would be greeted with great public rejoicings, and led to his home in triumph through a breach made in the city's walls—in token that the city who possessed a son of such prowess had no need of walls. So long as he lived he was free from taxes, and the first seat at public celebrations was his. Rich Athens paid him five hundred drachmæ from her treasury; warlike Sparta gave him the coveted privilege of fighting at the king's right hand in battle.

Even such honors as these do not measure the homage paid to such a champion of champions as the famous Milo of Crotona. Milo's muscles made him world famous. Six times did he win the wrestling contest at Olympia; and it was not until, at an age far past the athlete's prime, twenty four years after his first victory, he entered the ring for a seventh time that he fell before the superior agility of a younger rival. Extraordinary stories were told of his strength; how once, at Olympia, he lifted a four year old heifer upon his shoulders and bore her around the race course, and how next day he slew her and ate the whole of her flesh. His fellow townsmen of Crotona loaded him with honor. When war arose with their neighbors of Sybaris, they made him commander of their



THE APOLLINO, IN THE UFFIZI AT FLORENCE.

army; and when he led them into battle, dressed as Hercules and wearing one of his Olympic laurel wreaths, his prestige inspired them to inflict a signal rout upon their foes.

Just as Waterloo, according to the Duke of Wellington's familiar saying, was won on the playing fields of Eton, so too was Greek athleticism felt on many another battle ground. It was the rigorous physical training of the Spartan youth that made possible the deathless story of Thermopylae. It was both mental fire and force of muscle that enabled the little Athenian army at Marathon to save Greece from the vast host of barbarian invaders.

Then turn for a moment to the Greeks' art. Look at the sculptures that have come down to us as their ideal types of the masculine form. They remind us, as one critic has said, of some race of demigods endowed with perennial youth, grace, and strength. They breathe athletic perfection. What a wrestler the Farnese Hercules would be, what a runner the Apollino would make! For the figures of a fighter and a hunter, glance at the Warrior and Gaul and the Meleager—these latter, to be exact, are of Roman origin, but Roman sculpture was Greek in its models and its methods.

Of all these relics of ancient art the Apollino ranks as one of the finest. What temple it once adorned, who the artist that modeled it, there is no record to tell. It has been conjectured that it may have been the work of the famous master Praxiteles; or again that it may be from the same hand as the Medici Venus, that now stands beside it in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence, and disputes with it the honor of being the best piece of sculpture in that great collection.

The Meleager, found among Roman débris in the sixteenth century, is now in the Vatican, where it gives



MELEAGER, IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

its name to the *Atrio del Meleagro* in which it stands. It shows the legendary hunter of Calydon with his dog and the head of the monstrous boar he is fabled to have slain and whose hide he gave to the fair Atalanta.

The Discobolus, or Disc Thrower, a marble copy of an ancient bronze by Myron, is another of the gems of the Vatican. Lübke only voiced the general admiration of this statue when he said that it displays "the most acute observation of life, the most just conception of bold, rapid movement, and the greatest freedom in the expression of the actor." Nevertheless, it seems to be indisputable that an important part of the figure is incorrectly posed. The head is a modern restoration, and that it was wrongly restored is shown by other copies from the same

original, which have the face turned backward toward the hand that holds the disc. It is known, too, that such was actually the attitude of the Greek disc thrower, the heavy missile being propelled by a swing of the body like that of the hammer thrower of today.

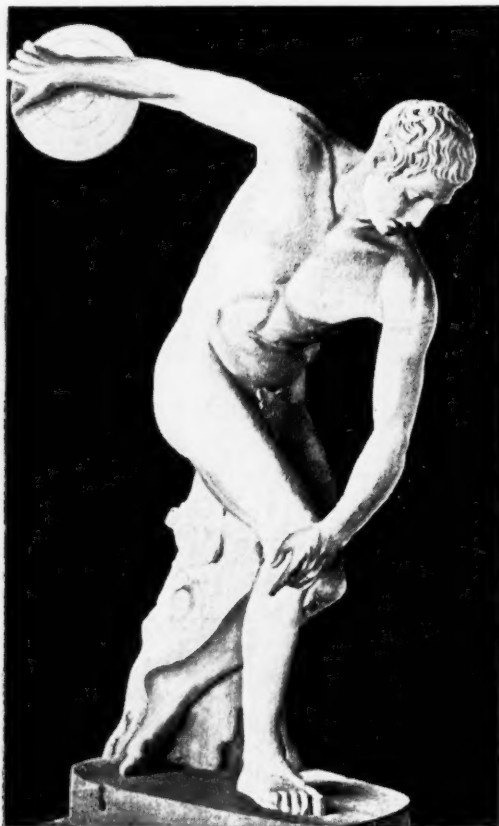
The other races of early civilization were hardly behind the Greeks in their love of physical prowess. In Hebrew story, for instance, Samson plays a part comparable to that of Hercules in Hellenic legend. At Rome, the very names of the city and of its mythical founder were derived from a root that signifies "strength." Roman skill and success in war went hand in hand with Roman delight in gymnastics. Very instructive is the

degradation of sport that accompanied the decline of national character and the loss of liberty. As the brave, stern, and frugal republic was transmuted into a vast empire that was slowly but surely poisoned and destroyed by the canker of social and political corruption, so did the games that were Rome's all absorbing amusement become the most frightful spectacle that ever claimed the name of sport.

It was not admiration of strength and grace that drew the Imperial City's multitude to the amphitheaters, but love of frenzied excitement and thirst for scenes of blood. Bulwer's scene in the tap room of Burbo's sporting tavern aptly reflects a phase of the Roman cult for sport in the days of the Empire. The gilded youth, perfumed and effeminate, admires in the gladiator powers that he declines to cultivate in himself, but admires them principally for the purpose of wagering his patrimony on the correctness of his judgment.

The least bloody games of the Roman arena were the chariot races, which were often mad plunges to death, and the boxing matches, wherein the combatants wore not gloves to soften their blows but the leather thongs of the cestus, studded with murderous knobs of brass, to make the fight more cruel.

But the favorite spectacles were far worse. There were the bloody battles of the gladiators; shocking combats between women; massacres of unresisting Christian martyrs, with sword, and fire, and the teeth of lions and tigers; and the horrible and meaningless festivals of carnage when defenseless prisoners—men, women, and children—armed butchers, fierce wild beasts, and poisonous serpents were turned into the arena together, in hundreds and even in thousands, and left to struggle



THE DISCOBOLUS, OR DISC THROWER, IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

there in a blind and desperate death grapple until no living thing was left on the blood soaked sand. Verily if ever avenging fire fell from heaven it should have descended upon the Coliseum!

Yet such scenes were the amusements of Roman matrons and maidens, who mingled their shrill cries of excitement with the yells of their husbands and brothers at some bloody sight more thrilling than usual. One of the especial privileges of the Vestal Virgins, the priestesses of purity, was their right of sitting in the first tier of seats at the gladiatorial combats—a striking contrast this to the rule that forbade the presence of women at the Olympic games—bloodless contests, but waged by men who, according to ancient custom, ran or wrestled wholly nude.

The advent of Christianity put an end to the awful sports of the Roman amphitheaters, but it did not restore the lost martial spirit, and the Everlasting City fell before the barbarian.

Through the dark ages athletic prowess was little sought or prized save as it shone in war—for war was every man's trade—or the mimic war of the medieval tourney, where knights, mounted and armored, battled with spears for the applause of a watching court or the favor of some fair lady. Athleticism as we know it is a modern invention or revival, in the development of which the Anglo Saxon race prides itself on having taken the lead.

That development may be said to have had its first real beginning in England about a century ago. In those days the present machinery of athletics—the great clubs, the championship meetings, the multiplicity of contests, the valuable prizes—was unknown. Cricket was first becoming recognized as a game, whereat men played in tall beaver hats and swallowtail coats. Football existed only in a primitive state; of baseball and countless other modern favorites there were but the most rudimentary beginnings. The first Oxford and Cambridge boat race was rowed thirty

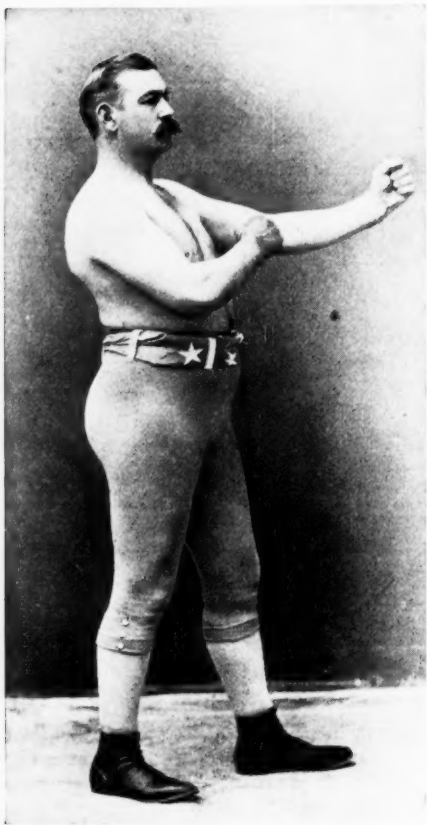


JOHN C. HEENAN.

years later. But the "noble art" of boxing was attracting an increasing circle of devotees, and its professional champions were beginning to take rank among the celebrities of the hour.

In Lord Byron's diary there are frequent mentions of the fact that, like many other young aristocrats of his generation, he took a course of boxing lessons. His tutor was John Jackson, a man worthy of mention as one of the best remembered of the old time pugilists. Jackson is said to have really been a gentleman—the son of a wealthy London builder, who became a professional boxer for love of the sport and for the handsome livelihood it brought him as owner of a fashionable gymnasium. He died at a good old age, rich and respected, and lies in Brompton Cemetery under a great stone monument whose inscription, in pompous phrase, warns the passer by:

Hast thou a lion's heart, a giant's strength?
Exult not, for these gifts must yield at length.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN.
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

Does love, does friendship, every step attend?

This man ne'er made a foe, ne'er lost a friend.

But death too soon dissolves all human ties,
And, his last combat o'er, here Jackson lies.

One of Jackson's most famous successors was Cribb, who fought what was perhaps the first international pugilistic battle with the American negro, Molineaux. A later and still better known name is that of Sayers, who was perhaps as fine a specimen of pluck and muscle as his country ever produced. He was not a man of great stature; he won and held the English championship while in the "middle weight" class so far as pounds and ounces tell the story—a feat that has probably never been paralleled. Unfortunately, he was

not proof against the temptations that especially beset his calling, and he died, a victim to dissipation, at thirty nine. He had seen his best days when, two years before his death, he met the American gladiator Heenan.

That Sayers-Heenan combat, fought at Farnborough, Hampshire, in April, 1863, created a furore of excitement on both sides of the Atlantic, despite the synchronism of such an interesting affair as the civil war. There was a memorable spectacle at the scene of the fight, where aristocrats and plebeians, famous authors and even not a few clergymen thronged together about the ring. One of the literary contingent afterward related with no little glee how he surprised a dignitary of the church in the midst of a heated controversy in which he was asserting Heenan's claim to the possession of the championship belt. As the reader probably knows, the fight had been declared a draw, although there were many who agreed with Heenan's clerical advocate that the American champion had had the best of it.

Another anecdote of that day is one of a British man of war's captain, who invited Sayers aboard his ship and presented him to officers and crew as a guest of honor.

Boxing, as we have said, led the development of modern athletic sports. It is the one that appeals most directly to men's innate and ineradicable admiration of physical prowess, and its champions attract the homage of the masses to an extent that is today simply marvelous—and that is too often fatal to their own well being. That was an extraordinary and significant sight a few weeks ago in New York, when Madison Square Garden was thronged by the thousands who assembled to greet the man who had a few days before lost the pugilistic laurel wreath. The scene was one of uproarious enthusiasm such as political excitement never inspired. The philosopher may have smiled, with perhaps a trace of cynicism in his

smile, to see men pushing and yelling, fighting and scrambling, for the privilege of touching the uttermost hem of their hero's garment; but the spectacle revealed a phase of human nature that he may disapprove but cannot ignore.

That such a state of things is not wholly a matter for rejoicing is admitted. That it is not wholly a cause for lamentation is equally true. Would bear baiting, cock fighting, and the like have gone so entirely out of vogue had there not been other and more innocent forms of sport to replace them? A steam engine must have its safety valve, and human nature is a good deal of a steam engine in some ways. There is no good thing that may not be perverted into evil, and to condemn the athletic tendency because it sometimes degenerates into discreditable phases would be as reasonable as to condemn the rain for falling on the unjust as well as the just.

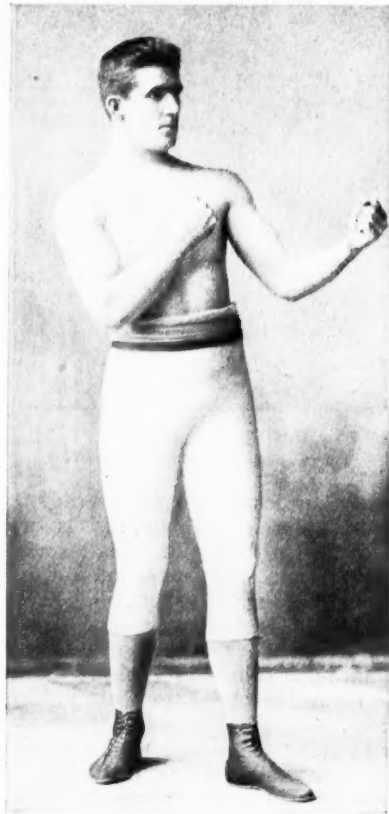
Even toward pugilism, against which the severest criticisms have been leveled, how many good citizens there are who can sympathize with Thackeray, when the white souled old novelist admits that he knows it is not strictly moral to encourage two boxers to assault each other for the sake of a pecuniary reward, and adds, "but dear Miss Morality, do please look the other way for a few minutes, and let us see one or two more rounds between the men!"

An article that was published sixty years ago in *Blackwood's* put the following view of pugilism into the mouth of a rustic philosopher: "It's the custom o' the kintra—a national characteristic—a trait o' manners—and I houp that a pastime sae truly popular will never be discountenanced by them who love the people and see in all their manly amusements an expression of the inborn energies o' the sons of Liberty."

You cannot indict a nation, as Burke said; but if it be wrongful to take an interest in pugilism, then what a nation of sinners we were, not long ago, when the fistic cham-

pionship was at issue between Sullivan and Corbett! It would indeed, with nineteen men out of twenty, be mere affectation to pretend indifference to the dramatic combat in which the science and agility of the younger pugilist ended the supremacy of a man who, considering solely his physical development, was undoubtedly, in his prime, one of the most perfect specimens of muscular manhood that has ever been seen. Man is an animal, and the finest animal of his species is surely an object of legitimate interest.

The criterion of dollars and cents is not always a good one, but it is certainly striking to glance at the financial aspect of latter day pugilism. The President of the United States gets fifty thousand dollars for



JAMES J. CORBETT.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

a year's work. At New Orleans, not long ago, three exponents of the "manly art" divided prizes aggregating over eighty thousand dollars, which they earned by victory in com-



WILLIAM G. GEORGE.
From a photograph by Ritzmann, New York.

bats that lasted, on an average, an hour apiece. Sullivan, as is well known, has won and spent, several times over, what most men would call a fortune. Corbett, the present champion, is said to possess, like Mr. John Gilpin's worthy spouse, the fortunate gift of a frugal mind; and he may one day rank among our millionaires.

Popular admiration of physical prowess is shown around many other arenas besides the prize ring. Witness the great crowds that watched, some years ago, the races between Messrs.

Myers and George, the two most famous runners, perhaps, of America and England—the one unsurpassed at short distances, the other the maker of a record for the mile—four minutes, twelve seconds and three quarters—that has never before or since been nearly approached. Or witness, again, the thousands that applaud the blue, the crimson, or the orange and yellow, when the champions of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton fight inch by inch for the muddy arena between the goals. The most famous of American preachers took great pride in the achievements of a nephew who made the name of Beecher memorable in the annals of college football.

Rowing, too, has been developed into a medium for intensely exciting contests of strength and skill. This is another sport whose early development was in England, but which has taken root and flourished apace in the greater Anglo Saxon lands beyond the seas, until the college boat race from Putney to Mortlake—perhaps the chiefest event of the athletic year in England—has found a parallel in the annual struggle of Yale's and Harvard's champions on the Connecticut Thames.

Countless other forms of sport might be named—tennis and racquets, lacrosse and polo, jumping and weight throwing, walking and swimming—into all of which the spirit of emulation enters to make them contests fought out with all the powers of the participants, and where the love of prowess brings to the victors a greater or less degree of applause and homage.

Men of peace! No, we are nothing of the sort. The modern Anglo Saxon is a fighter, as his savage ancestors were. He goes into war with a zest as keen as any other nation's, and a pluck which is—or at least he thinks it is—a little better than any. Between his wars he fights the lesser battles of the football field, the pugilistic ring, the baseball diamond, or looks on and shouts while others fight them. His boys learn to double their fists almost as soon as to walk;

their favorite Bible stories are of David's fight with the Philistine giant and of the muscular exploits of Samson; they go to school to be taught to venerate the classic deeds of the swift footed Achilles and the masterful Hercules, and to regard as the modern successor of those

ancient heroes the youth among their schoolmates who has the quickest eye and the most powerful biceps. How can we ever forget that "it is excellent to have a giant's strength," when we are reminded of the truth of the adage almost at every turn of our daily lives?

SIX TO SIX.

Now them what's in fer hangin' Bill, jest stand thet side ther line,
 An' them as don't believe he stole, jest put yer backs ter mine;
 Thet lyin' greaser, Bendigo, ye know he's full er tricks—
 Bill cut him outer Jose's gal, an' now he's in this fix.
 Don't hesitate an' hold back, boys; do whut ye think is right.
 Think how ye'd feel in Billy's place—don't treat ther matter light!
 Yer've only got ther greaser's word, an' thet ain't wuth two kicks;
 Range out so's I kin count ye now—Great Scott! We're six to six!

We're even up—thet's kinder bad! I tell yer whut we'll do:
 Play "seven up"; I've got ther keerds. We'll play er squar' game, too.
 Come, Bendigo, yer lyin' sneak, squat down hyar by this tree;
 Now cut fer deal, an' ef I win we'll sot poor Billy free.
 Ace! nine! Yer keerds; jest rip 'em up an' do yer wust ter cheat—
 Two on ye hold thet mustang thar while I do up this beat.
 Hah! dimunds trumps! Ain't got er one—I guess I'll hev ter "beg";
 Hough! I'm high—jack, ye're game an' low; thet's two each—leg an' leg.

Hyar's sunthin' like er game o' sledge! My deal now, Bendigo—
 Look at yer hand; see whut ye'll do. Ye're tantalizin' slow!
 Bad keerds! Want "one"? I'll gin yer three; et counts fer jest the same;
 Gee whiz! Ain't got er trump—ye're high, low, jack, an' game.
 Looks hard fer Billy—six to two—but I ain't gointer squeal,
 Fer p'raps I'll work ther greaser's jag an' skin him on his deal;
 Them's right good keerds—I guess I'll stand—I'm good fer all ther tricks.
 Thar's "all four" thar, old yellar jaw—thet makes us six to six.

My deal ag'in! Waal, hyar she goes. Bill's chance looks sorter slim,
 Spades trumps, an' ye wants "one"? Oh, no—"one" hangs Bill on thet limb;
 Et's tough—I've got "all four" in spades. Say, 'Digo, wanter "bunch"?
 High goes out fust, an'—ye've got whut? Well, boys, I'll hev ter hunch.
 He's ace o' hearts, an' ace o' clubs, an' ace o' dimunds, whew!
 Thar's one more chance. I won't gin in till thet un's gone up, too.
 Don't look exultant, Bendigo; thar's four pints in ther pack.
 Boys, hold yer breath; Bill, say er prayer—ye're saved! I turned er Jack!

Burt Arnold.

IN THE NORTH WOODS.

By Francis E. Hamilton.

DID you ever hear of Brown? Brown, the North Woods criminal; Brown, the murderer, who shot a man dead at his own door in broad daylight and then fled into the wilderness and has ever since defied capture?

Whether it was Tom Brown, or John Brown, or Abraham Brown, I do not know; but the tale of the bloody deed, and the fragmentary history of the fugitive, told me one night when my guide and I lay at the side of a smoldering fire away up in the heart of the Adirondacks, imprinted the name of Brown upon my memory in such somber colors that I shall never forget it, nor the sad story.

The late moon was just above the dark pines upon the eastern shore of the pond as I knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And he is still somewhere in these woods, Sabine?"

"Sure," replied the guide in low tones. "Sure, fer they hev watched the clearin's so's he couldn't get out. I see him myself, wunst, away over on the big mash back o' Madawaska Creek. He didn't stop fer no talk, however, an' I didn't foller him; no man's life's worth so much ez his own, an' a thousand dollars is poor pay fer bein' shot, or leavin' yer wife a widdy. I hadn't no gun, an' didn't take much notice o' him."

"But you know how he looks?" I said.

"He's a decent lookin' feller, 'bout thirty six or thirty eight, fair haired and slight. Good natured, too, 'cept when he's in liquor. Lost the fust finger off'n his left hand in the mill down to St. Regis a few years ago, an' hez a scar on his cheek. Them's two o' the sheriff's descriptive marks o' him. Devilish queer," after a mo-

ment's silence as he wrapped his blanket about him and stretched himself out to sleep, "devilish queer he should ever a' done it. But he's a terror, now, and won't be took alive!"

Slowly the fire died. One by one the little flames disappeared, leaving only the embers behind them, until at last the dull, red heap gave forth but a dim, flickering glow.

Slowly, too, the half veiled moon, misty through the night shadows, climbed the great arch of blue black sky, and half revealed the distant forms of the mountains that guarded our lonely camp. A cubless bear, far upon some rock ledge, gave voice to a long drawn, shrewish cry that rasped the nerves; a panther's whine crept down the breeze, and all about us moaned the mighty pines.

I could not sleep, and thoughts of Brown, the outlaw—homeless, hunted, grasping even life as a boon to be struggled for, fought for—ran riot through my brain, and my eyes sought to picture him as he must be—haggard, watchful, fierce—until suddenly, as I turned my gaze toward the darker side of the dying fire, I could have sworn that I saw a face with hollow, staring eyes and rugged beard glaring at me for a single instant from the shadows, and then disappearing—Brown's face!

With a cry I sprang to my feet, rifle in hand, and shouted:

"Who's there? Halt!" Then, with foolish impatience, I fired into the bushes.

Sabine was at my side.

"What did ye see?" he asked sharply.

I hesitated a moment, listening intently, then replied, "Nothing; I had a bad dream;" and quickly rolling my blanket again about me, in five

minutes I was asleep, and slept undisturbed until morning.

As we drank our coffee, my vision of the night before recurred to me, and with some shamefacedness I confessed to the guide why I had fired my rifle.

He laughed.

"Brown's many a mile from here. He's below the Saranacs, I think. Sartin he was last seen headin' that way more'n twenty mile back o' Buck Mountain. You only saw a dream spook last night; there's lots o' them in these woods."

Breakfast over, Sabine announced that if I would spend the day fishing, he would go by the trail over Blue Mountain to Phelps's, and get such camp supplies as we needed, returning by night.

A moment's thought and I turned the plan upside down; he should do the fishing and I would go for the supplies, thereby seeing new country, the view from Blue Mountain—said to be fine—and taking the chance of meeting some acquaintance at Phelps's log hostelry.

The guide set forth the difficulties of the trail, the weight of the pack basket, the steepness of the mountain, in strong terms, but the more he talked the more I determined to go; so at length he fitted me out, gave me the directions for the route, and with rifle in hand and pack on back I started.

Especially was I warned to make the return trip in time to cross the mountain by daylight, on account of the roughness of the path and the ruggedness of the cliffs—to tumble down which, according to Sabine, would be to dash one's brains out at the very least.

It was about eight o'clock when I started, and by rapid walking I found myself at the summit of Blue Mountain a little before eleven. Here I paused to rest and enjoy the magnificent panorama that nature spread before me.

The crown of the mountain was bare and rocky, steep upon two sides, the south and east, doubly so on the north, and absolutely precipitous

upon the west, where a great broken ledge slanted downward hundreds of feet toward the tops of the tall pines and hemlocks growing upon the rugged slopes beneath. I could see for almost thirty miles in every direction, and over all the rolling landscape, hills and valleys and mountains, grew the forest in verdant luxuriance, studded here and there with gleaming lakes and ponds, or threaded by winding streams, their pathways marked by lines of willows and waving marsh grass. Overhead arched the majestic dome of heaven, blue and sparkling with sunlight, and upon all lay a restful silence so complete that one could almost feel the beating of nature's great heart.

Half an hour of enjoyment and again I took the trail and plunged downward at a rapid pace, nor slackened it until, a little before one, I reached Phelps's clearing and dropped my basket at his hospitable door, thoroughly prepared for a hearty dinner.

I had been two weeks in the forest, and even the glimpse of civilization offered me at this cabin home was refreshing. After I had eaten, and my pack was filled, I lingered for a sociable pipe with Phelps before I started homeward.

"Any new fellows gone in?" I queried. "Thought you expected some."

"So I did," replied the woodsman, "but an odd thing happened. There was three fellows here bound fer Wolf Pond, but this very mornin', just as they was a goin' in, up comes the sheriff an' calls on 'em to go with him a man huntin' after Brown, what killed somebody over on the Saranacs, and they had to go, too."

I took the pipe from my mouth.

"After Brown? Is he in this part of the country?"

Phelps's face assumed a blank expression.

"How should I know? He never stopped here. I only heard the sheriff call on the men, an' they went with him. They won't ketch nothin', though."

I was interested, and fired ques-

tions at my host in volleys, but it was of no use. He had told me all that he would tell, and at last, startled by the striking of a clock within doors, I suddenly arose.

"There, by Jove! How late it is, and it's going to storm, too," I continued, looking toward the west, where great dun colored clouds were grouping themselves in battle array. "I ought to have gone an hour ago! Good by;" and with a parting hand-shake I was off.

The pack on my back was much heavier than in the morning, and I was tired after my long walk, but the lateness of the hour and the thought of the oncoming storm served to spur me forward, and I crossed the level and began the ascent of the mountain with rapid strides. No sooner, however, did the trail reach the steeper portion of the incline than I found myself quickly winded, and the last half mile was wearisome, although again and again I paused to regain my breath and strength.

The sky overhead had grown dark with ragged, leaden clouds; a strong wind swept moaning through the swaying tree tops and roaring across the bald peak above me; and every instant I expected the storm would break. Snatching such rest and breath as short pauses only could afford, I determined to gain the summit and cross its open and dangerous brow, even if I was then forced to seek some hiding place; for a vivid remembrance of the great, gray precipice that skirted the northern slope, with dizzy height and horrid depth, filled me with fears of what a possible misstep might mean should I lose my way or linger until darkness fell.

At length I passed the forest and climbed the rugged crown of the mountain, clambering over misshapen boulders and seamed and broken rock, stumbling amid tangled brier bushes tall as my head, and struggling to follow the trail across abattis of dead and fallen timber and through thickets of wild cherry. The rain had begun to fall,

and the clouds seemed to sweep the earth beside me. The wind was terrific, and the storm, driven shrieking before the gale, smote my face with its watery lashes, tore at my garments with invisible hands, plucked the very breath from my throat, and turned me now this way and now that; while each moment the gray light grew grayer, the cloud rack thicker; the rain beat upon me with greater force, and the voice of the night and the storm rang yet wilder in my affrighted ears!

A single thought had taken possession of me—to cross the pitiless mountain crown and find the shelter of the woods beyond without hurling myself down the precipice that I knew yawned close beside me. To escape that all my energies were bent; but with a strange sinking of the heart I felt rather than saw that I had lost all trace of the trail, felt that perchance the next furious onset of the storm would compass my destruction; that perhaps, after all, my only chance was to crouch, beaten and stunned, on the solid earth where I stood, rather than to grope further into this cloudland of chaos and night. Then suddenly the very earth itself seemed to crumble, and with a despairing cry I felt myself falling, flung myself wildly forward, grasped at the ground, the stones, the stunted bushes, and then went rolling and crashing, bounding and tearing down the ragged face of the great rock precipice—down to unconsciousness and perhaps to death!

* * * *

A faint, flickering, wavy light, glinting and gleaming among the wet leaves overhead; now flashing brightly, and again dying so that the far off stars shone clearly through the tree tops; a sound as of a strong wind high in the clear night sky, roaring by, but not seeking to disturb the forest below; a low voiced fire, muttering as it burned—this I saw and heard. Where was I?

A movement, a half effort to rise, resulted in sudden agony, and with the sweat drops starting on my fore-

head I sank groaning back upon the rough bed. My leg was broken!

"Come to, partner?"

The voice seemed familiar, low toned and cautious as a woodsman's always is. Turning my eyes I saw beside me a man of about forty years of age, worn and ragged in dress, who, rifle in hand, half bent above me. The face was thin and drawn, eyes blue and clear though weary, hair and beard unkempt. Familiar somehow, and yet strange to me—strange to me, and yet—it was the face of my dream the night before!

"Come to, partner? Ye got a terrible fall!"

"Am I badly hurt?" I asked.

"Leg broke; I reckon that's all, but that's bad enough in the woods. Where are ye from?"

With the question came a steely gleam into the eyes, and the fingers closed a little more tightly on the barrel of the Winchester.

I told him, and then with a half sigh he said: "Too bad! Too bad! Ye'd orter let Sabine gone fer the grub. He's tough an' a good woodsman. Howsoever, we'll get ye out somehow tomorrow. I war jest a huntin' thro' nigh the mountin here when the storm broke, and sort o' sheltered nigh the slide what ye fell down, ye know, an' jes' in one o' the breathin's o' the gale I hearn ye yell. I hunted for ye most an hour, and found ye way up above thar;" turning his head toward the crest of the Blue. "'Twas a job to get ye down here now, I tell ye; and if ye hadn't a' fainted afore, ye would a' then, fer I hed to tote ye on my back, an' I reckon yer leg must a' grated some!"

I shuddered. "And you carried me here, and made this bed and fire for me?"

He nodded.

"Were you going to stay here all night yourself if you hadn't found me?"

Again the steely flash of the eye and a sharper tone as he replied, "I don't know what I'd a' done. Why do ye ask?"

"Because," said I, "it seems strange

that any one would stay in these wet woods, without shelter, within three miles of as good a house as Phelps's, unless they had to."

My rescuer looked at me a moment before replying. "An' do ye think after I had pulled ye down thet mountin an' found thet ye hed a broken leg, thet I would a' gone off an' left ye here to die alone while I sheltered at Phelps's—if I could?" He paused a moment, then added, "Do I look like thet kind o' a brute?"

There was in his quiet voice a hopeless strain that touched my soul, and with full earnestness of heart I answered:

"Indeed you do not. You look like a true man!"

As I spoke such a change came over his face as I never saw in human face before. Surprise, joy, and suffering seemed mingled, and the tears started to his eyes. He turned quickly away, and as I watched him in the flickering light I noted, clear and white, a scar across the bronze of his left cheek.

"I bound up yer leg as best I could, an' I reckon it'll do ontill I kin git ye out. Ye can't be moved without four men come in with a stretcher, an' I hed figured thet I would go over to Phelps's an' git some fellows fer to carry ye out tonight. I'll fix the fire so's 'twill last, an' leave my gun with ye—though there ain't no danger, an' afore daylight I'll hev ye in a bed. Don't ye think thet plan'll do?"

He was going to Phelps's, and for me! To Phelps's! I thought of the sheriff and his posse.

"No, that plan won't do," said I slowly, "and I will tell you why. It will be better for you to go over to my camp and tell Sabine. Let him come back here and go after assistance in the morning. In that way you will not be annoyed further, nor your plans broken."

Disgust made itself visible on my companion's face.

"Broken plans! What are broken plans to a broken leg, man? You must be got to the doctor, an' thet

bone set jest as soon as the Lord'll let ye, an' no waitin' fer Sabine."

"Listen, friend," said I, interrupting him. "It will not hasten matters for you to go to Phelps's, for you cannot get men before morning; and it might be that other troubles would arise."

"Other troubles!" he cried, catching his breath, "what troubles? I know Phelps, an' he will get men fer me tonight, at once."

I looked at my rescuer. "He cannot. The sheriff visited his place this morning and has taken all the men there, except Phelps himself, to the woods, to hunt a man named Brown, who is charged with murder."

My companion's countenance changed not, but slowly there overspread it a gray and ashen pallor. The wide blue eyes seemed fixed upon some distant point, through and beyond me, and the whole figure became rigid as if suddenly touched by the cold hand of the King of Terrors.

Far overhead the mighty wind roared through the night sky, but all about us at the mountain's foot there lay a silence broken only by the monotonous drip of the leaves and the slow crackle of the low fire. A full moment passed, and then, with a start like one awakened from a frightful dream, and a long in-drawn breath, the man spoke again.

"Have you ever seen this Brown?"

I looked my questioner full in the face. "Never."

Again silence for a little space; then turning quickly, as if seized with a sudden resolution, he gathered some brush and threw it on the fire, placed his rifle on the ground at my side, drew from his belt a long hunting knife, laid it beside the gun, and said:

"I am going to Phelps's for men to carry ye out, an' I am goin' now, sheriff or no sheriff! I will leave ye these arms to protect ye. I shall be

back within two hours," and turning he plunged into the darkness of the forest.

For an instant I was unable to speak. Then, realizing what this errand meant, I seized his Winchester and fired three rapid shots, crying as I did so, "Come back! Come back, for God's sake! I must speak with you!"

But only the watery echoes from the great rock bluff above me gave answer, and a far away owl hooted dismally, disturbed by the sound of my voice.

Half frantic, weak with pain and the terrible experiences through which I had passed, I still sought to recall my companion with gunshot and shout until a great horror overcame me, agony wrenched at my heartstrings, and, overpowered both physically and mentally, I fainted.

How long I lay unconscious I know not, but with the awakening came the sounds of men's voices and the noise of heavy feet crashing through the underbrush. Then there burst into the little circle of light about my fire five stalwart woodsmen, led by Phelps.

Quickly I was lifted to a stretcher and borne through the forest and the night toward shelter, and before morning dawned lay sleeping at Phelps's house, my broken bone set, my fever assuaged, and with all chances in my favor.

And Brown?

He did as he said he would do—sent aid to me at the risk of a halter, then disappeared. Whether he afterward escaped to Canada under another name, or perished in that great northern wilderness, will never be known; but side by side with other heroes there will ever hang in memory's hall a simple face, the face of a common man and a sinner, but one who took his life in his hand freely, willingly, and risked it to save mine.



THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

BEST THINGS OF PRESENT INTEREST.

AMERICA'S FOUR HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

THE event of the past month in New York and Chicago has been the celebration of the four hundredth birthday of the New World. We say the New World, and such it was to Columbus and his European contemporaries, although, as the New York *Sun* remarks, "it had been inhabited perhaps as long as the race of man had existed. Yet it was a world which had contributed nothing to the general progress of civilization. Up to a period which dates back only about a single century from this day, the little community of Athens of itself alone had done infinitely more for the elevation and enlightenment of mankind than had been accomplished by the whole of the two continents of America. It was three centuries after the discovery by Columbus that the New World began to exert on the Old World the tremendous influence it has since wielded.

"This is a very young country, let everybody remember. It has not yet got through with its pioneer work. We are still engaged in building up the foundations of an empire. As compared with the historical era of European civilization, it is only a short time since Columbus sighted land four hundred years ago. Nowhere else has so much been done in that time, so much for the political and social emancipation of mankind and for their material profit and improvement."

The development of the American metropolis, too, is a matter of very recent history. The Dutch erected a few huts and a little fort on Manhattan Island in 1613, but the settlement's growth was very slow for nearly two centuries. "At the beginning of the Revolution the population amounted to less than 22,000, and it did not reach 100,000 until 1815. In 1830, at a period within the memory of many citizens now living, it numbered only about 200,000,

or not much more than one tenth of the people now within its limits.

"The great progress of New York from a provincial community, restricted in the appliances of art and civilization as we know them now, has been within the last generation only. It dates back to 1850 at the furthest. Men fifty years old have seen its march with their own eyes. They have seen the town substantially rebuilt. They have watched from its incipency the development of the whole system of parks and boulevards, which entitle it at last to consideration as one of the great capitals of the world. They have seen its growth in wealth and magnificence from a comparatively small beginning.

"Great capitals of Europe like London and Paris* date back for many centuries. New York was in its infancy one hundred years ago. Fifty years ago it was still in its childhood; and even now it is simply getting ready for its destiny as the greatest and most populous city of the world, a development which it will not reach for many years yet."

AMERICA'S NAMING.

EVERYBODY knows that the New World should have been named after Columbus instead of Amerigo Vespucci. Perhaps everybody does not know that attempts have been made to prove that Vespucci was not the godfather of America. These philological efforts, which are amusing rather than important, are recounted by the New York *Sun*:

"In 1888 M. Thomas De St. Bris published a pamphlet, 'Discovery of the Name of America.' The following extract will give an idea of the nature and value of his investigations:

"The most illustrious national name of America was sacred to her people, written in their pictorial writings by a snake crossing a straight line and called Amaru—the Great Sun—which began to mean anything sacred at a later period; and when

* London is first mentioned by Tacitus as Londinium, the chief town of a British clan, which in 43 A. D. was taken by Claudius and renamed Augusta. Paris is heard of earlier yet. In 52 B. C. the Parisii, a tribe of Gauls, burned it rather than yield it to the conquering arms of Julius Caesar. But perhaps the *Sun* has forgotten that St. Petersburg was founded in 1702.

an American went nearer to any of the temples than the law permitted, the police said: 'Amarae, stop; don't do that,' for these were the temples of their king, who was also the spiritual chief, and this was the name given to the Southern continent, which first appeared in 1541.

"M. De St. Bris's pamphlet served the purpose of promoting the gayety of certain sober minded historians.

"Then M. Jules Marcou wrestled with the question. In the Congress of Americanists in Paris he asserted that the name America was derived from a range of mountains in Central America, which, in the language of the natives, is called Amerique, and that Vespucci never bore the name Amerigo, but changed his name Alberico to Amerigo for the first time after the name by which the New World is now known began to be used, in order to cause it to be believed that the continent was named in his honor."

It was conclusively proved, however, that Alberico and Amerigo are merely variant versions of the same name, and that Vespucci used both of them before his first voyage across the Atlantic. It was also found that Marcou's Central American mountains are not called Amerique but Amerisque.

"The latest fantasy comes from M. Pinart, who informs the Paris Geographical Society that the name was derived from 'Ameracapaná,' the name of a village visited in 1542 by Benzoni.

"As a matter of fact no question of history has been more clearly elucidated than that of the naming of the Western World. In 1507 some learned men of Saint Dié, headed by Martin Waltzemüller, celebrated the voyage of the Florentine, Amerigo Vespucci, made in 1501-2, when he discovered the coast of South America. They published the brochure, 'Cosmographiæ Introductio,' in which they wrote of the country discovered as the 'land of Americus' (Americus Terra). They christened the new continent America, and the name was accepted by the civilized world."

OUR "UPPER CLASS."

JUST before the civil war Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes prophesied that in thirty years or so there would be in the United States an "upper social class." The thirty years have passed, and the prophecy has, to a certain extent at least, been fulfilled. According to an old saying, it takes three generations to make a gentleman. Those Americans who have inherited wealth, and with it the advantages of good physical, mental, and social training, are now be-

ginning to be numerous enough to form a veritable "class."

The Boston *Herald* takes an unfavorable view of the trend of this social development. Its criticism is that while "we have borrowed from abroad a great many of the material evidences of a highly refined and wealthy civilization, the intellectual and spiritual side does not seem to have received any recognition from the members of our upper social stratum.

"Our men of wealth have yachts, horses, four-in-hand teams, great town, country and seaside establishments; they give dinners, receptions and balls, which vie in magnificence with those given in any of the European capitals, and they and their families show taste as well as elegance in dress. But all this is the coarsest sort of materialism, and if it is not strengthened by something higher and better, tends to degrade, rather than to elevate, society.

"In England the antidote has been partly found in the willingness of men of great wealth and high social station to actively interest themselves in the public life of the nation. More than this, the leisure which inherited wealth has secured and the intelligence which have resulted from careful instruction have been, in many instances, devoted to scientific and economic investigations in fields where little in the way of remuneration rewards patient effort. Some of the best scientific work of the century has been done in Europe by men who could give their entire time to laborious, but pecuniarily unproductive, research. So, too, in philanthropic work the leaders have been frequently those who occupied the highest social positions.

"But when we turn to the United States we find relatively few evidences of these vitalizing and offsetting benefits. Now and then, it is true, a man of great wealth donates a large sum to found a library or a university, but this is an entirely different thing from gaining for our highest social class a reputation for public spirit, intellectual force, and disinterested endeavor.

"At highly select social gatherings in London or Paris it is common to find among those present a number of men, and often women, who have made a national, and sometimes a world wide, reputation in consequence of well performed intellectual services. But while gatherings of this kind in New York, Boston or Chicago might represent quite as much aggregated wealth, quite as much physical beauty and perfection of physical development, and, indeed, as is now claimed, quite as much refine-

ment of manner, it is not at all likely that there would be found in these assemblies a man who had made a name for himself in the domain either of science or of literature, and only rarely one who has won reputation in fields of philanthropic or political effort.

"When weighed in the balance our highest social class is shown signally wanting in what to many would be considered its only *raison d'être*, and it certainly must be a subject for deep regret that with the establishment of this class in this new world it should be so conspicuously below similar social classes found in the nations of the old world."

Perhaps the *Boston Herald* is a little too severe in its stricture on the materialism of American society. That society is admittedly still adolescent, and its materialistic tendency may be a youthful malady that will gradually disappear.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the *Herald's* estimate of the public spirit and intellectual tone of England's uppermost class is overdrawn. Members of that class have certainly supplied the gossip mongers of the press with too much material for malicious innuendo and even open scandal. But without descending to this plane of criticism, we may witness Lady Jeune's article in last month's *North American Review*, wherein she says:

"Mr. Mallock maintains that some other qualities besides the 'gold that gilds' are absolute necessities to insure social success in London, and goes so far as to say it is unattainable without them. Intellect, cultivation, refinement, are still the characteristics of certain sets in London, but the largest and most sought after is that whose aims are pleasure and whose desires are the gratification of the moment.

"About the weaknesses and foibles of [English] society one may laugh and make a jest, but it is from its increasing luxury

and pleasure that the grave marks of its decadence spring which we cannot ignore."

THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION.

NEW YORK'S celebration of the Columbus anniversary was on the whole a gratifying success. The parades—and parades seem to have become stereotyped as the central features of such occasions—were, it is true,



GENERAL MARTIN T. McMAHON.

From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Albany.

marred by delays and somewhat disappointing; but the most interesting and important exhibit was not the processions that marched over the pavements of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. It was the American metropolis *en fête* as never before, and its assembled array of citizens and visitors.

The densest masses were those gathered along the route of the day procession* of

* General Martin T. McMahon, the marshal of the military parade of October 12, is at present State Senator from the seventh district of New York. He was born of Irish parentage at Laprairie, Canada, March 21, 1838, and educated at St. John's College, Fordham. During the civil war he held important staff positions in the Army of the Potomac, and in 1865 was brevetted major general of volunteers. He has since been United States minister to Paraguay and corporation attorney and receiver of taxes of New York City.

October 12—the finest and best arranged of the parades. "The impression of the spectator," says the *New York Times*, "that the crowd was enormous beyond precedent or expectation is borne out by such statistics as can be had. It seems quite safe to say that three quarters of a million of non residents witnessed the parade at some point of its route. Undoubt-



LIEUTENANT R. E. PEARY, U. S. N.
Drawn from a photograph by Dunshee, Philadelphia.

edly the resident spectators outnumbered them. Probably the spectators were nearer two millions than a million.

"That such a crowd could have been brought together in such a space and dispersed again with only a few comparatively trifling accidents, with nothing at all in the nature either of a riot or a panic, and without a single resort to violence on the part of the police, is in itself a triumph of civilization. It speaks, in tones that cannot be misunderstood, both for American intelligence and for American good nature."

OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER.

Mexico has been on the brink of famine—and, here and there, over the brink—during the past two or three months. A dispatch recently printed in the daily newspapers told of serious bread riots at Morilia, and the distress has been general throughout a great part of the republic.

"It was a tremendous combination of evils that struck Mexico," says a correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, writing from the City of Mexico; "a lack of rains and a fall in silver as sharp as it was utterly

unlooked for. Last year's crops were a failure, and if it had not been for the bringing in of corn from Kansas and Nebraska we should have had a Russian famine here, followed by a pestilence which might have invaded the United States. It has cost millions of dollars to fight off the famine, but, thanks to the energy of the government and the hearty co-operation of the railways, the worst has been averted.

"In these times, when the poor are hard pressed to get food, the action of President Diaz in refusing the banquets offered him by his political friends and army officers, and in directing the diversion of the money raised to buying corn for the needy, elicits universal praise.

"As a rule the lower classes of Mexico are the reverse of thrifty. Their wages are small, and they spend too much in *aguardiente* and gambling. They are children in mind and habits. They have nothing of the thrift of the French peasantry, and, consequently, when bad times come they must rely on charity or starve.

"Employers of native labor in the mines and mills all tell the same story of thriftlessness, of quick spending of every penny. Many have expressed themselves as discouraged in their efforts to benefit the masses by persuading them to save their little surplus. There is always the drink shop, the astute and enticing gambler, the cock fight or *otra diversion*."

THE PEARY EXPEDITION.

The utilitarian who sees little difference between a voyage that reaches the seventy eighth degree of north latitude and one that penetrates to the eighty second, may be pardoned for inquiring what useful purpose was accomplished by Lieutenant Peary's expedition into the Arctic ice. It must be admitted that in previous polar explorations scores of valuable lives have been sacrificed and great sums of money expended without adequate return. But it may reasonably be urged that in view of its small cost and of its success in combating the dangers of the frozen North—every member of the party returned alive and well except John M. Verhoeff, whose fate is still in doubt—and of its considerable contribution to human knowledge, this latest expedition was "worth while."

What Lieutenant Peary accomplished is thus summed up by the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "First of all, he demonstrated the feasibility of establishing depots of supplies, readily reached, easily retreated from, and capable of being made safe and

comfortable at comparatively small expense. He has proved also that it is perfectly feasible to travel over the great inland ice sea of Greenland in any direction, and at any latitude, without undue exertion. He has carefully traced a previously unknown coast of Greenland, and his report will enable geographers to draw with approximate accuracy almost the entire outline of that great island.

"Moreover, the Peary expedition is almost unique in this, that it has been enabled to bring back all its trophies of discovery with it. Almost every preceding Arctic expedition has been compelled by misadventure or disaster to abandon its treasures, or has lost them on the return voyage. The Kite brings home a precious cargo to the naturalists in the shape of a collection of plants and animals which, we are assured, is unequalled except possibly by one collection in the world."

Then again the *Baltimore Sun* remarks: "The fact that Lieutenant Peary's wife accompanied him and spent a comfortable and happy winter, many hundred miles further north than any white woman has heretofore ventured, adds great interest to the expedition. The simple and friendly Esquimos of the 'Arctic Highlands' were studied with great interest by Mrs. Peary, who in her turn was regarded with curiosity and wonder by the natives, being the only white woman they had ever seen.

"The cost of the expedition did not much exceed one tenth of the cost of Arctic expeditions which have been fitted out by the American and British governments. Lieutenant Peary and the unfortunate young Verhoeff contributed largely from their own means, and assistance was granted by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and the American Geographical Society."

Lieutenant Peary's chief title to fame as an explorer is his introduction of a new method of Arctic "rapid transit." "In 1886



MRS. R. E. PEARY.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

he made a sledge journey of a hundred miles toward the interior of Greenland, and became convinced that the easiest way to reach the northern or northeastern extremity of the island was by sleds upon the ice cap of the interior. The weight of opinion among Arctic travelers was against him, but he persisted in his theory, and in the expedition from which he has just returned demonstrated the correctness of it.

"Attempts at sledging in previous expeditions have been among hummocks and along the rugged and deeply indented coast. In many of these sled journeys which have been described, a mile or two a day, accomplished with exhausting labor, has been about the average rate of progress. Lieutenant Peary, on the other hand, made his journey of thirteen hundred miles to the northeast coast and back at an average speed of some twenty three miles per day.

Thirty miles was his ordinary daily journey for the greater portion of the way, but, having attained an elevation of over eight thousand feet amidst the clouds, he became involved in soft snow, and was greatly delayed."

The honor of the "highest north" still belongs to General A. W. Greely's expedition of ten years ago. "Lieutenant Peary

probably have been fatal to every one of the seven, so terribly near were they to succumbing.

GREECE AS IT IS.

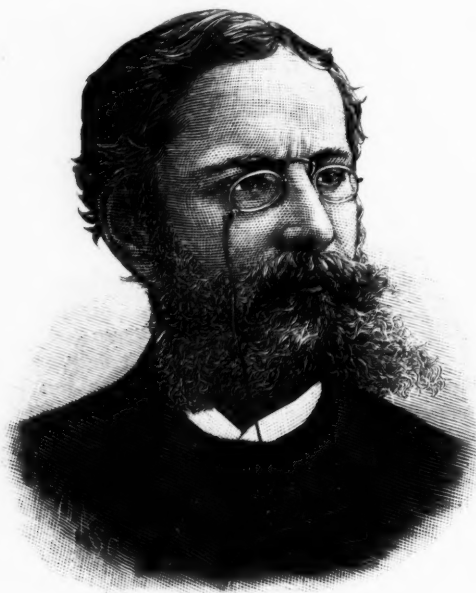
SMALL as is the part that Greece plays among the nations of today, her rôle in ancient history, and her influence upon the development of art, literature, and philosophy were so immensely important that she will always be one of the most interesting countries in the world.

The contrast between the Athens of the nineteenth century and the Athens of Pericles and Demosthenes is a pathetic one, and yet a correspondent of the *London Telegraph* says that the former's citizens "are, in many respects, chips of the old blocks from which the contemporaries of Socrates and Plato, Alcibiades and Demosthenes were fashioned. Their affections are as fickle, their imaginations to the full as rich and vivid, their love of hearing themselves talk and declaim as inveterate; and, as for curiosity, there is scarcely a man, woman or child in the country who would not sell his soul for the last edition of the Athenian papers.

"Politics to the Hellene is a religion, and neither church nor theater is ever half so crowded as the Parliament. People flock thither in crowds, more excited than the spectators of a Spanish bull fight; they stow away sandwiches and mysterious beverages in their

pockets, hang opera glasses over their shoulders, hold a packet of newspapers under their arms, and carry whistles and tin kettles in their hands. The proceedings of the Legislature are usually accompanied with shrieks, howls, cheers, and a perfect *tohu-bohu* of hideous noises that would drive a nervous Northern distracted. Bedlam is a Quaker meeting house in comparison. 'Zectol! Zectol!' ('May he live!') is the welcome cry with which the popular member is greeted; 'Kato? Kato!' ('Down with him!') accompanied with demoniacal howls, is the exclamation that grates upon the ears of the black traitor, or, what comes to the same thing, the political opponent."

An election in Greece seems to resemble the old time Presidential campaign in America. "The impression upon the spectator," says the *Telegraph's* correspondent, "is



GENERAL A. W. GREELY.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

did not reach by eighty two nautical miles as high a latitude as Lockwood and Brainard, of the Greely party, who in 1882 carried the American flag to north latitude 83 degrees 24 minutes, the nearest approach ever made to the pole."

The sufferings of Greely's party, it will be remembered, were in terrible contrast to Lieutenant Peary's experiences. Having failed to escape from the ice in the summer of 1883, as they had intended, they were forced to go into winter quarters on Cape Sabine in October. Their provisions were exhausted, and for months they had nothing to sustain life but such food as sealskin and lichens. One by one they succumbed to starvation; and when Captain Winfield Schley reached them in June, 1884, he found but seven men alive out of the twenty five who had sailed with Greely. Another forty eight hours' delay would

as if the day of doom were drawing nigh, and all tribes, tongues and peoples were called upon to choose their leaders and guides from the ranks of the just or the army of Antichrist. The wild tumult of passion is indescribable—to one who has never witnessed it, inconceivable. After the day has been conscientiously put in with agitating, speechifying, and skirmishing with the enemy, and night darkens the streets, 'then wander forth the sons of Hellas, flown with eloquence and wine,' and the good fight begins anew. Any one who has sat out under those cloudless skies of Greece during an election contest will have found more curious impressions with which to fill the storehouse of his memory

"An educated proletariat; 'doctors' of philosophy, medicine, and law, as plentiful as blackberries and as poor as Lazarus; public debts and private debts, with no prospect of clearing them off; the taxpaying powers of the population paralyzed by a bad harvest; and, over and above all, grandiose political plans that require a mint of money to carry out—such, in a word, are the main features of contemporary Greece.

"Shrine of the mighty, can it be
That this is all remains of thee?"

A BOURBON PRINCE.

THE scion of a royal house that has lost its crown, a prince who has won genuine



THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

THE ACROPOLIS.
MODERN ATHENS.

than during twelve months' ordinary traveling.

"No observant tourist can have visited Greece without being struck with the vast number of so called intelligent proletarians who are to be met with at every street corner—men who know their 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' off by heart, who have mastered the secrets of astronomy and metaphysics, have a doctor's diploma in their pockets, and know every art and science conceivable, except the art of earning an honest dinner. Education of all kinds is gratuitous in Greece—elementary, middle schools, and universities hospitably throw open their doors and welcome all who enter. Every year the University of Athens lets loose about six hundred full fledged 'doctors' upon society, who stalk about the highways and byways of life, like the sophists of old, ready to lend themselves to any cause or enterprise, however risky, seeking what they can devour, and rarely finding enough to still their cravings.

fame as a soldier and as a man of letters—such is the Duc d'Aumale, of whom a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* gives some personal particulars.

He was brought up after a decidedly democratic fashion by his father, Louis Philippe,* the last Bourbon monarch of France. Louis Philippe generally "dressed like an ordinary *bourgeois*, and used to walk the streets of Paris with a cigar in his mouth and an umbrella under his arm, unaccompanied and alone. He hated ceremonies and was very simple in his tastes.

"The young Duc d'Aumale had to study like other boys in the Lyceum Henri Quatre, where he chiefly distinguished himself in history. After winning the prize in his class through the sheer force of talent and industry he entered the army at the age of eighteen." He went as a lieutenant to Algiers, where he served with great distinction in the war of conquest against the Arab chieftain Abd-el-Kader.

He was in command of an army of sixty

* Louis Philippe belonged to the younger, or Orleanist branch of the old royal family of France. His direct heir is his grandson, the Comte de Paris, who is a claimant of the throne, but with very small likelihood of substantiating his claim. The Duc d'Aumale is the Comte de Paris's uncle.

thousand men when the news came that his father had been expelled from France. He declined to attempt resistance to the



THE DUC D'AUMALE.

Drawn from a photograph by Appert, Paris.

popular will, resigned his command, and thereby ended a promising military career; for though he offered his sword to France in the war against Germany, Napoleon refused to allow him to serve.

From that time the Duc has been "out of politics" and has led a life of cultured and dignified retirement under the various régimes that France has successively tried and rejected. At seventy he still "looks every inch a soldier. He is a little over the average height, and has broad and massive shoulders. In grace of manners and affability he is a courtier of the old patrician school. The domestic afflictions that have left him wifeless and childless have added a touch of melancholy to his countenance.

"His life in Chantilly, one of the Paris suburbs, is divided between his books and his horses. He resides in an old chateau whose walls are adorned with masterpieces of French painters, and whose panels and frescoed ceilings are veritable gems of art. The museum under its roof is full of trophies won in Africa by the Duc, and bricabrac of every kind collected from all over Europe. To the rear of this historic edifice are his stables, 'large,' as Daudet put it, 'as the largest cathedrals,'

where the Duc keeps a magnificent stud. His thoroughbreds are frequent prize winners at the Chantilly races.

"His hospitality is princely. He entertains his friends not only with brilliant conversational powers but with the rarest of wines and the richest of viands, for the Duc has Lucullan tastes and the reputation of being one of the champion gourmets of all Europe."

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND AND ITS COMMANDERS.

THAT the history of the civil war has not yet been finally written, that widely different views of its campaigns and its leaders prevail in different quarters, that many popular impressions have been proved erroneous and many more may be proved so in the future, is abundantly evident. But rarely have accepted estimates of men and events been so radically attacked as they were by General Boynton* in his recent oration to the veterans of the Army of the Cumberland.

"Through long years of controversy," the *Pittsburg Dispatch* reports him as saying, "the Army of the Cumberland is coming to its own. It is doubtful whether in military history there can be found another army with a notably great and



GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

successful record which contemporary writers of military history—I should rather say of military fiction—have so persistently

* Henry Van Ness Boynton was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, July 22, 1835, and went to Ohio early in life. At the outbreak of the civil war he volunteered for service and became major of the Thirty Fifth Ohio regiment. He served throughout Buell's and Rosecrans's campaigns in Tennessee, and was brevetted brigadier general for gallant conduct at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. He has published a volume of war time recollections.

misrepresented. It is not necessary to inquire into their motives or to asperse them. The fact remains that the Army of the Cumberland, after winning its victories in the field, has had to fight ever since to save the true record of them for history."

General Boynton emphatically declared that the laurels have rested too long on the brows of men to whom they do not rightfully belong. It was Buell, the organizer and first commander of the Army of the Cumberland, who, he stated, saved Grant from the disgrace of surprise and disaster at Shiloh. The supersession of Buell's successor, Rosecrans, after Chickamauga, was a flagrant injustice, and the credit of the later successes of the Union arms in Tennessee and Georgia belongs neither to Grant nor to Sherman, but to Thomas.

To prove Rosecrans's* ability as a commander, he asked: "What need be said further than to name Rich Mountain, Carnifex Ferry, Iuka, Corinth and Stone River, the unparalleled strategy of the Tullahoma and Chickamauga campaigns, and the final capture of this mountain stronghold of Chattanooga?"

"When General Garfield started for Washington, a few days before Rosecrans's removal, General Thomas, in parting with him, said: 'Garfield, you know the whole of this matter and the wrong that is being done Rosecrans. Make it your first business to set him right with those people in Washington.'

"Mortifying to relate, this commission was not executed, and as the direct result, the clouds settled thick and chill about him, and the man who will, without doubt, stand pre-eminent as the most brilliant strategist of the war, and who, by his last campaign and the capture of Chattanooga,



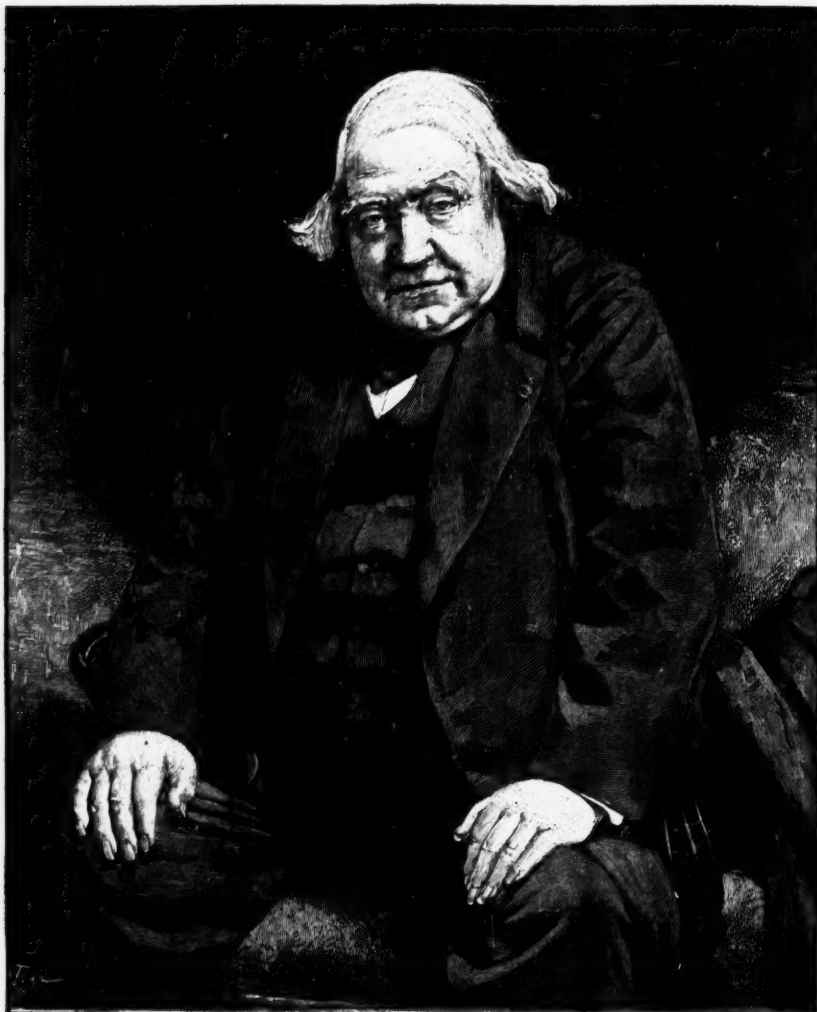
GENERAL W. S. ROSECRANS.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

had as effectually divided the Confederacy as had Grant and Porter by opening the Mississippi, was obliged to sit down in shadow and wait on the slow methods of history for his vindication."

Of Thomas,† General Boynton declared that "his stature in history is rounding out to the full dimensions which we know to have been his. Of him, and of him alone, can it be truthfully said that he never lost a movement or a battle. The world knows the significance of his title, 'The Rock of Chickamauga.' Every successful feature of the three days' battles about Chattanooga was his and not another's. Had his advice been followed the decisive battle of the Atlanta campaign would have been

* William Starke Rosecrans was born at Kingston, Ohio, September 6, 1819. After the war he served as United States Minister to Mexico, and was afterward engaged in railroad building in that country. He was twice (1880 and 1882) elected to Congress from California, and in 1885 President Cleveland appointed him Register of the Treasury. That office he still holds, residing in Washington.

† George Henry Thomas was born in Virginia, of Welsh ancestry, July 31, 1816. Educated at West Point, he served with distinction in the Mexican war. After the civil war he was appointed to command the Military Division of the Pacific. He died in San Francisco, March 28, 1870, and was buried at Troy, N. Y.



JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN.

From the painting by Bonnat exhibited in this year's Salon.

fought in the vicinity of Resaca. He protested against Kenesaw, and his hands were clear of the blood of that needless and so wicked slaughter.

"He was turned back from Atlanta with the small but valiant Fourth and Twenty Third corps, and the remnants which were cast off when a selected army was organized for a picnic to the sea, to do battle with these remnants and others which he might gather against the whole force which had confronted the three combined Union armies from Dalton to Atlanta.

"Never was greater though unintentional tribute paid to his ability. The commanders whom he was saving from the sneers of mankind railed at him from Washington to Savannah, but with an imperturbability without parallel under the circumstances, at the risk of removal, and, as we know now, after the order for removal, he prepared the blow which, when it fell at Nashville, utterly destroyed the opposing army and saved the march to the sea from everlasting ridicule. And here it is pertinent to remark that this was the

only great Confederate army destroyed in battle, before the final surrender, by any Union commander.

"We write his name above all names, and when history shall have rendered its final verdict upon the soldiers of the Union, we believe that Thomas will surely lead all the rest on the list of great soldiers and successful generals."

THE DEATH OF RENAN.

OF the notable figures that death has recently taken from the world of letters perhaps the most remarkable was that of Joseph Ernest Renan, who passed away on the morning of October 2.

"The glory of the most pure French literature departs with him," says the *New York Herald*. "Born in Brittany and intended for the priesthood, Renan studied in a Catholic seminary. Just before the time came when he was to make his vows, feeling that he had not chosen the proper vocation, he quitted the seminary and went back into lay life. It was after this that he wrote his 'Life of Jesus'—a work on which his reputation stands. The book at the start raised a great scandal. The Catholics protested vigorously against certain phrases in it, which lacked respect, they said. But little by little it was seen that the book was full of deep learning, as is the case with all the historical works of Renan.

"But it is not as a historian, but as a philosopher, that Renan acquired his glory and obtained an influence that swayed France. He invented a form of mild unbelief known as Renanism, which has among its followers a large part of the youth of France. It is not the bitter skepticism of Voltaire nor a complete infidelity. It takes life smilingly, never getting angry, never bitter, never being sure of anything, but wrapping everything into one great comprehensive 'Perhaps.'"

"Renan," adds the *New York World*, "was when he died the administrator of the College de France, the leader of the Forty Immortals,* the most distinguished master of letters and philology, the ripest scholar in France.

"He was born in the Breton fishing village of Treguier, on the 27th of February, 1823. His grandfather was a sailor. His

father, too, followed the sea and made a comfortable fortune, which he lost in trade. That was when Ernest Renan was five years old. One day after this failure the father's boat came in and he was not on board. A month afterward they found his body. No one knew whether it was accident or design.

"The family was very poor after that. The eldest brother started for Paris. A sister, Henriette, would have entered a convent but she thought she must look after the little brother. She earned enough money to send him to school, first at Treguier and then in Paris, at the Seminary of St. Sulpice."

"It was in 1845," M. Renan has said, "that I quitted the Seminary of St. Sulpice. I had pushed my philological studies very far; my religious opinions were strongly shaken. I consulted my sister Henriette. Her Catholic beliefs had disappeared, but she guarded against exercising any influence over me on that subject. When I communicated to her the doubts which tormented me and which made it necessary to quit a creed where absolute faith is demanded she offered to help me.

"I entered life at twenty three, old in thought, but as young and inexperienced in the world as it was possible to be. Literally I knew no one. The simplest start which any young man of fifteen possesses I lacked."

He secured a place as professor in a petty school in the Montmartre district of Paris, and brother and sister lived together the most delightful of lives in a tiny apartment at the end of a garden near Val-du-Grace.

Then came Renan's gradual rise to fame as an author, his marriage to Mlle. Cornelis Scheffer, a niece of the famous painter Ary Scheffer; his literary and antiquarian expedition to Syria, and the publication, on his return, of the "Life of Jesus." No book of the century, perhaps, made such a sensation. He was forced to give up the professorship he held at the Academie des Inscriptions. But he was not troubled. He smiled at some of those who attacked him, some he laughed at, others he routed, and to others he paid not the slightest attention.

Of late years Renan lived most of the time in the College de France, in the Rue

* The "Forty Immortals" are the members of the Academie Française, a body that includes those living Frenchmen who have won the highest fame in any department of the world of thought. Among them are such men as Dumas the younger, Sardou, Taine, de Lesseps, Pasteur, and the Duc d'Aumale. On the death of a member his successor is elected by the survivors. It is noteworthy that in the last six years there have been twelve deaths in the Academie—among them those of Victor Hugo and Octave Feuillet.

des Ecoles. There he lectured twice a week.

Renan's attitude toward orthodox Christianity was something very different from the scoffing bitterness of a Voltaire or the uncompromising hostility of an Ingersoll. He had much in common with the modern school of American Unitarianism. He knew Theodore Parker's writings, and expressed a profound admiration for them. As the New York *Sun* says of him, "he did not hesitate to avow himself an agnostic, but he was not proud of being one. He confessed himself unable to understand the story of the resurrection, or to believe in the divinity of Christ. But he drew the character of Jesus with tenderness and reverence, and, like the Athenians of Paul's time, he was willing to erect an altar 'to the unknown God.'"

Bonnat's portrait of M. Renan was one of the pictures of the year in the last Salon. Theodore Child thus criticised it in the New York *Sun*:

"With his usual power of solid construction, and with his usual trick of cellular lighting, as if his models were always posed in a dark subterranean room illuminated from above, Bonnat has painted M. Renan seated with his hands on his knees. The best criticism we can find for this work is to say that it is the portrait of a thinker who is not thinking. M. Bonnat has studied M. Renan's finger nails with the minutest attention, and painted them with all their singularity of form and neglect of cleanliness. It is a curious portrait."

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING.

A REVIVAL of the popular interest in yacht racing is one of the probabilities of next year. English yachtsmen mean to make another attempt at recapturing the America's Cup,* their representative this time being Lord Dunraven. If the conditional challenge he has sent to the New York Yacht Club be accepted, he intends to have a new boat built for the race by Messrs. Watson of Glasgow, the builders of the Thistle.

It will be remembered that Lord Dunraven has already—three years ago—challenged for the America's Cup, but the proposed match fell through, the Englishman declining to accept the conditions imposed by the "dimension clause" of the new deed of gift under which the cup is held, and the

club declining to race under the old deed. It is to be hoped that the difficulty will not recur to prevent a contest next year.

But American yachtsmen are not to be on the defensive only. Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, it is said, means to take a craft across the Atlantic and bring back to America the two challenge trophies—the Brenton's Reef and Cape May cups—which Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta* carried to England seven years ago, having won them from the old *Dauntless*.

"For the last twenty years," remarks the New York *Herald*, "American yachtsmen have boldly met all comers and defended themselves successfully against the world, but there have been few to emulate the example of the owners of the *America*, *Silvie*, *Sappho*, *Dauntless*, and other of the older yachts, and sail boldly forth to meet all who dared to give combat.

"Such an expedition was planned by General Paine in 1887, in answer to the challenge of the owner of the *Arrow*, but was abandoned of necessity when the latter sought to impose new and unjust conditions not named in his challenge.

"For a long time a good reason for this state of affairs existed in the racing rules of the Yacht Racing Association, by which the beam of the American model was loaded with a prohibitive tax, while at the same time the use of the center board was forbidden. These obstacles, however, have ceased to exist for half a dozen years, and there is today nothing in the rules or conditions of British racing which will militate against an American yacht. There is every reason to anticipate a successful season for a good craft, both in private matches and such open regattas as she might choose to enter. It is more than probable, however, that the certainty of a visit from a new Herreshoff yacht will lead to the laying of several keels for craft of about her size, in which event she would be tried more severely."

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING EXTRAORDINARY.

ONE of the several "records" that muscles and endurance have recently "broken" is that of mountain climbing. An exploring party in the Hindu Kush, the huge mountain chain that walls in the north-western frontier of India, reached a height of more than 23,000 feet above sea level—surpassing the best feats of Whymper in

* The cup was originally won by the schooner *America*, which defeated several British yachts in a race around the Isle of Wight, August 22, 1851. Since then the cup has been in the hands of the New York Yacht Club, whose boats have successively defeated five English and two Canadian challengers.

the Andes and of the German climber Schlagintweit in the Himalayas.

The objective point of the party, of which a Mr. Conway was the leader, was a huge snow peak which they named the Golden Throne. The ascent, amid the cliffs and glaciers of an uninhabited and almost unknown highland, was a week's task. "They reached the foot of the mountain on August 18," says the *New York Evening Post*, "and worked up behind it, climbing over 2,000 feet through a very broken ice fall. It took four days to establish and victual a camp, at a height of 18,000 feet. They moved next day to a camp 19,000 feet, and the day following to one about 20,000 feet high. Thence, on the 25th, they started for a real climb, and, having reached a point over 23,000 feet high, they found they were on a mountain entirely cut off from the Golden Throne, which was still 2,000 feet above them.

"They suffered from the great altitude, but not severely, and they could have climbed at least 1,000 feet higher, and perhaps more."

THE BERLIN-VIENNA RACE.

THE recent cavalry race between Berlin and Vienna was an affair of real military importance as well as of interest to sportsmen. It was regarded as a comparative test of the mounted soldiery of Austria and of Germany, and the overwhelming victory of the former is certainly significant.

The race was open to all cavalry officers in the armies of the two countries, and several hundred riders competed. The conditions were that the Germans should ride from Berlin to Vienna, and the Austrians from Vienna to Berlin, the prizes to be won by those who accomplished the distance in the shortest time. The result was that of the twenty prize winners nineteen were Austrians.

The best record was that of Count Starhemberg, who accomplished the distance—almost four hundred miles—in seventy one hours and a half. Next to him was Baron Reitzenstein, the only German to be "placed," who might have done better still but for an accident. According to the *London Standard*, from which we gather our facts, Reitzenstein and two other German riders, on the last day of their ride, while among the hills of Bohemia, "were overtaken by so heavy a fog that they missed their way, and after riding for three hours in a wooded, hilly country, they found themselves again at the very point from which they had started. The Baron's

two companions after this fell off, but Reitzenstein, with dogged resolution, and with the ambition to save the honor of the German army, quickened his pace, so that toward the end he was making twelve and a half miles an hour, and was thus only a little too late for the first prize."

The strain upon the horses in the race was of course a very severe one. "Baron Reitzenstein's mare reached the goal in a deplorable condition, showing signs of the use of the spur and whip. One of her shoes was broken and another lost. The mare, which was pulled past the winning post with her eyes closed and head drooping, is an English thoroughbred of very fine shape, and comes from the stud of Count Nicholas Esterhazy, in Hungary. Just past the post she broke down and lay on the spot till noon, when she was taken to the riding school, where she afterward recovered."

Indeed, about half of the horses that took part in the contest were killed, or disabled, and it is not surprising to read, in a later cable to the *Philadelphia Times*, that "the German Society for the Protection of Animals has decided to protest against the brutality of the riders and to bring the question before the Reichstag."

THE OCEAN RECORD.

THE last westward trip of the City of Paris confirms the Inman racer's position as queen of the Atlantic and as the swiftest ocean steamer afloat. She made the voyage in 5 days, 14 hours, 24 minutes, beating her own record of 5 days, 15 hours, 58 minutes by 1 hour and 34 minutes. She also made on the last day a run of 530 miles, beating the best previous day's record of 528 miles, made by the Teutonic.

The third record broken was that of average speed per hour. The best previous record was made by herself in July last, when her average per hour was 20.48 knots. In the voyage just finished her average was 20.70 knots.

The eyes of the steamboat men are now turned with a good deal of interest toward the recently launched *Campania*, with which the Cunard company will next year endeavor to regain the supremacy that it long held with the *Etruria* and the *Umbria*. The *Campania* is to surpass all her rivals in tonnage and horse power, and if she fulfills the expectations of her builders she will steam from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook in something very near five days.

Another interesting announcement is

that of the Canadian Pacific managers, who, on the authority of the San Francisco *Call*, propose to commission vessels that "will make the passage from Quebec to Liverpool inside of five days. The distance is 2360 miles, so that if the new vessels can steam twenty miles an hour, as the ocean greyhounds do, they will cover the distance in two hours less than five days' actual time. The only drawback to their success will be the shortness of their season. Before May and after October the navigation of the St. Lawrence is impeded by immense ice floes; so that the season of navigation is practically limited to six months."

Although it is not impossible that steamers from northern ports may, with their shorter voyage, be able to claim that they are crossing from America to Europe in less time than the New York lines, it is certain that the great avenue of ocean travel will remain where it is now, and that records made on other routes will command little attention.

THE TROTTING RECORD.

THE present year is certainly the most noteworthy in the history of the modern trotter. The record for the mile has been reduced by no less than four seconds and a quarter—a feat that is without a parallel.

"Since 1859," remarks the New York *Herald*, "when Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2.19 3-4, there have been but ten sovereigns of the turf. During that third of a century no trotter before Nancy Hanks lowered the record by more than three seconds, and only one, Goldsmith Maid, reduced it as much. For eight years Flora Temple was without a rival. Maud S. was queen of the turf for eleven years, with the exception of one day. For six years her record of 2.08 3-4 was unequaled, and when beaten by Sunol was lowered only half a second. These figures show how sensational to the trotting world must be the reduction of the record in a single season by the same horse from 2.08 1-4 to 2.04."

In considering the development of the trotter's speed, however, it should not be forgotten that the mechanical appliances of trotting have been greatly improved in recent years. According to the Detroit *Free Press*, "Flora Temple pulled a sulky over eighty pounds in weight, and many a faster trotter of today could never have secured his mark under like circumstances. Maud S. made her record to a sulky less than fifty pounds in weight, and when she was dethroned it was with the bicycle

sulky, with pneumatic tires and ball bearings, which greatly reduce the exertion that a horse is called upon to make in doing his mile at top speed.

"What some of the old timers might have done before this modern sulky is, of course, problematical, but there is every reason to believe that their time would have been greatly lowered."

On the question of the difference made by the introduction of the bicycle sulky, Mr. Robert Bonner, owner of Maud S. and Sunol, expresses a decided opinion in a letter to the New York *Times*. "I am frequently asked," he says, "how much faster I think the new ball bearing, pneumatic sulky is than the old style sulky. From the trials I have given it, and from all the information I can gather from both trainers and owners of horses, I feel safe in saying it will average five seconds. It makes more than that difference with some of my own horses."

Mr. Bonner gives the opinions of several other trainers and owners of trotting stock, and concludes: "Stronger than all these statements is the marvelous way in which all records have been wiped out on all kinds of tracks, in all sections of the country, since the ball bearing axle and pneumatic tire came into use two months ago."

The bicycle sulky has brought us almost within sight of that ideal of the horse breeder—a two minute trotter. The record is sure to go down to the even figure before very long, and may go appreciably below it. Indeed, according to *Turf, Field, and Farm*, Professor Nipher, of Washington, has predicted that the trotter's speed will continue to increase until it will reach its limit in the year 2141 with a record of 1.41 for the mile!

NEW ATHLETIC RECORDS.

THE two most remarkable of recent athletic performances are the reduction of the bicycle record for a mile to one minute, fifty six seconds and three fifths, and the raising of the high jump to six feet, four inches and a quarter.

The cycling feat was accomplished on the kite shaped track at Independence, Iowa, by John S. Johnson, of Minneapolis. His time, eight seconds below anything previously accomplished at that distance, and more than seven below Nancy Hanks's best trotting record, seems almost incredible, but the news reports assert that "every preparation was made to have the performance strictly according to rule. The referee was an experienced wheelman, as were also

the judges. Six experienced horsemen, familiar with the use of the chronograph, were selected as timers."

The new holder of the world's jumping record is Michael F. Sweeney, of the Xavier Athletic Club, New York. It will be remembered that when W. Bird Page, of the University of Philadelphia, cleared the bar at six feet four inches, the performance was regarded as a phenomenal one, and not likely to be eclipsed for many years, if ever. How Sweeney outdid it is thus told by the New York *Herald*:

"When Sweeney and Herrick, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, had each cleared 6 ft. 2 in. and the bar had been raised to 6 ft. 4 1-4 in., the knowing ones shook their heads and said it could not be. W. Bird Page's record had withstood the attempts of all the great jumpers. Herrick tried three times and failed. Sweeney then walked over to take his turn. Confidently and lightly he sprang over the ground, and three thousand pairs of eyes watched him leap. There was a sigh of disappointment as the Xavier boy's leg struck the bar and it fell. His attempt was a failure.

"Disappointed but not disheartened, he returned to try again. This time he eyed the bar critically for two minutes. Then, having gauged the height accurately, he walked slowly forward, gradually increasing his pace until it had developed into a run. Now he was within five feet of it, and springing from the ground as lightly as a panther he leaped into the air and over the bar without disturbing it. He had accomplished the ambition of his life and eclipsed the efforts of Page, the greatest jumper of his time."

A THOUSAND MILE TELEPHONE.

THE recent extension of the long distance telephone service from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago is justly termed by the Philadelphia *Record* "a long stride in the direction of the goal of economic perfection toward which humanity is steadily advancing."

The first telephone message, other than experimental transmissions, that ever traveled more than five hundred miles was sent on the 18th of October from 18 Cortlandt Street, New York, to 105 Quincy Street, Chicago. The speaker was Mayor Grant of the Eastern city, the listener Mayor Washburne of the Western, and the message was one of intermunicipal compliment.

"The line," says the New York correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, "is within

a furlong of nine hundred and fifty miles in length. It runs through Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Youngstown, and Toledo. The wire, which is a quarter of an inch in diameter, weighs 435 pounds to the mile. The wire of the line that runs to Buffalo, hitherto the longest telephone circuit, only weighs 180 pounds to the mile.

"There is no difference in the appearance of the transmitter. It is the same little instrument, undoubtedly one of the greatest inventions of modern times. Like all long distance 'phones, it is arranged on an oak table. The working apparatus is inclosed in glass to promote the sound, and the arm of the speaking tube is longer, and arranged so as to be on a level with the face. If the line to Chicago is profitable it will be extended to San Francisco."

It is quite probable that telephone extension will make great progress within the next few years. Professor Bell thinks that it is only a question of a short time when all the civilized world will be in communication.

CHICAGO'S GREAT TELESCOPE.

IF enterprise and public spirit can accomplish it, Chicago evidently intends to make her new university one of the greatest of educational institutions. The latest addition to its equipment is a fund of half a million dollars contributed by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of street railroad fame, for the erection of a first rate observatory.

As all the world knows, record breaking is Chicago's hobby, and nothing but the largest telescope ever constructed will do for her astronomers. The Messrs. Clark of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, are to cast the lens, which is to be forty five inches in diameter.

"The building of an instrument of such dimensions," says the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, "requires something like three years of labor, so that scientists may look forward to seeing the sun from Chicago's magnificent observatory some time in 1895."

"The other large telescopes in the world, after that at Lick Observatory, which is thirty six inches, are that at Pulkova Observatory in Russia, thirty inches; that of Yale College Observatory, twenty eight inches; one at Vienna, twenty seven inches; that of the University of Virginia, twenty six and one fourth inches, and that of the Naval Observatory at Washington, twenty six inches. There is a telescope at Birr Castle, Ireland, that has an objective glass six feet in diameter, but it is made on the reflecting principle, while these other

glasses are made on the principle of refraction, or the concentration of the view to a strong focusing point that makes the object much clearer than by the larger glass. In the manufacture of this refracting telescope the Clark firm has earned a world wide fame, and it is confidently expected that in the building of the Yerkes telescope the makers will surpass themselves.

"This city," proudly adds the Chicago journal, "may not have the soil and climate best suited to the production of poetry and romance, but when it comes to the range of intellectual endeavor having to do with the great problems of actual life, whether scientific or sociological, it has especial facilities for the highest attainments, the grandest achievements. What it has already done is only an earnest of what it may be expected to accomplish."

UNIVERSITY BUILDING IN THE WEST.

THE development of Chicago's new university, mentioned in the preceding item, is touched upon by President Thwing* in an article on "Education in the West," published in the October *Harper's*.

"It is probable," says the writer, "that no less than nine dollars out of every ten that have gone into Western colleges have come from the purses of Boston and New York, and of the older States and towns. The names borne by scores of these colleges are evidence of their origin. The names also attached to their professorships point to their Eastern foundation.

"No other method of endowment was possible. Although the West is rapidly gaining in riches, it is still true that the East is as much richer than the West as the bank clearings of New York are larger than those of Chicago, or than those of all other Western cities put together. That great form of wealth, the development of which has been at once the cause and the result of the development of the West, the railroad, is owned chiefly in both bond and stock in the East. The mines of the West are Eastern mines. The mortgages upon the land of the West are Eastern mortgages. It was therefore not only a necessity, but also in the line of the fitness of things, that the East should give of its wealth toward the endowment of the colleges of the West.

"The University of Chicago has its origin in the wisdom and generosity of a

single man. But his wisdom and generosity have been supported by not a few coadjutors. This university represents wealth at once Western and Eastern. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, although having a home in New York, is also a resident of Cleveland, where he has two homes, and where also his early commercial life was spent and commercial success achieved. The great benefactions, therefore, of Mr. Rockefeller represent rather a gift of the West to the West than of the East to the West. But these benefactions made by one not a citizen of Chicago have touched the Chicago purse," with such results as the princely gifts of Mr. Yerkes and others.

It seems that when Chicago was first suggested as the place for the institution Mr. Rockefeller designed to found, "a distinguished president of a distinguished Baptist seminary of theology said, 'I would as soon think of building a university in the Fiji Islands as in Chicago.' But now he knows," adds Dr. Thwing, "as every one knows, that it was wise to lay this foundation where it is laid."

WOMEN'S DRESS.

How hard is the pathway of reform is shown by the painfully slow progress of the movement that aims to popularize a rational costume for women. In spite of the campaign of education that has been going on for years, Lady Harberton is forced to admit, in the October *Arena's* "Symposium on Women's Dress," that the outlook is "not cheering" for the reformers. So called fashion, and not common sense, still dictates the apparel of half of civilized humanity.

One of the spheres in which women are most handicapped by the present style of dress is that of higher education. Octavia Bates testifies that the strain it imposes upon the health, the comfort, and sometimes the purse of the college girl, is an almost intolerable one. "Whether the college woman," she continues, "shall adopt the dignified and appropriate 'cap and gown'—already worn in some colleges, notably the University of New York and Bryn Mawr College—or whether she shall adopt a business suit, in which garniture shall be as much out of place as on a man's business suit, rests with her to decide for herself.

"The crying need must bring the long

*Charles Franklin Thwing was born at New Sharon, Maine, in 1853, and graduated at Harvard and at the Andover Theological Seminary. Entering the Congregational ministry, he became pastor of a church at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1886 he was transferred to Plymouth Church, in Minneapolis. He is known as an author of various books and essays.

looked for relief, and before many years are passed women in colleges ought to be healthfully, sensibly, and artistically dressed. A grave responsibility weighs upon women who have received the higher education. They are the 'first fruits' of the woman's movement. Upon them rests the great undertaking of helping college girls out of their bondage to clothes; upon them devolves the work of bringing good tidings of release to all women who have been 'imprisoned for life' by their wearing apparel, and who are now beginning to feel the intolerable burden of their swaddling clothes; and upon them lies the duty of teaching women that, until they are free to use their muscles and until they are fully possessed of all their physical powers, they can never reach their highest development of body and mind and spirit."

CIVILIZATION AND EYESIGHT.

MAN displays a wonderful faculty of adapting himself to his environment, but that faculty has limits. He cannot, by taking thought, add an inch to his stature; and though he can strengthen his members by training and exercise he cannot hope to change their structure.

In an article on "The Human Eye as Affected by Civilization," in the October *Cosmopolitan*, Dr. St. John Roosa* asserts that "an examination of the mummies in the Egyptian mausoleums shows that there has been no change in the anatomical conformation of the human ear in four thousand years;" and of the eye, too, it is safe to say that "it has not changed in any essential of form during the time of the human race upon the earth." This is the case in spite of the fact that "eyes are now used in ways never imagined by our ancestors. Whatever there may have been in the way of sculpturing among the Greeks demanding artistic and accurate vision, there was no typesetting, no electric telegraphy, no stenography, and no typewriter. The eye of the patriarch Job was constituted at birth and went through life to old age very much such an optical instrument as that of the English squire who devotes himself to an outdoor life in the eighteenth or nineteenth century; but Job had no printed books to beguile the tedium and pain of his seat in the sand and ashes."

Myopia, or short sightedness, is the commonest defect of the eye, and a defect that is probably increasing in frequency, although Dr. Roosa does not "consider this latter point as absolutely settled by any of the observations of our time." It is certainly, however, increasing in some countries. It has "reached its widest development in Germany. The Teuton is, however, finding his rival in the American.

"The abominable Gothic characters, which Bismarck and Kaiser Wilhelm are said to think essential to the integrity of the German race and its literature, have something to do with this old time prevalence of near sightedness in Germany. But myopia, in spite of our good Latin letters, is increasing in the large towns and villages of this country."

So, too, has the perfection of our optical apparatus increased. Dr. Roosa concludes, in summing up the subject, that the demands on the eye have been very much increased by civilization; that its defects, which are as old as the race, have been ascertained under those demands, and that civilization has first taught us their nature and character, and provided a remedy for them to a degree which is astounding to those who have never investigated the matter. Whether Friar Bacon or an obscure Italian—upon whose tomb is inscribed, "To the Inventor of Spectacles"—invented convex glasses, the use of them, as well of concave and cylindrical lenses, which soon followed, has been of inestimable service to the world.

ART AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

WHEN the plans of the Chicago Exposition were in their first stage of inception, the periodical press teemed with suggestions of colossal structures, of every conceivable shape, designed to out-Eiffel Paris's Eiffel Tower. The fact that all of these proposed monstrosities have been dropped into innocuous desuetude is advanced by the October *Century* as one of the proofs of the high artistic rank of the great American display.

"The Eiffel Tower," it declares, "is a marvelous, an interesting, and hardly an ugly structure; but it is not an artistic structure. It did not conflict with its surroundings at Paris. But anything resembling it—anything remarkable chiefly for

* Daniel Bennett St. John Roosa was born in Bethel, Sullivan County, New York, in 1838. After studying at Yale and with Dr. John W. Draper, in New York, he graduated in 1860 from the medical department of the University of the City of New York. For thirty years he has been known as one of the leading specialists upon the diseases of the eye and the ear. From 1863 to 1882 he was professor of ophthalmology and otology in the University of the City of New York, and he now holds the same position in the New York post graduate medical school, of whose faculty he is president.

size or for mechanical ingenuity—would look painfully out of place on the Chicago grounds. This fact suffices to prove their higher degree of beauty; and the fact that no conspicuous structure appealing in any way to mere curiosity, or to the love of the new or the marvelous, has been contemplated by the authorities at Chicago, proves how seriously and wisely artistic a spirit is controlling the great enterprise.

"Had Chicago equaled Paris, it would be greatly to our credit; but it has surpassed Paris. Had it produced a beautiful exhibition in imitation of the Paris Exhibition, it would again be much; but it has conceived an entirely different ideal, and carried it out on entirely novel lines. We shall have an exhibition more dignified, beautiful, and truly artistic than any the world has seen; and it will be entirely our own, in general idea and in every detail of its execution. It will convince all cultivated Americans of the vitality and vigor and independence of American art; and, we believe, its effect upon the vast public which will view it will convince them of the genuineness of the nascent American love of art."

MODERN JOURNALISTIC LIFE.

THE high pressure, the expenditure of energy and vitality, the keen spirit of competition, that are characteristic of many phases of modern life are probably found at their most intense development in its daily journalism. In this very fact, says so well known a journalist as John A. Cocke-*erill*, editor of the New York *Advertiser*, lie both the peril of newspaper life and its fascination. "That this fascination exists," he writes in an article on "Some Phases of Contemporary Journalism," published in the October *Cosmopolitan*, "there is the universal testimony of the thousands of brilliant youths who, year after year, are lured to the pursuit of the *ignis fatuus* of fame and fortune through the portals of the newspaper; and, for the very reason that this fascination is exerted with such marvelous and gratifying results for the public at large, and for those into whose coffers the material products of the achievements of these youths pour, the outlook for their own future is the more serious. For, while the newspaper must develop the most alert of human faculties, and maintain them for the greatest possible period in their highest conditions of activity, its service must as surely and as remorselessly exhaust while it develops.

"James Gordon Bennett once said in my

hearing: 'The life of a managing editor is only five years.' No man, according to his ideas, could for a longer time work week in and week out in that capacity. The marvelous concentration of mind and energy of body which are now required for the daily conduct of a newspaper of the first class; the fourteen or fifteen hours of anxiety spent in brain work at high pressure, followed by the nervous exhaustion which seems to suggest, if it does not require, an artificial stimulant; sleep lost from worry and daylight hours wasted in the vain effort to woo back that sleep, leave little worth having in the day of twenty four. Many such days leave little of value in the year; a very few such years are enough."

It takes life blood as well as printing ink to make a great modern newspaper.

A LESSON FROM HAMBURG.

THE approach of winter has almost put an end, for the present at least, to the spread of the cholera in Europe. Fearful as have been its ravages in Russia, where the death roll had reached three hundred thousand at the beginning of October, its most memorable and most violent outbreak has been in Hamburg, where in a population of six hundred thousand it carried off about eight thousand victims.

The moral of the Hamburg epidemic is one that other cities, both in Europe and America, would do well to note carefully. The London *Times* has been publishing a series of letters on the subject written by a sanitary expert, and these have shown very clearly the weak point in the hygienic condition of the German port. No fault can be found with its drainage system. The dwellings of its poor classes are not the filthy and overcrowded hives that have been pictured by some imaginative journalists. Of abject poverty the *Times's* correspondent declares that there is none—or was none before the ruinous business stagnation of the cholera epidemic. "We searched in vain," he writes, "for a broken window, a rotten roof, or a tumbling wall. I cannot absolutely affirm that no such thing exists, but it must be very rare. Some parts of the town are over populated, particularly in the Jewish quarter; but all the tenements are tidy outside and inoffensive within."

But the Hamburg drinking water! If it is not the worst in the world, we are sorry for the community whose supply surpasses it in foulness. It is pumped, without the slightest attempt at filtration, from the

Elbe, a filthy river, rendered yet filthier by the city's sewage, which each flood tide carries into the intake of the waterworks. The result is thus stated in a report published in 1887:

"Up to the present time the water of the town waterworks is delivered to consumers unpurified. When the spring floods come down, the Elbe assumes a dirty yellow color and is quite thick and muddy. Consumers receive it in exactly the same condition. Further, the pipes are infested by most of the lower fauna of the Elbe. In many places they are completely incrustated with mussels and bryozoa, among which small crustacea and worms breed in enormous numbers. Frequently in spring small eels appear in such masses as to amount to a veritable calamity."

"That," adds the *Times's* correspondent, "was in 1887, and things have got worse since then. To the above list should be added snails, crabs, caterpillars, and beetles, with sticklebacks and other fishes. I had to give up washing at Hamburg; I could not see the bottom of the bath, and though I am no more afraid of catching cholera than of catching a broken leg, it seemed wiser to leave the water alone, boiled or unboiled."

"This criminal state of things has been notorious for fifteen or twenty years. 'We have always drunk our water boiled,' a resident said to me with a smile, as if it were quite in order; and the Hamburgers in general call their water 'meat broth,' in playful allusion to the fauna it contains. And has nothing been done? Oh, yes; new waterworks have been—planned. The 1887 report, quoted above, speaks of them as having been already planned 'for years.'

"You might just as well have set those eight thousand men, women, and children who have died of cholera up in a row and have shot them. And that is not a pleasant thought for the rulers of Hamburg." Nor would it be pleasant for the "rulers" of Chicago, Philadelphia, or Jersey City if a polluted water supply led to an experience like Hamburg's.

AS LABOUCHERE SEES IT.

On a later page of this magazine something is said of the personality of Mr. Labouchere, and his rather peculiar position in English politics. Many of his theories are characteristically expounded in his article on "The Foreign Policy of England," in the October *North American*.

"Happy is the nation," says the member for Northampton, "that has no foreign

policy;" and he gives the following caustic review of England's recent history: "During the last century we expended untold millions in endeavoring to maintain what we are pleased to call the European equilibrium. At one moment we were fighting with Austria against Prussia; at another we were siding with Prussia against Austria. When we were unable to waste our resources by joining with Germans against Germans, we fell out with France or with Spain. At the close of the century the French Revolution occurred. The continental monarchs leagued themselves against France, and we joined them."

"Then came the wars of the first Napoleon. We declined to recognize him as Emperor of the French; we drove his fleets off the ocean; we seized his colonies; we fought him in Spain and in Portugal; and we gave large subsidies to every continental power that could be induced to go to war with him. Finally, when, after his first abdication, he returned from Elba, we vanquished him at Waterloo, and insisted upon the French accepting that wretched creature Louis XVIII instead of the Corsican *parvenu* as their sovereign. The only benefits that we reaped from this long succession of follies were a huge national debt and the undisputed possession of some very worthless islands."

Mr. Labouchere carries his sweeping contempt for a "spirited foreign policy" into contemporary questions, and includes the colonies in his genial disregard of all that lies beyond the island shores of Britain. The pioneers who are building a great Anglo Saxon community in South Africa he dismisses with the remark that "the possession of the Cape Colony has been fruitful of trouble to us"—a style of comment that is breezy if not brainy. "Our doctrine is," he complains, "that we have a divine mission to annex all land that we may lust after, but that any other power that does the same is guilty of an offense alike against the laws of God and of man." It is perhaps to correct this one-sided idea that he attributes to his countrymen that Mr. Labouchere stigmatizes the annexations of England as robberies, while those of Russia he terms "reclamations from barbarism."

Incidentally Mr. Labouchere glances over England's continental neighbors, whose condition, he finds, is a parlous one. "At no period since the era of the great Napoleon have there been such vast armies in Europe, and either the continental powers must reduce their forces or they

will soon, one and all, be ruined. The richest country is France, but there the taxation is enormous. Both Austria and Germany are comparatively poor; Russia's credit is only maintained by the French being ready to buy its bonds; Italy is practically bankrupt already, and, notwithstanding this, all these countries are engaged in an insane struggle to compete with each other in amassing the material to wage a successful war."

The most dangerous man to the peace of Europe, according to Mr. Labouchere, is the German Emperor, whom he gracefully characterizes as "a crack brained Prussian lieutenant," and "flighty and unstable to an extraordinary degree." But he adds: "There are so many 'questions' in Europe, there is such rivalry and hatred between the continental powers, there are so many real causes for difference, the strain is so great, and the cost of huge armaments so enormous, that it is difficult to believe that some spark will not before long set this magazine of combustibles on fire."

THE "SCIENCE" OF ASTROLOGY.

In a paper on "Astrology Fin de Siècle," published in the October *Arena*, a Mr. Edgar Lee, who seems to be an editor of "astrology columns" for such third rate English papers as the penny weekly called *Society*, declares that this so called "science" is, even in these days of popular education, far from dead. He asserts that in England, at any rate, there is a wide interest in the predictions its professors draw, or pretend to draw, from the movements of the heavenly bodies.

"During the six months ending June 30," he writes, "I have answered, by post chiefly, but also in the columns of *Society*, nearly thirteen thousand letters, and I have resigned the position; for, devoted though one may be to any particular craft, art, or science, there is a limit to physical and mental endurance, and that limit is reached when the awful postbag with its five hundred letters arrives from a newspaper office before the previous batch of five hundred has been replied to."

Thirteen thousand letters in six months would mean an average of seventy two a day—not a colossal number, even if we accept Mr. Lee's figures without question, to be attracted by a paper said to have a "very extensive sale." Mr. Lee admits that in his weekly astrological lucubrations he endeavored to be popular in style, rather than technical. He was wise, for as he spells Sagittarius "Saggitarius," it hardly seems

that his grasp of technicalities can be very firm.

He cites two cases which he calls "examples of how the science of the stars will beat the reasoning faculty." One of them is this: "A rich man, a city merchant, wished for the horoscope of a child born in February, and he wrote a few days after the birth of the child giving the exact moment of its 'first cry.' The horoscope form was returned to him, and nothing more than this was written on it: 'The child will not survive March.' The merchant, who turned out to be the father, then wrote a very angry letter, saying that the baby was a healthy child and that the horoscope was a swindle, whereupon the paper returned him his subscription and canceled his name from its list of subscribers. On the 2d of April he wrote to say that the child was taken with convulsions on the 28th of March and died the same day. He apologized, paid two subscriptions, and asked for his own horoscope."

Something like five per cent of all the children born into the world die before they are two months old, and it is hardly surprising that among thirteen thousand hit or miss predictions there should be a few, or indeed a good many, such lucky guesses as the above.

Carlyle's remark about the number of fools in England is well known. "Astrologers" might very likely find a considerable clientele there, were not their "science" interfered with occasionally by the police under the act against "Rogues and Vagabonds."

THE MERITS OF TALL BUILDINGS.

THE "sky scraper," or tall office building, is a product of modern architecture that has its critics.

Even those critics, however, are forced to admit that these towering structures have many points that recommend them both to owners, to tenants, and to the community at large.

An article by Dankmar Adler, published in the *Engineering Magazine*, draws a comparison between London, New York, and Chicago that emphasizes the "sky scraper's" advantages. "Those who have had occasion to transact business in London," the writer says, "where the average height of buildings is scarcely four stories, will remember how much time is consumed in going from place to place, how far apart the various persons with whom one may have to do business are apt to be located, and how, when one has reached the

place of business sought for and has found its occupant, this process is apt to involve the climbing of dark, steep, and crooked stairs, and is almost sure to lead into dark, dingy, dusty, and unwholesome quarters.

"New York is somewhat better, although even there the distances between the offices of business men are often excessively great and many of the offices are in small, dark, ill ventilated, ill smelling, antiquated buildings with a mere apology for elevator service, and forming a most striking contrast with the rooms in the newer and better structures. In Chicago the erection of many 'sky-scrapers' has permitted the concentration of business in so small a space that it has become as easy to transact business with twenty different persons in twenty different offices in one day as it is in London to do so with three or in New York with ten.

"Those who endeavor to look into the future," continues Mr. Adler, "often ask what will be the fate of the 'sky scraper' when all the streets of our cities are lined with structures of that type? Will not then the congestion of traffic in our streets be such as to make it impossible to reach these hives of human industry? Will not the shadows thrown into the streets be such as to render the rooms in all but the top stories too dark for use? Will not our streets then become analogous to those of the medieval cities, and will not our cities, filled with structures of this type, become as unwholesome as were the walled towns of the middle ages?"

These objections the writer partially meets by urging that great office buildings to a certain extent diminish travel by bringing business men nearer together; that upper floors, at least, will always be light, as well as free from the dust and noise of traffic; and that the streets are in most American cities, and ought to be in all, wide enough to prevent any danger of shutting out light and air.

Finally, he sees in the "sky scraper" a natural step in the evolution of modern communities. "The tendency of mankind to compress itself within the confines of large cities may be an unwholesome tendency and one fraught with danger to the human race, but, if so, the race as a whole has failed to perceive its unwholesomeness, or to note that its condition is other than agreeable. On the other hand, the desire to live as part of a large and closely packed community has become constantly more widespread and more intense. Notwithstanding the many condi-

tions tending to render life in cities disagreeable and unpleasant, it seems useless for humanitarians and philosophers to argue against a tendency so old, so strong, and so constant."

THE FUTURE OF THE BICYCLE.

IN another department of this magazine something is said of the influence of the cyclist as a factor in the movement for road improvement. In the October *Arena* a paper on the "Social and Economic Influences of the Bicycle" gives an enthusiastic view of the machine's possibilities in other directions. The author, Sylvester Baxter, holds that "with its light and graceful metallic construction, its remarkable strength in proportion to its weight, its noiseless rubber tires, both its friction and the wear and tear to the highway reduced to a minimum, the bicycle contains the elements of a new type of vehicle that will come into universal use with the supplanting of animal traction by mechanical traction, which must come with the development of electricity. Horses and other draught animals will eventually disappear entirely from the highways, just as they are now rapidly vanishing from the street railways. Perfectly smooth pavements will follow; first in the cities and, ultimately, on the roads everywhere, constructed upon scientific principles, as railways now are. Freed from the destructive impact of horses' hoofs, the item of maintaining the roads will be reduced to a minimum. Street railways themselves will, perhaps, be made superfluous; for with such smooth pavements mechanical traction will be practically as easy without any rails whatever.

"Railways will, therefore, be used only for swift transit and freight transportation, and will have their own exclusive rights of way, probably both overhead and under ground. The 'conductivity' of the streets, so to speak, will thus be enormously increased by the ease of motion gained from the universally smooth surfaces, together with the removal of the tramways and their obstruction to travel. Costly widenings, in cities where the streets are now too narrow, will therefore become needless. Multitudes of light vehicles, of various sizes, impelled by electricity, will speed noiselessly in every direction, and bicycles will be numbered by the thousand, their utility for transportation, as well as their value for pleasure and exercise, immensely enhanced.

"The effect upon the development of cities will be nothing less than revolution-

ary. Not only will the advance of public convenience be invaluable, but the comfort and the health of the people will be promoted to a corresponding degree. All but an insignificant percentage of the exasperating noise and confusion of city life proceeds from the harsh rattle and clatter of vehicles in the streets. This will be entirely abated, and the main source of the nervousness that so universally afflicts city dwellers will disappear.

"To this benefit to health will be added another no less important. Any observer can see that the filth incessantly deposited in the city streets is almost wholly due to animals. With the disappearance of this, a vast amount of disease produced by the microbes thus continually sent broadcast into the air will be prevented. The cost of street cleaning, as well as repair, will thereby be reduced to a very low figure."

ALUMINIUM AND ITS USES.

WE have heard of aluminium as the metal of the future, destined to replace iron and steel as the material of ships, bridges, and buildings, and to render feasible new wonders of engineering by its marvelous lightness and strength. As a matter of fact, however, this glowing picture of the silvery metal's possibilities is overdrawn. It has its uses and its excellences, but they are far less than have been claimed for it.

"Unfortunately," according to an article in *Metals*, "aluminium is not comparatively a very strong metal. It is only about as strong under tensile strain, section for section, as cast iron, and has less than one half the strength of wrought iron under ordinary conditions. It is not a rigid metal at all, and bends under transverse strains very readily."

Its best points are its lightness, its malleability, and its freedom from tarnishing and corrosion. "For structural purposes under water, where metals are required, aluminium seems to be especially adapted to replace the more easily corroded cast and wrought iron and steel now in general use for such purposes.

"Aluminium sheets will make a much more durable and satisfactory roofing than sheet copper, now generally used in valuable buildings.

"Pure aluminium is very sonorous, and for the sounding boards of musical instruments has been proved to be well adapted.

"Undoubtedly one of the greatest uses for aluminium in the arts will be in the form of alloys with other metals. Aluminium in proportions of a small percentage

added to very many different metals gives valuable properties. The alloys with copper, known as aluminium bronze, have so far achieved the greatest reputation."

Five concerns are now supplying the commercial market with aluminium—one at Pittsburg, one at Cleveland, one in England, one in France, and one—which uses the water power of the Falls of the Rhine—at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. "The cost of manufacture, under the most favorable conditions, is approximately 20 cents per pound. The metal will not be manufactured by any process at much less than at present, nor will it be sold at much lower rates until the output be measured in tons, and not pounds, per day."

IS THE FUR SEAL EXTINCT?

THE world has been warned, again and again, that the time would come when, if measures were not taken to preserve the fur seal of Behring Sea, the species would be exterminated. It is somewhat startling, however, to be informed by the San Francisco *Call* that that time has come already, and that the seal is today practically extinct.

The announcement is made on the authority of Mr. Alexander, of the United States Fish Commission, who is quoted as saying that he had "gained information during my investigations that shows sealing is practically at an end. The poachers have almost exterminated the fur bearing seals in the North Pacific and in Behring Sea, and this is about the last season that seals will be taken. I have secured many affidavits from natives and sealing experts to the effect that the number of seals is decreasing to the disappearing point. As an illustration take the following circumstance: On August 20 I was on St. George Island, one of the Pribyloff group, when the final drive was in progress for the purpose of securing the last of the seals to make up the 75,000 the company is allowed to take annually. In the drive only 200 could be herded, while in past years the number that could be driven was almost unlimited.

"The seal grounds have been thoroughly covered in our investigations this year. At Copper Island, on the Russian side of the sea, the officers of the Albatross obtained information from the Russian agents that the seals were decreasing on that rookery as rapidly as they were on the Pribyloff Islands.

"There can be no doubt that the poachers are responsible for this state of affairs.

Their claim that the seals are not being exterminated but are migrating to some new rookery is without foundation. No new rookeries have been located, although they have been looked for, and it cannot be proven that they exist."

The prospect for the world's supply of sealskin is becoming darker than ever, according to the *Call's* informant; but a different view of the matter is attributed to General Srebnizka, a Russian official who passed through New York in October, having come direct from the seal islands. "To the best of my belief and judgment," he is reported as having said, "the United States government has taken an honorable course to protect the seals from total extermination."

"Are the seals in danger of extermination? I believe they are, but since the United States vessels have been patrolling the sea the number of seals has increased rapidly."

AMERICAN SHIP BUILDING.

THOUGH America no longer ranks so high as a ship building and ship sailing country as she did in our grandfathers' days, our vessels are still, in many ways, the pick of all the world's fleets.

"No matter how crowded a harbor may be," says an article in the *New York Evening Post*, "the American ship can almost always be distinguished from all others, even at first glance. She is better kept and cleaner; her sparring is more graceful, her sails are more neatly furled; her rigging is in good shape, her yards are precisely trimmed, and her whole appearance is more shipshape and man of war like than that of the vessels of any other nationality in the world.

"The average American ship has a greater beam in proportion to her other measurements than the ships of other nations, and this, with her large airy deck houses, makes her decidedly the most comfortable ship in which to go down to the sea."

It was the old time "clipper," with her trim model, long, sharp bow, and raking masts, that won America's reputation as a builder of speedy ocean craft. For long after the invention of steam navigation the clippers could, with a favorable wind, beat the best steamer afloat. Indeed the record of the *Flying Cloud* for the greatest number of miles made in twenty four hours stood unsurpassed until it was broken a comparatively few years by the Guion liner *Arizona*.

All along the New England coast are yards that have produced famous clippers. "The village of Mystic, Connecticut, once turned out craft remarkable for their speed, about the last of which was the *Twilight*. There, too, was launched the *Gamecock*, a well known tea clipper, and probably the last sailing ship out of New York possessing a well furnished armory. There, too, probably was built a certain ship which was owned in Middletown. Everything connected with this vessel was carried out in defiance of all superstitions concerning Friday. Her keel was laid on a Friday, she was launched on a Friday, named Friday, commanded by a man named Friday, and sailed on a Friday—and was never after heard from. A fitting and proper end!"

Today, on our Atlantic coast, "the fore and aft schooner with a varying number of masts floats preëminent. It is said that Jersey men can be distinguished from Down-easters by the number of different colored beadings on the sides of their schooners.

"It is long since the old three decked packet ships yielded the immigrant business to the steamers; yet even now one may come across specimens of them once in a while. The *Isaac Webb*, the *Aurora*, and the *New World* were about the last to be seen in these waters, but the writer encountered, not long since, the Philadelphia sailing under the Brazilian flag and as sound as the day she was built.

"The days of the stun' sail, the ring tail, and the moon sail are gone; the flying jib-booms have disappeared, while frequently there is left only a bowsprit; but our yards have a greater spread, our rigging is better, and we are building fast ships, though not clippers, that will carry twice and thrice the cargo with half the crew required by the old ones."

The statement was recently made by a Mr. Robert Thompson, an English ship builder, that American vessels are short lived. Mr. Thompson, it appears, had collected statistics that showed the average length of service of an Italian built ship to be twenty seven years; British, twenty six; German, twenty five; French, twenty; and American, only eighteen.

Granting that Mr. Thompson's figures are correct, the short period of life assigned to our vessels may perhaps be partly due to our more rapid change of styles—just as buildings in our cities are short lived, not from poor construction, but from the speedy development of new needs and conditions. But the *Maritime Register* doubts the correctness of the statistics, which it be-

lieves to be obsolete if not absolutely erroneous, and adds: "In the new merchant marine which is being built up in this country steel and iron largely take the place of wood, and as Americans rank high as expert ship builders, it is quite likely that the new vessels will be found to be equal in all respects to those built in foreign yards."

HOW SHIPS ARE LAUNCHED.

WITH all the improvements in modern ship building there has been little change in the methods employed at that dramatic crisis of a vessel's making, the moment of launching. As ships have grown larger, the weight to be moved from land to water has become greater, the forces to be calculated are more powerful, and the result of an accident more disastrous; but the "cradle" still slides down the "ways," and the primitive soft soap and tallow still lubricates its passage.

"Launching," says William J. Baxter, of the United States Navy, in the October *Scribner's*, "is a perilous operation, though simple in principle. The ship is carried on a massive sled, called the cradle, whose runners rest on a slippery incline extending under the water, called the ground ways. At the proper moment, ship and cradle descend along the ways into the water; when the ship floats the cradle is stopped, the ship moving onward until she is brought to rest. The weight to be thus moved and controlled being great, the forces developed and the resistances encountered are correspondingly large, and the ship may be subjected to greater strains than she will ever again experience, except from grounding or collision.

"The launching apparatus, when made strong and of proper proportions, is of such delicacy that small obstacles, or even unforeseen delays, will cause the launch to be a failure; but if the apparatus be weak or poorly designed, disaster will surely follow. Notwithstanding these dangers, ships are successfully launched every week without a rivet being loosened or a seam opened; they enter the water so gracefully and safely, and with such apparent ease of control, such rarity of accident or failure, that the risks are not known and the precautions not appreciated. Though the process of launching is but little understood, the most casual observer is im-

pressed with the latent power for harm so well controlled, and he breathes easier when the ship floats safely."

Of the many accidents that have happened at launches, Mr. Baxter recites the following as a sample: "The steamship *Saratoga* was launched in the Delaware, in 1876, without the use of safety chains tying cradle and ground ways together. When most of the keel blocks had been removed, the ship began to move; finding it was impossible to hold her, the word was passed for the men beneath the ship to escape at once; through some misunderstanding the signal was then given to saw off. The ship started quickly, floating off safely amid the cheers of the spectators, and it was thought that the launch was a brilliant success; but in a few moments these cheers became groans and sobs, for it was discovered that many of the men beneath the ship had been unable to escape; as the ship started they were caught between the keel blocks, and a mass of men and timbers was piled up, crushed and mangled, at the lower end of the ways."

ARTISTIC CALIFORNIA.

JOAQUIN MILLER* is truly a loyal son of California. In an article on "Our Artistic Atmosphere," published in the *San Francisco Call*, he waxes eloquent on the Pacific coast's lofty rank in the world of art and intellect. In that sundown land, whose people, like the Athenians of old, are "ever luxuriously moving through the most radiant air," he declares that a new Greece has arisen.

"Justice Field of California, for whom all the world has great respect, I think, is the first man whom I heard positively assert that this land of ours is the new Greece, and he knows Greece well; he was educated at Athens and came direct from Greece to California in 1849. Under my oaks by my cabin door in Washington a few years ago he counted up more distinguished men in art from California than could be found in any other part of the world."

Mr. Miller instances Henry George, Bret Harte, McEwen, Ambrose Bierce, Stoddard, Helen Hunt, Mark Twain, Gertrude Atherton, Charles Howard Shinn, John Vance Cheney, Polly Stock—a creditable list, but one hardly adequate to sustain his rather ambitious claim. He adds that "the civil war was fought out by Californians

* Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," is one of the picturesque figures of contemporary literature. His real name is Cincinnati Hiner Miller, the sobriquet of Joaquin (pronounced "Wah-keen") being originally derived from one of his early volumes, "*Joaquin et al.*" He was born in Indiana in 1841, but went to the Pacific Coast in his boyhood, and most of his adventurous and eccentric career has been passed there.

like Joe Hooker, Sherman, Sidney Johnston"—the two latter not very thorough Californians, by the way—"and so on to the end of a dozen like great names whom the war found as a rule at the plow, in the bank, or following other employments of peace.

"Now and then some smart California or Nevada or Oregon girl gathers up her skirts and trips out and away toward the Old World and takes Albert Hall by storm and lays bold siege to Windsor. Then we sit down and say: 'Oh! that butcher's girl; why, she used to climb trees in Colorado.' And maybe she did. I hope she did; and I hope she climbed clean to the top, as she has done in London.

"The Patent Agency here told me last year that the California mind is more fruitful in invention than that of any other part of the Union many times over. And it was this same art atmosphere and mental force of California that moved good old James Lick to look up from the dust of the earth and lead us toward the stars, whither, let us hope, he has gone.

"Pause here a moment and try to think of the name of the poet, painter, singer, composer, musician, sculptor from Texas. Take Kansas, a wonderfully civilized place, settled by the best and bravest men from either side of the main; railroads there till you can't rest; more railroads in Kansas than in any other part of the world of like population. But their line is the railroad line. It is not the art line. Like Texas, it is literally a blank up to date as an art center.

"Take Chicago, stupendous Chicago, the modern Babylon, where every other man, it would seem, is trying to build his own private tower up to heaven, and where are her magazines, her poets, her landscape painters, her composers? Why, she once offered us ten thousand a year for Bret Harte to edit her *Lakeside*. Still it is to be conceded that Chicago is doing a vast deal for art, more than New York, and better than New York in results. She is rich, populous, powerful—away ahead of us out here in all material advantage. But is she really ahead of us in results?"

This incidental comparison of New York and Chicago is hardly in consonance with ordinarily accepted ideas; but Joaquin Miller was always nothing if not original. To conclude his glorification of California:

"We live here in a grander Greece, and the Old World behind us is waiting for the new Alexanders. I tell you that gods and demi-gods, David with his sling, Venus de

Milo, ten thousand beautiful shapes and forms, are sleeping the centuries away in our unopened marble quarries on the silent slopes of the Sierras, waiting, waiting, for some mightier Michael Angelo to come this way and waken them to life with the tap of his mallet.

"Let us bide right here. This is the place to make the fight and win it. The Old World is barren and threadbare. It must come to us. We need not go to it. For really and truly this is the art atmosphere of the New World and we are its prophets."

TO CIVILIZE THE INDIANS.

In his recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, the United States Indian Commissioner urges that the only true policy toward the aborigines is to break up their tribal relations and deal with them as individuals, teaching them the doctrine of individual prosperity and individual rights. The practical shape that this policy is taking is that of purchasing the Indians' great tracts of common land, and giving them small allotments in severalty.

The *Denver Republican* opines that experience has proved this system to be not wholly satisfactory. "It is not producing as good results as some thought it would. In nearly all cases where the land is parceled out among the Indians, they remain together as a single community. They are not brought under the influence of whites and their progress toward civilization is very slow.

"This subject was discussed at length by Captain Pratt of the Carlisle Indian school in a paper prepared by him for the conference of Charities and Corrections, which met in this city last June. Unfortunately, he was prevented by circumstances from reading this paper. He takes the position that it is folly to try to civilize the Indians by leaving them in communities to themselves, even though they may be given their land in severalty. He contends that the only way to civilize them is to bring them in close relation with the whites, and that in dividing up the land of a reservation it should be done in a way that would place two or three white families between two Indian families.

"It is probable that no man in the world understands the Indian, question better than Captain Pratt. He has had great experience in teaching young Indians, and as an army officer he became well acquainted with the Indian character on the frontier. It would be well if the govern-

ment would follow his advice in the attempt to civilize these unfortunate barbarians."

THE POPE'S POLITICAL VIEWS.

RESOLUTIONS are still occasionally passed by Catholic societies or gatherings in favor of the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. It would be interesting to know what is Leo XIII's own opinion on this subject—whether he cherishes a hope of recovering the dominions that Victor Emanuel's soldiers wrested from his predecessor twenty two years ago. It is probable that he entertains no such idea. He is—as even his opponents admit—a man of enlightened ideas, who understands and sympathizes with modern political tendencies; and he must surely recognize that the reestablishment of the papal sovereignty is an impossibility.

"Victor Emanuel may be called a robber," says the *Minneapolis Tribune*, "but his usurpation is a robbery for which advancing civilization must atone. Victor Emanuel was but an instrument of a theft in which the people of Italy participated. The tendency of this century is manifesting itself more and more toward popular centralization. To think of again parceling out Italy into a number of helpless provinces is to underestimate the progress of universal thought on lines of true civilization. We do not believe that Leo XIII, who has shown himself to be thoroughly acquainted with political and social questions, has the faintest hope of ever seeing the ecclesiastical states restored to his possession."

Temporal sovereignty to a certain extent, of course, the Pope actually possesses. By the guarantees given at the time of Victor Emanuel's entry into Rome, the so called Leonine City—which includes the Vatican, the Lateran, and the fort of Castel Gandolfo—is actually an independent territory under the pontiff's rule. He has his court there, with representatives accredited to it by foreign governments—as truly a court as that of Umberto on the other side of the Tiber.

Of Leo XIII's liberal political views Cardinal Gibbons speaks in a letter that is to appear in a forthcoming French volume on "The Pope and his Contemporaries." "What especially pleases our young and progressive nation," writes the cardinal, "is the sympathy which the pontiff manifests for the spirit and the institutions of our country. The words republic and democracy do not cause him any fear. If there is a past to which, as the head of

Christianity, he is inviolably attached, there is also for the child of the gospel a future which he has faith in and desires. Hence in no part of the world does Leo XIII hold a higher place in public thought than in this great and free country—the United States."

THE DANGERS OF THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

In an article published not long ago in this magazine there was expressed the wish that the present system of choosing our President by means of a college of electors could be reformed. Now that candidates are nominated by popular conventions, the electoral formality has become a useless superfluity.

That it is worse than useless, that it contains a possibility of grave political perils, is pointed out by a correspondent of the *New York Times*, who compares it to "the pitcher that goes safely to the well day after day, day after day, and then all of a sudden gets smashed." How disaster may come in the future can be judged from some of the recorded anomalies in the working of the system.

"In the election of 1800 one of the Maryland electors did not vote. There's no knowing how he would have voted had he taken part in the election, but he might have voted in such a way as to have obviated one of the most notable political contests ever known in this country, the contest in the House between Burr and Jefferson. Burr was a candidate for President, too, and got just the same number of votes as Jefferson. When the contest went into the House, the Federalists undertook to make Burr President, and thirty six ballots were taken before Jefferson, who was the people's choice, secured the election.

"Eight years later a Kentucky elector failed to vote, but his not voting was inconsequential. That was the year that Madison was elected the first time, and he had an overwhelming majority in the electoral college.

"Come down to the time of Monroe's election and you will find that three electors died before the time for voting came, but here again the loss was a matter of small amount, for Monroe had all the votes except one, which was cast by a New Hampshire man who deemed it due to the memory of Washington that no President after him should share in the honor of a unanimous election. In 1864, I believe, Nevada lost one of her votes in the elec-

toral college by the death of an elector. That was the year that Lincoln got 212 vote to McClellan's 21.

"I can think of still another interesting occurrence. In 1856 the electors of Wisconsin were prevented by a severe snow-storm from reaching the capital of their State in season to give their votes on December 3, as required by law, and met and voted on December 4. There was a long and earnest debate in both House and Senate as to whether the Wisconsin votes should be counted. In the result it made no difference whether they were counted or not, but there was a principle at stake. The votes were counted, but, perhaps, if the standing of the candidates had been such that these votes would have been decisive the people of Wisconsin would have been disfranchised."

Then again there is always the bare possibility that in a very close election where, perhaps, a single vote might turn the scale, an elector might be induced to betray his trust. It is not quite clear, indeed, that nothing of this sort has ever happened. In 1824 seven of the electors chosen by the New York Legislature were pledged, or supposed to be pledged, for Clay. Three of the seven deserted him and voted for other candidates. The defection was just enough to prevent Clay's name being one of the three that went before the House of Representatives; and had it so gone it is not impossible that he might have become President instead of Adams.

A SWEEPING LAW.

THE reader may possibly have wondered why the newspapers have not published the design of the special coins to be struck off for the World's Fair. The reason is that they would be liable to prosecution under the Federal law against counterfeiting. The terms of the act are sweeping, and cover almost anything that even suggests a coin or a piece of currency.

"It does not seem likely," the New Orleans *Picayune* quotes Chief Drummond of the secret service as saying, "that the representation of a half dollar in a newspaper cut could be put to an improper use. But to make that cut the newspaper must stereotype an engraving and make in metal a reproduction of the coin. That would come under the prohibition against the making of a die, hub or mold. And beyond that, the publication of the picture is distinctly forbidden, under a penalty of a hundred dollars."

Among the infringements of the law

there have been several manifestly innocent advertising devices, which the treasury department has suppressed. A well known Boston bicycle house issued, with a new style of cycle, a guarantee of its durability which looked something like a twenty dollar bill, and bore the figure "150." The secret service officials were afraid that it might be passed on ignorant people as a \$150 bill, and stopped its issue.

Another prohibited device was "a correspondence card which had an American cent or 'penny' stamped on it in relief; and under this the words, 'For your thoughts.'"

Yet another was "a flour sack bearing a heroic engraving of the obverse of the silver dollar with the words 'Free Coinage' under it. It was declared a violation of the law against counterfeiting and sent to the treasury department by the district attorney at Denver."

It is equally illegal, it appears, to hollow out a silver dollar into a locket or to engrave a monogram upon a dime. Indeed, under the existing statute United States money is a dangerous thing to meddle with.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS.

THE question of uniform marriage and divorce laws for all the States is sure to be brought up again in the next Congress; and although an alteration in the Federal constitution will probably be necessary to effect their object, the advocates of the movement declare that sooner or later it will surely be carried to success.

Some of the doubts and perplexities in which the marital relation is at present involved are thus summed up by the Boston *Transcript*: "Polygamy is really practicable under the legal regulations governing this land. A man may have a dozen lawful wives, or a woman as many husbands, in different parts of the Union. A woman may even possess two husbands legally, or a man two wives, in the same State. An instance was recorded not long ago of a person who left four legitimate widows and four sets of legitimate children in New York, Indiana, New Jersey, and California, respectively.

"If a husband in New York disappears and remains unheard from for five years, he may be regarded as dead, and the wife is permitted to marry again. But, if thereupon husband No. 1 returns, she cannot apply for a divorce from him, because she is a party in fault, having married during his life. He cannot procure a divorce, for the reason that he is also in fault, having

deserted her. Husband No. 2 can procure a divorce; but, if he does not choose to apply for it, she remains actually the lawful wife of two men. Many persons are now living thus situated.

"If a person against whom a divorce has been granted in New York marries again in that State before five years, he or she is guilty of bigamy; but he or she can go across the river to New Jersey by paying three cents, immediately after the divorce, be married, and go back and live in New York with impunity, the marriage being valid in both States.

"South Carolina is the only State in the Union that has no divorce law. Such a legal separation is not granted in any case after a man and woman have lived together. In North Carolina a judge can accord a decree on any ground that seems to him sufficient, if it were only that a husband had an objectionable habit of scratching matches on the seat of his trousers, or that a wife persisted in wearing curl papers at the breakfast table.

"A man who is dissatisfied with domesticity can go to New Mexico, claim that his wife refused to accompany him, allege desertion, publish his application a few times in a local newspaper, and get a decree by default. Her only safeguard, in order to get a chance to put in a reply, would be to subscribe for all of the papers in that region and look them over daily. She would not have to take more than a few hundred journals."

Newport was long a Mecca for those anxious for judicial separations; but the Rhode Island laws are now less lax than formerly, and Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is probably the favorite resort of the divorce seekers. The *Transcript* states it as an actual fact that "numerous factories are constantly in operation for the manufacture of bogus divorces, turning them out by hundreds for the benefit of customers who are not disposed to ask questions so long as they can secure secrecy and dispatch."

THE LOST ART OF LETTER WRITING.

In these busy days correspondence between distant friends is at least in danger of becoming one of the lost arts. Yet it is an art worth preserving, as the Boston *Herald* holds.

"A couple of men were talking, the other day, in about this strain," says the *Herald*. "'You don't really mean, do you,' said one of them in amazement to the other, 'that in this busy world you find time to keep up

correspondence with old friends clear away in Calcutta or Tokio?'

"'Of course I do; I make time for it,' was the answer. 'Why, Wilson and I have been ten thousand miles apart this dozen years, but nothing vitally concerning either of us goes on that the other does not get a full account of it.'

"'Well,' was the response, 'all I have to say is that I thought such people as you describe were all dead half a century ago, and that such kind of letter writing had as thoroughly gone out as knight errantry or crusades to the Holy Land. Why, if a baby is born in my house, I just put it into the newspaper, and then, unless I forget it, mail a copy to Timbuctoo to my old friend; but that ends the matter.'

"Out of sight, out of mind," is a motto too common in the history of human friendships. "Even dogs," the *Herald* adds, "beat the man on this score, for nothing keeps them from writing loving letters to the boys and girls with whom they used to have such jolly times with sticks thrown into the water but the extreme fatigue experienced by dogs through the awkwardness of their front feet in freely wielding the pen.

"To how many a man would it prove the revival of happy experiences of the past, would he but suddenly come to himself and say: 'I mean to sit down and write a good long, loving letter to old Tom Corwin out in Shanghai. For ten years neither of us have exchanged a word. I will tell him all that has meanwhile been going on, how I lost my little Alice, how life looks to me at forty, what books I have read that have done me good, and fifty other things.'

"A hundred to one a speedy answer would come. 'My dear old fellow, I have thought a thousand times of doing just the same by you. Is it not wicked to give old friends the go by as we two have? Your letters quickened no end of vanishing memories of the past, and put me arm in arm with you and heart to heart. Is writing friendly letters, as so many say it is, one of the lost arts? Then, in God's name, let us revive it. I felt it cruelly, by the way, that when the cobra bit me, I never got a word of sympathy from you in the way of a poultice. Still, how on earth were you to know about it, when I never wrote you a line on the subject?'

It is perhaps captiously critical to remark incidentally that the *Herald's* Asiatic resident who was bitten by a cobra and lived to write letters describing his experience must have been a remarkably tough speci-

men of humanity. Only one case of recovery from a cobra's bite, we believe, is on record.

FORESTS AND CITIES.

ATTENTION has repeatedly been called to the increasingly important question of forest destruction in America. Not only in the comparatively densely settled Eastern States are we awaking to the fact that preventive measures are necessary from agricultural, commercial, and hygienic reasons. In the West, too, the problem is making itself felt. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* remarks that sooner or later the Smoky City will be compelled to go to the mountains for its water, and that the purity and regularity of its supply will depend largely on the retention of the woods in the area from which the supply shall be drawn.

The *Denver Republican* speaks in similar strain for the Colorado capital. "Fortunately," it remarks, "the mountains are not far removed from this place, and it is not likely that the water shed of the Platte will ever become so contaminated as to perceptibly affect the purity of the water supply.

"However, in order that this may hold good, the forests now growing in the country drained by the Platte should be preserved. If the timber should be destroyed the tributaries of the Platte would feed it much less regularly than they do now. The rains would rush down the mountain slopes in torrents, carrying the soil along and pouring an enormous quantity of decaying vegetable matter into the river.

"It is probable that at the approaching session Congress will enact a law providing for the maintenance and care of forest reservations on government land. It would be a good idea to incorporate in this law a provision giving cities situated like Denver the authority to inspect such a reservation with a view to prevent its use in a way that would injuriously affect the water supply of the city."

Another result of forest destruction is the exhaustion of woods of which, by scientific timber culture, a constant and ample supply might be maintained. For example, the *Northwestern Lumberman* reports that the wagon builders are faced by a serious problem as to their materials. "White oak, white ash, and hickory have thus far been the chief woods used in wagon construction. But good tough white oak is no longer found in great abundance north of the Ohio River, and the growing scarcity of hickory and white ash has prompted builders to

look about for substitutes," which, it seems, they are likely to have great difficulty in finding.

In most of the European countries forest preservation is vigorously enforced by the authorities. For instance, a recent paragraph in the *Popular Science Monthly* notes that "the Hungarian government does not sell any part of its forests, but buys more each year." Such measures have been found beneficial and not expensive—for by skillful and careful management the wooded tracts yield a fair annual revenue besides doing indispensable service as natural reservoirs of moisture.

A NOVEL THEORY.

THAT man is descended from the monkey is a familiar doctrine. That the monkey is descended from man is a novel theory which, paradoxical as it may seem, was thought worthy of prolonged and serious discussion at a recent meeting of savants at Moscow.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* prints an article on the learned deliberations of this International Prehistoric Congress, as it was called. The assembled scientists seem to have no very great reverence for Darwin and his famous hypothesis. "It does not appear that the congress absolutely denied the theory of evolution so generally accepted by all intelligent persons in these days, but that it desired to convey the impression that in the long chain of descent between the man and the monkey there was not only one but several missing links, and that these links must be found before the doctrine of Darwin could be conclusively established.

"It has been argued by the evolutionists that the idiot, with his head shaped like the egg of a seagull, is a retrograde movement toward the monkey type, an opinion that seems to the ordinary logician to have a glimmering of common sense, since it is a well known fact that men or animals accidentally separated from their civilized surroundings not only undergo a change of character, but also are modified as regards the anatomical structure. Unfortunately, as regards men, the instances of this isolation are too rare to furnish the basis of conclusive argument.

"We can only imagine what would be the result if a small number of civilized beings of both sexes were forcibly exiled to one of the most savage regions of the globe and were kept separated from all communication with the rest of the world for two or three centuries. There would doubtless

be a great deterioration not only in mental, but in physical characteristics. They would in two or three generations become degraded savages, and at the end of three centuries would probably be, if not wild beasts, so near it that their kinship with man would be scarcely more apparent than is at present that of the apes which have some of the qualities of humanity.

"Like Nebuchadnezzar, probably, they would eat grass like oxen, their hair would grow like eagles' feathers and their nails like birds' claws, there would be physical changes of the hands and feet, and possibly a notable change in the form of the skull. In short, they would be completely subdued to their surroundings, which would be those of wild beasts."

It appears that Karl Vogt, the celebrated German anatomist, is responsible for the theory that the small headed idiot is a retrograde movement toward the monkey type. But the Moscow congress seems to put little faith in this argument as a plea for the Darwinian hypothesis. Dr. Virchow, the great Berlin anatomist, declared that "parents transmit their peculiarities to their children by heredity, and cannot under any circumstances beget gorillas, apes or monkeys." He suggested in closing, that it would be better for the evolutionists to confine their studies to the living races, and base their conclusions rather on the reasons for the differences between them, than to waste their time in a wild goose chase after the missing link among the anthropoid apes. He did not deny that by this means the same result might finally be arrived at, leaving it doubtful whether he himself is or is not to be classed among the evolutionists.

"It should be remembered," concludes the *Chronicle*, "that Darwin candidly acknowledged that conclusive proof of his doctrine was wanting, though he himself believed it true, judging by the tendency of all animated matter to pass by a series of gradual transformations into other and usually more complicated forms or types. He left it to the scientists and the long results of time to transform into a scientific dogma what he had only advanced as a plausible theory."

THE BORDEN CASE AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

THE details of murder cases are not usually very edifying news, nor do the journals that print them, as a rule, cater to the needs of intellectual readers. But there are some tragedies so dramatic in their

circumstances, so significant as instances of what evil passions can do, that it is impossible to resist their appeal to human interest. Take that strange Borden case in Fall River, for example. Was there ever an enigma more attractive in its baffling mystery, or more fruitful to the student of psychology and crime? The most ingenious creation of the novelist will suffer by comparison with this tragic romance of actual life. Book or play never set its readers or listeners to more utterly blindfold speculation as to its denouement.

It is not strange that the guilt or innocence of Miss Lizzie Borden should have become a question on which there is a public opinion—a public opinion largely formed, of course, by the newspapers. They have, as the Omaha *World Herald* remarks, "relentlessly set forth the astonishing chain of circumstantial evidence which surrounds this peculiar woman. And almost against the desire of the public, and against the real intention of the papers themselves, there has accumulated a terrible suspicion that this well born and quiet woman has been guilty of a butchery of which a wild animal would not have been guilty unless he were mad with hunger."

At the same time it is a newspaper—the Boston *Globe*—that has shown this unfortunate woman in another light. A reporter of the *Globe*—a woman reporter, by the way—saw Miss Borden in the Fall River jail, and made public a conversation with her.

"There is one thing," said Miss Borden, "that hurts me very much. They say I don't show any grief. Certainly I don't in public. I never did reveal my feelings, and I can't change my nature now. They say I don't cry. Do they see me when I am alone? I have only tried to be brave and womanly."

She talked of other matters in this same way. "They complain because I have not put on mourning. What time did I have to prepare dresses and bonnets? They make much of my saying in evidence that Mrs. Borden was my stepmother. I thought one had to be very correct in giving evidence. Everything I have said has been misconstrued."

To most readers such a conversation is far more effective than the most labored argument. It shows Miss Borden not as a monster of almost unparalleled brutality, but as a woman trying to maintain patience and courage under a terrible accusation. Perhaps the effect was sought by delib-

erate design; but at any rate it was cleverly produced.

IMAGINATION AND CHARITY.

IN his "History of European Morals," W. E. H. Lecky says: "The great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world may be traced to a deficiency of imagination. The acquisition of this power of intellectual sympathy is a common accompaniment of a large and cultivated mind, and wherever it exists it assuages the rancor of controversy."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* makes this the text of an essay on "Imagination and Charity" that seems to reflect the kindly philosophy of Mr. Childs himself. The writer dwells on the quality of imaginative sympathy as the solution of many of the social problems of the day. "The gulf that separates widely different classes can never be passed save by the bridge of sympathy. No matter how virtuous a man may be, he can never help to raise his fallen brother until he can understand him, until he can feel for him, and, to a great degree, *with* him. It is the lack of this that keeps the poor aloof from the rich, the ignorant from the learned, the viciously inclined from the pure and good. They would often be glad to help and to be helped, to teach and to learn, to lift and be lifted, but they stand paralyzed and helpless from a mutual ignorance of each other.

"There are men and women who seem to possess every other requisite for philanthropic work, yet fail pitifully for the want of this one. They have the means and the time and the wish to help and improve their fellow men, yet, when they attempt it, they meet with no response. They accuse the world of ingratitude, but the fact is that they lack that imagination which feeds sympathy and invites confidence.

"It is not infrequently supposed that men who are severe, judicial, and critical are the intellectual superiors of others who are lenient, kindly, and charitable. The latter are beloved, it is true, but the former are feared and respected as having a higher standard, and perhaps more strength of mind and force of character. Yet it is safe to say that in the generality of cases the exact opposite of this is the truth. It requires very little knowledge and very little intelligence to find fault. Narrow minded and uncultivated persons can do that, and can usually mingle some degree of truth with their harsh conclusions. They judge rigidly and blame severely, not because they are so wise, so accurate, or so

discerning, but rather because they are deficient in some of these qualities.

"The cruelty of past ages, which we now look upon with so much horror, was due far more to the absence of this power of imagination—to a callousness born of ignorance and lethargy—than to malice or vindictiveness. There was no compassion because there was no realization of the suffering inflicted. Now, under the softening and refining influences of civilization, the sight, or even the mental picture, of suffering produces in all but the most hardened a reflex feeling of pain, which makes certain palpable kinds of cruelty well nigh impossible.

"A similar difference in kind, though less in degree, is found at the present time between men of narrow ideas and dull powers of perception and men of broad and well trained minds and strong imaginative power. The former cannot conceive of motives that do not appeal to them, of desires which they do not share, or of influences wholly different from their own. Consequently they are swift in judgment and prompt in condemnation. Realizing no other standard than their own, they pronounce without hesitation and without timidity. The latter, having attained more or less of this power, see far more reason to distrust their first impressions. They are able in some degree to understand the mental condition of one different from themselves, and all excessive severity is thus checked.

"When it comes to be realized that severity and harshness are usually the result of a poverty of intellect, and that charity, sympathy, gentleness, and good feeling are the fruits, not only of a kindly heart, but of an educated brain, a long step will have been taken toward the increase of human welfare and happiness."

THE OLD SOUTH.

ABOUT a month ago a Boston paper published a paragraph stating that the Old South Church of that city was to be sold, and might be demolished. The announcement that so famous a landmark of colonial days was in danger of perishing was widely copied, and was read with no little sorrow by those in whom veneration for antiquity is not a lost sentiment.

But it seems that the alarm was a needless one, caused by a wholly mistaken statement. The true story of the Old South and its present status is thus told by the Boston *Herald*:

"The fact is that the Old South prop-

erty, owned by the Old South Society, at the corner of Milk and Washington Streets, was sold seventeen years since, under circumstances of, perhaps, as conspicuous publicity as any piece of property in the world ever exchanged hands. The pathetic remark of Rip Van Winkle, in the mouth of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, "Are we then so soon forgotten?" is often applied in extraordinary cases, but we had not supposed the sale of the Old South would prove to be one of them.

"The Old South Society, whose church is now on the Back Bay territory, owns still some stores on Washington Street and also on Milk Street, but does not own the old church building. The land of that was originally Governor Winthrop's garden, and later was given by Mrs. Norton, widow of the Rev. John Norton, to the Old South Religious Society. It extended some distance on both Washington and Milk Streets beyond the church.

"In 1876 the Old South Meeting House was advertised for sale, to be taken down within a few weeks. It was purchased by twenty five ladies of Boston in order to give time for the purchase of the land beneath. Mrs. Augustus Hemenway offered \$100,000 for the property, and other subscriptions were received from many thousands of citizens. On their behalf Mr. R. M. Pulsifer purchased the building and signed the mortgage note for \$225,000.

"As soon as the Legislature met in 1877 an act was passed creating a corporation, exempting the building from taxation in the same manner that Bunker Hill is exempt. The estate is now held by this corporation, and the income from admission fees and the rent from the adjacent stores and basement is at present sufficient to pay the interest on the mortgage, which has been already reduced."

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE QUESTION.

THE Columbian Exposition, we understand, is to close its doors on the first day of every week. This outcome of a long discussion is hailed with gratification by the great majority of religious people; and yet there is a minority, no less entitled to respect and consideration, that regards the decision with disappointment, and with no little apprehension of resultant evil.

This minority opinion finds an able spokesman in the head of the Episcopal church in New York, who writes in the October *Forum* on "Sunday and the Co-

lumbian Exposition." Bishop Potter takes a view that is as remarkable for its boldness as it is admirable for its logic and its liberality.

He does not shelter himself behind the plea that Sunday opening should be conceded because it is demanded by the prevailing popular taste of the day. He recognizes and admits the force of the sentiment against it, and instances the great Christian Endeavor convention of last summer in New York, where the one definite action of the thirty thousand delegates was a unanimous resolution demanding that the Fair should be closed on Sunday.

"That was a very impressive and a very suggestive assemblage," he says. "Anybody who had been bold enough to disparage its character or undervalue its significance would have simply made himself ridiculous. The press, that eager echo of the sentiment of the moment, treated it—and this was true even of its most disreputable representatives—with scrupulous respect, and the reason was plain enough. Not alone the Society of Christian Endeavor, but the constituency which it represented was too large and too potential to be derided or disesteemed. For better or worse, it was distinctively representative of a widespread American enthusiasm, and this, indeed, to any one who stopped long enough to consider its meaning, was the essence of it. It was enthusiasm in the interest of what may be called the waking sentiment of Christianity, and it was American enthusiasm."

But Bishop Potter asks us to remember that the institution of Sunday as we have it in America consists of two things—the institution itself and its modern accretions—that is to say, "all that Sunday has taken on of more precise and more austere restriction in connection with the Puritan movement, whether in England or in America."

He finds good reason for that movement on the part of the Puritans and their successors, from whom we inherited our idea of what Sunday should be; and he has profound admiration for "the heroic zeal of those who, to rescue from profane and unworthy uses a day consecrated to the commemoration of the Supreme Fact of the Christian faith, bound upon themselves a yoke in the matter of its observance which was neither light nor easy." But he asserts that "their warrant for what they did, whether we look for it in the pages of the New Testament or in the traditions of Catholic Christendom, was neither substantial nor sufficient."

He shows that the Sunday of primitive Christianity was in many respects not unlike our own Christmas or Thanksgiving Day, and that prohibition of amusement and recreation on Sunday, dreary denial even of innocent occupations, stern rebuke of the gayety and birthfulness of children, hard constriction of domestic affections and of neighborly courtesies, as preached and practiced by our Puritan fathers, were not characteristics of the Sundays of the first Christian centuries.

"A true picture of them may by anticipation be found in the pages of the New Testament itself, where Christ is found on one Sabbath day healing a paralytic, much to the disgust of a ruler of the synagogue, who roundly denounces Him; or on another dining with a Pharisee and making this kindly intercourse the means of the loftiest teaching, thus expressively proclaiming that human law which was to govern men henceforth in their observance of all holy days, whether Sabbaths or Sundays.

"We shall get a good Sunday in America," he adds, "when men learn to recognize its meaning and its uses—not when we have closed all the doors which, if open, might help to teach them that lesson."

He regards library doors as among those which should not be closed against any man on any day. The door of a well equipped museum is another which he would have opened on Sunday. The door of the worthy picture gallery he regards as one through which a man may enter without fear. Any door, all doors, indeed, which lead men to a deeper and broader understanding of the story of the world are suitable doors to open on Sunday, for within them is to be found that which furnishes the nobler and the worthier education of man, and leads to the highest education of all, which is his spiritual education; "for in one aspect of it one cannot look at the humblest piece of human handiwork without seeing in it how patience and the painstaking study of methods and materials have merged themselves in some contrivance in which the happy issue of the perfected whole can yet never be so interesting as the courage and ingenuity—the hard fight with manifold obstacles—that produced it."

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.

THE party system has become so completely dominant in our public affairs that we sometimes forget that the word "politics" has any meaning apart from partisanship. Hence when we hear of a "political

sermon" we may hastily infer that its preacher has carried electioneering ardor into his pulpit. But there are political sermons that do not partake of this questionable character.

Such a sermon is reported by the *Philadelphia Times* as having been delivered by the Rev. Frank M. Goodchild of that city. "Politics," declared Mr. Goodchild, "is the science of government, one of the grandest of sciences. All that touches national prosperity and national integrity come under its care. It is lamentable that the name politician, from being a term of honor, has come everywhere to be a term of reproach. North, South, East, and West it is odious, including in itself every sort of rascality. Among the better class of citizens it is felt that in politics, as in chemistry, what comes to the top is scum.

"But I have no sympathy with political pessimism. It would take a good deal of croaking to convince me that former times were better than these. I shall not believe it so long as I know there was a time when Aaron Burr, who reeked with rottenness, was lifted to the places of Attorney General, United States Senator, and Vice President of the United States. I shall not believe it so long as I know that fifty years ago the New York Legislature was so corrupt that the governor had to disband it. We have in some public places today men as pure minded and noble hearted as any one who occupies a pulpit or fills a deacon's office."

It is well to emphasize the real nobility of the science of politics—of politics as it should be. "I would be in politics today myself if I had not been called by God to his sacred ministry," declared Dr. MacArthur of New York one Sunday last month. "Sometimes we are told," he went on, "that there should be no politics in religion. In the narrow partisan sense that is all very well, but we ought to have religion in politics. Patriotism and piety should be close allies."

IDEAL COMMUNITIES.

A CONTRAST between politics as it should be and politics as it too often is—the theoretical science of governing a country and the practical scheming for official power and place—suggests the thought that reform is always easy on paper, and difficult anywhere else; that to construct a model community is mere play to the philosopher, as long as his edifice is but an ideal, but to build it in actuality is an impossible task.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* reviews some of the attempts that have been made toward framing a perfect society. "The dream of a social Utopia," it observes, "is as old as civilization itself. Ancient Greece had such dreamers in Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, each of whom conjured up the vision of an ideal community in which there would be no ideas of mine and thine, but where all would enjoy in common the good things of life."

"But these Grecian Utopians had not risen to the modern idea of the equality of man. They regarded work and business as unworthy of the philosopher, and placed the traders at the base of their systems, as well as the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were to be made happy in obedience, and to keep them servile and humble they must be denied education. To these old sages the populace was a great, wild beast to be amused and kept in order. They saw no better way than to enslave the many that the few might have leisure for culture and the enjoyment of the privileges of citizenship."

"The Christian era brought with it other and worthier Utopias. The dream of the early apostles was to follow the golden rule and to have all things in common. The monastic communities which came later were a perversion of this idea. Then Savonarola in Florence, and Calvin in Geneva, sought to found what they called theocracies or "cities of God"; but though loudly asserting that in these commonwealths God only should rule, neither could divest himself of the idea that he was the chosen instrument to enforce this reign on earth."

Sir Thomas More, the amiable author of "Utopia," made no attempt to put his vision into reality. Jean Jacques Rousseau portrayed an ideal community, but did not found one. More numerous than ever have the social reformers been in this nineteenth century—among them Robert Owen, in England, and St. Simon, Fourier, and Louis Blanc in France. Christian socialism in England some forty years ago had among its leaders Charles Kingsley, and it inspired him to write "Alton Locke."

"Horace Greeley, always a dreamer of dreams, adopted many of the Fourier theories, and was at one time president of a certain 'Sylvania Association.' But this and other societies founded on Fourier's doctrines soon came to naught."

"The famous 'Brook Farm Community' was formed in 1840 on a very high and unselfish basis. Among its members were

George Ripley and his wife, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George William Curtis, and Charles A. Dana. After a very few years of precarious life this experiment, from which much had been hoped, gave up the ghost."

If human nature had only been perfect, none of these optimistic ventures would have failed. But alas! They were always torn asunder by dissensions, or by the too general desire to have the largest share of everything but labor.

One of the most recent attempts at a theoretical reform of society was Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The popularity that the book had when it first appeared a few years ago, is almost forgotten now.

Fruitless as all such dreams may be, concludes the *Tribune*, "they do more good than harm. Their forecast of a beautiful future proves an inspiration for many souls. The higher we place our ideals the more nearly do we attain to them. As man rises on the ashes of his dead self to nobler things, so every failure may prove a stepping stone toward the desired goal."

"No plan devised by mortals can be final for the race. Evolution is the law of all human progress. Movement is life; stagnation, death. The old institutions cannot be wholly uprooted; to graft upon them new and better ones is the work in which the reformer is most successful and with which he must oftenest be content. The world moves, though not in all things so rapidly as we could wish, and we of today are seeing the realization of dreams which transcend all the Utopian visions of the past."

"WHY ARE PEWS EMPTY?"

THERE are those who might consider it an anomaly that a ministerial discussion on the question "Why Are Pews Empty?" should appear in a Sunday newspaper—an agency that has been charged with keeping readers away from the services. But the Boston clergymen who contribute their views to the *Globe* of that city evidently feel no hostility toward the Sunday press. They do not trace to it any share in the diminution of congregations—if indeed there has been any such diminution, which is seriously questioned.

"The assertion that there has been a marked falling off in the attendance upon public religious services," says the Rev. John S. Lindsay of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church, "might easily be challenged. One might point to the well filled churches of

Boston, perhaps never more largely attended in the memory of living men than they are today, as an evidence that the strong statements about the diminution of Christian congregations are at least exaggerated."

Mr. Lindsay believes that the improvement of religious services has more than kept pace with the intellectual and spiritual needs of the day. "The churches," he says, "have been made more attractive. Many more than formerly are free, or when not free at all the services are so generally. Ushers meet non-pewholders at the door and welcome them to agreeable seats. The building is comfortable and tasteful, so that there is a pleasurable sensation when the visitor takes a seat and looks about him. There is a vast improvement in church music. An old fashioned, cold, stiff service, in which people worshiped by proxy, through a high priced quartet choir, has given place to warmer and more spirited services, with music that is inspiring to those who are unable to sing, and inviting those who can sing to do so.

"But, after all, people who need to be attracted to the church are more drawn or repelled by the sermon than by anything else. Especially is this true in our country, where public speaking has so large a place in the life of the people. The best preaching of our time is less learned, perhaps, less able than that of the past generation, but it is very real, very earnest, and increasingly effective. It aims true, and it *hits*."

"People are beginning to go to church to get help to live this life that is before them and about them."

Against this optimistic view may be set the less cheerful one of the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, of the Berkeley Temple. "I have been told," he says, "by a gentleman who has made a careful study of the subject of church attendance in country towns that during the past thirty years the attendance in these regions has fallen off twenty five per cent. I am not sure that the same is true in city churches. The fact stands, however, that the average man and woman in our cities are not habitual church goers. I do not know that I wonder much at their staying away. A man who has not been educated to church going finds little in the ordinary church service or church life to attract him."

Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of the Temple Adath Israel, is still less hopeful. The church, he thinks, has lost its old position, never to regain it. "The old world conception which supposed this earth to be

the center of creation and taught of a God dwelling beyond the sky outside of it, who would tinker and alter the laws of nature in an arbitrary manner, has long collapsed, and with it the belief that God, the creator of that grand universe in which our globe vanishes like a grain in a sand heap, can be prevailed upon by prayer to change his mind.

"With it has fallen the idea that unless people will pay God their respect at regularly appointed hours and in the places in which He is supposed to dwell in preference to others, He will retaliate and change the immutable laws of nature so that they will bring harm on those who fail to keep up the friendly intercourse with him. It is no longer *fear* that drives people to church, and they have learned to understand that it is not so much for the sake of *God* that they are expected to assemble, but for their *own good*, for their own spiritual elevation and intellectual development."

Once, says Rabbi Schindler, the church was not only the religious center of the community; it was the focus of social intercourse, of general information, of charitable work; it was, in most cases, the only place where the people could hear fine music and see good art. In almost all of these fields it has been surpassed by other special agencies, and the result is that its power has departed.

"There will be a rebirth," concludes the Rabbi, "because religion itself never dies—it only changes its forms; but to foretell what will be the forms of the religion of the future is well nigh impossible."

WHAT SERMONS SHOULD BE.

"WHAT is the preacher for?" is the question asked by an article published in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, from the pen of George Hodges.

What are the purposes and what should be the methods of the sermon—a part of the service which, as was said in the preceding item, must always be of first rate importance? The preacher's choice of weapons—a subject of much contemporary discussion—must depend on the mark toward which he is fighting.

"His purpose," says the writer, "ought to be, first of all, to interest his hearers. 'How shall they hear without a preacher?' is a pertinent inquiry. But, 'How shall he preach without hearers?' is a question quite as much to the point. For it is essential to a sermon that it be heard, that it be attended to. Whatever sentences in a sermon are not heard might as well have

been said in Hebrew, or left out altogether. The length of the sermon is not rightly measured by the number on the last page of the preacher's paper, or by the figures that span it on the clock. It has exactly as many paragraphs in it as the congregation listened to, not one more.

"But in order to interest people we must know what people are interested in. They are always interested in a story. Our Lord, accordingly, made more use of illustration than He did of argument. Indeed, what use made He of argument at all? His arguments were parables.

"All the rest of the sermon vanishes out of memory, but a graphic illustration stays. The preacher, then, ought to be on the watch for illustrations. At every turn in his discourse he ought to search his memory for one of these sharp nails by which to pin his thoughts into the minds of the hearers.

"People are always interested in humor. They enjoy smiling, and it does them good to smile. But not in church? Why not in church? What sanctity of the Lord's house is violated by a smile? The Puritans, it is true, objected to any unbending of the lines of the face within the shadows of the sanctuary. 'His Majestie's Tithing Man,' says an old record, 'entered complaint against Dora and Susan Smith, that on the Lord's Day, during Divine service, they did—smile!' But the Puritans made a good many grim mistakes, and that was one of them.

"The best preachers have had a sense of humor. They have not been afraid to be natural in the pulpit. They have not fallen into the pernicious heresy of ecclesiastical affectation. They have believed that a sermon, like any other public utterance, ought to be the plain word of an earnest man to his brother men; that it is nothing in the world but a conversation with a company of people, in which one man does all the talking. And they have talked as naturally in their churches as they would talk in their studios."

SAM JONES AND HIS CRITICS.

IF it be true that "Sam" Jones, the eccentric Georgian preacher, counts censure as helpful as praise, he will surely be pleased at an article in *Fetter's Southern*

Magazine which accuses him, in strong terms, of degrading the pulpit to a level near that of the variety stage.

The writer, J. Soule Smith, avers that the Northerner shares the too prevalent taste for sensational preaching. "He has his Talmage, and he has had his Beecher. But the worst that these men have ever been accused of, in the way of pulpit utterances, is very far from what we know of Sam-Jonesism in religion. Mr. Beecher was once accused of saying from the pulpit, 'It's damned hot!' Possibly he said it, but if it were true the words which followed it excused him, since he was only repeating what he had heard at the church door as he entered. He drew a moral from it—but even then the good sense and the good taste of all gentlemen condemned the utterance.

"But in our modern days Sam-Jonesism supplants solemnity. The blackguard meets the atheist and the atheist triumphs. The atheist triumphs mainly through his decency, and the lack of it in his opponent.

"Sam Jones says, in a recent sermon:

"'You fool, that is the forgiven name of about one half of my crowd.'

"And in the calm consideration of Christian people there come like an echo the words of Christ himself:

"'But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, *raca*, shall be in danger of the council, but whosoever shall say, *thou fool*, shall be in danger of hell fire.'"

Mr. Soule Smith uses strong language to condemn strong language. His strictures on the style of preaching that he condemns are certainly sweeping and emphatic enough. Sam Jones might perhaps reply that he preferred to err with Beecher rather than to adhere to the strict rules of convention with Beecher's critics.

"That man should seek God is a truism," concludes Mr. Soule Smith. "How he shall best find the faith, no one of us can tell. But when he respects, and treats respectfully, any other man's religion, he is very near to heaven. At any rate, abuse, contention, vilification are simply of the devil; and he who uses them from the pulpit must take the consequences."



LITERARY CHAT.

WE have already noted in this department the ignorance prevailing in Germany regarding England's contemporary men of letters. Our authors fare better in Holland, from which country a correspondent of the *Critic* sends to his journal the following interesting news items:

"The educated Dutchman, and still more the Dutch woman, almost as an invariable rule, reads four languages, and in many thousands of cases speaks them also. These, in their order, are Dutch, French, English, and German.

"Just now the whole dominion of the little girl Queen, Wilhelmina, seems plastered over with the lithographic advertisements of 'De Neger Hut,' and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's name is everywhere. The Dutch, like the Americans and unlike the English, spell the black man's name with one *g*. Mark Twain is, of course, a standard, and also a promoter of the sale of slang dictionaries.

"In the abundant literature of socialism, with which *zsm* the Netherlands is deeply inoculated, Mr. Edward Bellamy's name and book are prominent. Bret Harte and 'the man from Texas' literature appear to be popular, and Cooper is a standard author. Occasionally other American writers, such as Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, are found translated; while Motley, in both the original and the vernacular, is seen in the shops and houses. Usually, however, the Dutchman prefers to read a standard author at first hand."

TRIBUTES to George William Curtis have fallen thick as autumn leaves during the month, and surely none deserved his laurels more. Possessed of profound learning, he never made a pedantic display of it; of firm political convictions, he was never bitter; and his cheery views of life have lightened the burden for many a weary soul.

These last two traits of his are aptly eulogized by a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, who says:

"There is an old legend of a headsman whose blade was so keen and his stroke so true that the victim never knew his head

was off until his own laughter at his fancied escape dislodged it. So with Curtis's swift irony. It smote so courteously that the victim's own laughter oftenest awoke him to the knowledge how deadly had been that stroke. The hand of steel wore ever its velvet glove."

THE same writer recalls Mr. Curtis's description of Thackeray's first meeting with Charlotte Brontë:

"The tiny, intense creature had idealized Thackeray, personally unknown to her, with a passion of idealization. 'Behold, a lion cometh up out of the North!' she quoted, under her breath, as Thackeray entered the drawing room.

"Some one repeated it to him. 'O Lord!' said Thackeray, 'and I'm nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!' At dinner Miss Brontë was placed opposite Thackeray, by her own request. 'And I had,' said he, 'the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it; until at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly: 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'"

THE rage for printing personal gossip about famous people not infrequently gives rise to ludicrous misstatements. These are all the funnier when they come, as does the subjoined, in the form of a correction of a funnier rumor. We quote from the Philadelphia *Ledger*:

"It was reported the other day that Rudyard Kipling was to make his future home in America. It is now stated that he has secured the architects' plans for his cottage near Brattleborough, England. It will cost \$10,000, and the work of erecting it will be proceeded with next winter."

There is no Brattleborough in England. The name, with a slightly different termination, belongs to the rumor the paragraphist sought to contradict, for it was toward Brattleboro, Vermont, that Mr. Kipling's eyes were turned.

By the way, an author ambitious of extensive advertising might easily obtain it these days by being of a nomadic disposition and changeable mind.

* * *

Who will deny that the novelist can be a preacher with a pulpit from which he can reach a larger audience than a Spurgeon or a Beecher could command? "I think if I had read the book ten years ago it would have made me stop and think what my mode of life would lead to in the end. It seems to me that if every man who handles other people's money could read this book the effect would be far reaching morally."

The foregoing are the words of an embezzler now in jail. They were written to a gentleman who had sent him a copy of Mr. Howells's novel, "The Quality of Mercy." The prisoner's case had been almost identical with Northwick's in the story. It might not be a bad idea for banks throughout the country to arrange for a pamphlet edition of the story—in tract form, so to speak—to distribute among their employees.

* * *

THOSE nameless individuals who concoct our slang expressions for us are no respecters of antiquity. They ruthlessly give over to the jargon of the street boy words that poets have fitted to the daintiest uses, and ever afterward we read the once sublime lines with an inclination to smile.

Over in London they have been lamenting the fact, but the *St. James's Gazette* champions the cause of the slang makers. "We have never been able to get up much moral indignation about the use of slang. Slang is the 'style' of the unliterary, just as some sorts of 'styles' are the slang of the literary. It is the result of an effort—of a perverted effort, if you will—to make ordinary speech novel, picturesque, forcible. The result is, no doubt, often deplorable enough, especially in so marring and making ridiculous fine passages of literature. It is sad, for example, that slang has made it impossible to feel the full force of Mr. Puff's antithesis of persons, in 'The father softens, but the governor is fixed;' or to read with proper sympathy Jeffrey's appeal to Carlyle, after a visit to Craigenputtock, to bring his 'blooming Eve out of her blasted Paradise.'"

* * *

VARIOUS indeed are the methods of authors in the manner of producing their work. It is related of Miss Alcott that she was able to write in a room full of people, without being disturbed by their chatter.

William Black, on the other hand, Mr. Sala tells us in his "Journal," cannot stand the slightest noise. "For this reason he always selects a room at the top of the house as his study. At one time it was his misfortune to live in what he describes as a jerry built house, and, while endeavoring to work in the early hours of the morning, as is his custom, he tells of one amusing inconvenience that he was called upon daily to put up with.

"The nursery of his next door neighbor was in a line with his study, and in this a somewhat numerous family were located. Every morning, as regularly as clockwork, Mr. Black could hear the elder sister call out, 'Now, then, you horrid little things, kneel down and say your nasty little prayers.' A profound silence would follow; but the interval was a brief one. Then came a rush and clatter, and the shrill voices of the children were heard exclaiming, 'We have said our prayers; we have said our prayers!'"

* * *

AUTHORS are just now kept busy in England answering the question propounded by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Why do you not write plays?" Some confess that they have tried to do so and failed; others declare that there is such a difference between the construction of a drama and a novel that they do not want to begin at the foot of the ladder again and work their way up. Thomas Hardy says that he has written the skeleton of several plays, but holds that the novel is the better vehicle for bringing ideas out, for the reason that "it affords scope for getting nearer to the heart and meaning of things than does the play—in particular, the play as nowadays conditioned, when parts have to be molded to actors, not actors to parts; when managers will not risk a truly original play; when scenes have to be arranged in a constrained and arbitrary fashion to suit the exigencies of scene builders."

Ouida reports as follows: "There are inexorable laws and limits in dramatic composition which fetter and irritate, and to these boundaries in composition there must be added the annoyance of all the excisions, additions, and alterations which manager and actors insist on after the piece is read to them. With your novel you are wholly free—no one can dare to interfere with it; with your play you are subject to a hundred kinds of interference, and a species of chopping and carpentering against which no brilliancy of reputation as a writer can save you.

"Dramatic literature is essentially artificial; and the dramatic author is compelled to wear the muzzle, collar, and stays which go with it. This is the reason which has always kept me from writing for the stage, though I do not say that it will always do so. To any author used to the entire liberty of romance writing, to its analysis, its descriptions, its opportunity for reflection, irony, and portraiture, the canvas of the drama must seem very narrow and confined.

"We are so used to seeing the play the product of all great writers, from Sophocles to Corneille, that we attribute to the dramatic form a fictitious value. The novel as it exists in our time is a wholly modern work of art; and its popularity is due to the fact that it can hold the mirror up to life much more closely and completely than any drama."

THERE is said to be an author in Boston who never reads his own writings after they are published. The paragrapher from whom we cull the information rather unkindly remarks that the fact may be due to modesty or it may show a desire to agree with the rest of mankind. The item, however, suggests to us the inquiry, do authors, as a rule, care to read their own productions after they appear in type? Did Dickens and Thackeray and Scott, we wonder, sit down and peruse their novels with all the avidity manifested by the public for whom they were written? Biographers have failed to give us any light on this interesting point. Will not some of our contemporary writers let us know their custom in this respect?

THERE is another author, however, in addition to the Boston gentleman, who evidently does not read his own productions in print. We refer to Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who wrote as follows in answer to a question whether *The Other Woman*, in the story so entitled, was married:

"I am quite sure I never said the other woman was married, in the *Critic* or in any other place or paper. I never knew what to say about it when people asked me. I once timidly ventured an opinion before a lot of people, and a girl who had thought it out, apparently, told me I had better go home and read the story again before I tried to discuss it; and since then I have not dared to say much."

ZOLA is said to receive the equivalent of seven thousand dollars for his new story,

"Docteur Pascal," which divides up to about thirty one cents a line. At this rate fiction mongers are not in such hard luck as some discouragers of beginners would have us believe. By the way, the Austrian government has interdicted the sale of Zola's "Debacle" as a "disturber of the public peace." It paints in such lurid colors the horrors of war that the authorities fear its influence on the army, just as the German government has forbidden soldiers to go to the galleries where Verestchagin's pictures are exhibited.

THE Hub appears to be feeling the competition of other cities in the publishing line, for the *Transcript* has taken it upon itself to declare that "Boston is still a literary center." We suppose there can be only one center, and so if we mention New York's half dozen leading magazines as against Boston's two, and recall the fact that some of her most shining lights have left her Parnassus mount for Gotham's roaring marts—if we should say these things, we suppose we should be accused of setting up New York's claim to being the "center" for book producers. But facts are stubborn things, as has often been said, and shutting our eyes to them does not obliterate them.

FAME has frequently been asserted to be an evanescent and unsatisfactory commodity. It is therefore not only gratifying but surprising to learn that fame achieved sometimes does produce the satisfaction that is said to accompany only its pursuit.

In some anecdotes related by A. J. C. Hare, we read that Disraeli was taken by a Mr. Stewart, of Liverpool, to the Royal Exchange of that city when the place was thronged with merchants at high noon. The scene is a striking one, and it impressed Disraeli much. He said to Mr. Stewart: "My idea of greatness would be that a man should receive the applause of such an assemblage as this—that he should be cheered as he came into this room."

At that time Disraeli visited the place unnoticed; but a day came, several years later, when the Disraelis were again on a visit to the Stewarts at Liverpool, and when he had attained to a prominent position in politics, and he again visited the same place in company with Mr. Stewart. On this occasion his entrance was noticed, and a cheer was raised, which soon spread into a roar, and ended in a perfect ovation.

Disraeli was deeply moved. He recalled

to Mr. Stewart the remark that he had made years before, and admitted, with pride and pleasure, that his ideal test of greatness had been realized.

* * *

We had something to say last month about the manner in which authors come to conceive their stories. We stated then that writers very rarely tell their readers what they want to know in this regard. Since then Mrs. Burnett has obligingly lifted the veil from the mystery, so far as her own case is concerned. In the preface of her new book she speaks as follows:

"All my life I have made stories, and since I was seven years old I have written them. This has been my way of looking at life as it went by me. Every one has his own way of looking at things. A man or woman who is an artist probably sees everything as a picture. Sunset and sunrise, country and town groups, children playing, older people at work, perhaps, all form themselves into pictures when an artist looks at them.

"In the same way it happens that scenes, incidents, and persons quite naturally suggest to me the story which may belong to them. I do not know how many such stories pass through my mind in a day. Some of them merely flit through, like birds across the sky, and are forgotten, but there are some that stay, or at least leave traces."

* * *

MRS. BURNETT's literary career began when she was fourteen, and she first appeared in print in *Godey's Lady's Book*, receiving, says rumor, thirty five dollars for two sketches. This may be true enough, but we are inclined to doubt the wild grape story which tells how Miss Hodgson, as she was then, gathered this fruit in East Tennessee and sold it in order to buy stamps for her manuscript. It may perhaps be necessary to recall to the reader the fact that it was not "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but "That Lass o' Lowrie's," written for the *Century*, that first brought Mrs. Burnett fame.

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LIKE so many other literary men, Barrie began his career as a journalist. While acting as a reporter of cricket matches, for though slight in figure he is a great advocate of athletics, he wrote a series of letters which he signed "Paterfamilias." In these he gave advice to people in the rearing of their children. He was then scarcely out of his teens, and the assumption of age and experience must have been difficult.

Since that day he has been a patient and constant writer either for the periodical press or the book publisher.

Over fifty thousand copies of his "Little Minister" have been sold in this country, it is said, and now the book is to have the honor of being brought out in an *édition de luxe*.

* * *

POOR Carlyle! Even our World's Fair serves as a text for the telling of a fresh instance of his crabbed discontent with the existing order of things. Says the *New York Tribune*: "This is the way he talked after the closing of the Crystal Palace Exposition, in 1851: 'Thank the gods, we are now rid of that delirium of street cabs, stump oratory, and general hallelujah to the prince of the powers of the air, what I used to call the "wind-dustry of all nations!" and may the angry Fates never send the like of it in my time!'"

* * *

It is only rarely that the personality of authors meets the expectations of those who have formed opinions of them from reading their books. George Eliot was one of the exceptions, if we may trust the subjoined impressions of a visitor who saw her in the Priory, her London home. Would the readers of "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" expect to meet a different personage from the one herein described?

"George Eliot was by no means sparkling in conversation; indeed, her social attributes were rather of the heavier, almost Johnsonian, order, and her remarks were often sententious, though apparently not designedly so, for there was obviously no intentional arrogation of superiority, though perhaps an almost imperceptible evidence of self consciousness. The impression she left was that of seriousness and solid sense, untempered by any ray of humor, scarcely of cheerfulness; she spoke in a measured, thoughtful tone which imparted a certain importance to her words, but her speech was marked rather by reticence than volubility; now and then she would give out an epigrammatic phrase which seemed almost offered as a theme for discussion, or as a trait of originality to be perhaps recorded by her chroniclers.

"I remember, among many remarks of this kind, her once saying in a reflective tone: 'Many suicides have greatly surprised me; I find life so very interesting.'"

* * *

JULIAN HAWTHORNE lives at Sag Harbor, Long Island, and loves out of door life. Notwithstanding this latter fact he man-

ages each year to turn out an immense amount of literary work. His home is an ideal one, presided over by a charming wife and made merry by seven children. The eldest son is an Annapolis cadet, and Hildegard Hawthorne's name has already appeared in print over a story. Mr. Hawthorne is of herculean build and has been bronzed by the sun from head to foot.

* * *

LOWELL, Whittier, and now Tennyson! Before genius, the boundary lines between nations sink out of sight, and America and England mourn their common loss in the three men that fateful 1892 has thus far claimed in its necrology. Tennyson doubtless foresaw that the end was near some time before those around him realized it. His latest poem, written ten days before his death and dedicated to his wife, begins with these lines:

"When the dumb hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead."

It is called "The Silent Voices," and, set to music by Lady Tennyson, was sung by the choir of Westminster Abbey at the poet's funeral on October 12.

Although Tennyson was so unapproachable, his real kindness of heart was such that when occasion rose he became tender as a woman to the very individuals who threatened his cherished privacy. It is related of him that on one occasion several reporters tried to interview him during his morning walk, but without success. Suddenly one of the scribes fell into a pool of water. The great master of verse turned at once and insisted that the young man go back to the house and remain in bed until dry clothing be procured for him. This programme was carried out, Tennyson himself accompanying the reporter in the carriage, which conveyed him to the railway station. But any question put with a view to publication of the answer Tennyson absolutely declined even to notice.

* * *

If a man should write a story and have it published as a serial in a periodical which soon afterward suspended, he might be justified in feeling somewhat discouraged at the reception of his work. But after reading the experience of Professor Henry Drummond one is inclined to cease putting his trust in signs or indications of any sort. The *Bookman* tells us that Professor Drummond's famous "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" first appeared serially in a

journal which soon died, the chapters not having attracted much attention, and the writer feeling "a lingering remorse at what share I might have had in its untimely end." Then two leading London publishers were offered the book, and declined it. The author had resolved never again to be served with the Black Seal of literature, and put the doomed sheets back in their pigeon holes.

Mr. M. H. Hodder, however, had read the papers in their serial form, and proposed their publication to the author, who rewrote his work in much haste, corrected his proofs, and started for a tour in Africa.

He heard nothing of its fate for five months' travel, during which he never saw a letter or newspaper, and, engrossed with a geological and botanical survey, he forgot his venture completely. One night, an hour after midnight, three black messengers from the north end of Lake Nyassa disturbed his camp, and delivered the hollow skin of a tiger cat with a small package of letters and papers. Among them he found a copy of the *Spectator*, containing a review of his book, which remains to him "among the mysteries of literary unselfishness and charity."

* * *

MISS WILKINS is writing a play, so is Mr. Barrie, who has taken for his hero a man who falls in love without knowing it. Barrie is to be lucky enough to have Mr. Irving bring the piece out when it is finished. Robert Buchanan, by the way, gives the following account of the method he pursues in constructing his plays. Having got his subject, he maps out his play act by act, and scene by scene, and then fills in the first sketches of the leading characters. He declares that he has all his work practically done before he commences the actual writing of a drama, which occupies a comparatively short space of time. In "adapting," he first reads his original carefully and thoroughly and then "closes the book forever," only using such portions of the work as remain fixed on his memory after reading.

* * *

WHEN the Boston weekly, *Two Tales*, was started last spring some one remarked to the editor that he feared that gentleman would find some difficulty in securing one hundred and four first class short stories a year wherewith to fill it. It was evidently not Mr. Howe who expressed this fear. We refer to Mr. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jr., who in the October *North American Review* sportively proposes that

a tax be placed on short stories. Mr. Howe says that "the scale might well be graded according to the nature of the stories. For example, a dialect tale of the first class, practically unreadable by nine men out of ten, ought to be worth more than a story in plain English, and should be taxed accordingly. A study in morbid psychology should yield more to the national treasury than a simple old fashioned love story. A line also might well be drawn between work of the realistic and the idealistic schools. By means of such legal provisions, government could impose a salutary check upon the production of inferior fiction, protect the people from the effects of over indulgence, and reap a rich harvest from a flourishing, growing industry."

In commenting on the article the New York *Tribune* remarks: "No doubt many a weary editor is almost ready to wish that Mr. Howe's fun might be serious fact; for the flow of the stream of impossible stories into the offices of magazine and journal is never ending. Many writers complain that the magazine editors do not read their MSS. The truth is that six lines of the first page are usually enough to prove the quality of a contribution. If there is anything hopeful about that first page, most editors read on to the last one."

It is an easy transition from a diatribe against the multiplicity of the short story to some remarks on one of the most popular writers of this class of fiction. The article from which we are going to quote, and which appeared in a recent issue of the Philadelphia *Times*, is headed "A Leap Into Success," and surely but few writers "arrive" more rapidly than Richard Harding Davis. Here is a singular episode in the young writer's (he is not yet thirty) life, which shows that sometimes doctors may agree, to the patient's imminent peril. "It is not generally known that five years ago Davis was uncomfortably close to death's door. Then fate's hand shook nervously as it held the trembling scale. A peculiar fever insinuated itself into his system. Famous medical experts, after careful diagnosis, pronounced it a rare disease of the liver, almost unknown in northern climes, and declared that an operation alone could save him.

"A written permission to the doctors, signed by his parents and himself, was required before attempting the operation, so delicate and dangerous was its nature. This done, Davis was laid upon the table

and sharp knives in skilled hands opened and exposed the supposed diseased part. To the horror and mortification of the surgeons their diagnosis was in error; his liver was remarkably healthy.

"Every effort was made toward reparation, but in his weakened condition his chances of rallying were slim. Nevertheless, he recovered and has never since been worried by the fever which almost cost him his life."

* * *

ONE of Mr. Davis's most admired stories is that of Raegen, the hunted thief. For the realism that did so much to make this tale the success it was, the writer has to thank his early experience as a reporter on the Philadelphia *Press*. An assignment was given him to write up the thieves of the Quaker City, and he disguised himself as a "tough" in order to do it in first class shape. Later he "did" the Johnstown flood for the same paper, on which occasion he made the record of nine days in one suit of clothes.

* * *

THE gossips who sought to make a sensation out of Mr. Howells's relinquishment of his editorial duties on the *Cosmopolitan* after only a few months' discharge thereof, have had their "fun" spoiled. The novelist's relations with Mr. Walker continue to be of the most amicable description, and the readers of the *Cosmopolitan* will undoubtedly have more of his work in concrete form under the present conditions than when he was merely reading manuscripts.

The New York *Press* intimates that after the death of Howells's father, who is now eighty three and living in Jefferson, Ohio, the son, who is very devoted to his aged parent, will probably transfer his residence to Italy, of which country he is very fond. The *Press* is furthermore responsible for the statement that the work Mr. Howells has laid out for himself for the year 1893 will bring him in a revenue of twenty thousand dollars. The labor he is to undertake in exchange for this sum includes the writing of a novel, the continuation of his "Altruria" articles, and the first of a new series of literary sketches.

* * *

THERE is much speculation in England, not only in literary, but also in social and political circles, as to Tennyson's successor in the laureateship. So far from there being a scramble for the post, there is a possibility that it may be left vacant for

some time to come on account of the difficulty of finding a worthy tenant. Among the names mentioned for the honor are Algernon Swinburne, William Morris, Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Alfred Austin, and Robert Buchanan. Of these, William Morris is a noted socialist, and Swinburne's ultra republican sentiments are so well known that he could hardly consistently accept what is, nominally at least, a court office. Lewis Morris is reported to be the Prince of Wales's "favorite" for the prize.

Nearly all the above named have written odes on the death of the master. We quote the closing lines of that composed by Lewis Morris:

"Who since our English tongue first grew has stirred
More souls to noble effort by his word?
More reverent who of man, of God, of truth,
More piteous of the sore tried strength of youth?
The chaste white muse, loathing the pagan rout,
Would drive with stripes the goatish satyr out.
Thy love of righteousness preserved thee sure,
Thy lucid genius scorned to lurk obscure.
And all thy jeweled art and native grace
Were consecrate to God and to the race.
This day extinguishes a star as bright
As shone upon our dying century.
Here, as in that great England over sea,
Light after light goes out; yet 'tis not night.
The peaceful moonbeams kissed him as he lay
At midnight dying in the arms of love;
Thou couldst not wait the dawn of earthy day.
Farewell, blest soul, farewell, and if indeed
Some care for things of earth may mount above,
As is our hope, enfranchised spirit plead
For this our England which thou loved'st so long,
And crowned'st with thy diadem of song."

MARGARET DELAND's serial, "The Story of a Child," now running in the *Atlantic*, bids fair to be as much of a classic for girls as Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" is for their brothers. And surely so painstaking a writer as Mrs. Deland deserves the success she has won. It is said that each chapter of "John Ward, Preacher" was rewritten from five to six times.

It seems odd that boys who are so fond of making a noise should, as a rule, dread declamatory exercises at school. Many of our readers no doubt still remember the chill of terror that possessed them while awaiting their turn to step upon the platform.

In Edward Everett Hale's boyhood reminiscences in the *Atlantic* he recalls his own horror of the ordeal on the occasion of his very first "speech."

"I stepped on the stage, frightened, but willing to do as I had been told, made my bow and began:

" 'Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!'

"I had been told that I must stamp my foot at the words 'down to the dust with them,' and I did, though I hated to, and was sore afraid. Naturally enough, all the boys, one hundred and fifty of them, laughed at such an exhibition of passion from one of the smallest of their number. All the same, I plodded on; but alas, I came inevitably to the other line:

" 'If there linger one spark of their fire, tread it out!'

and here I had to stamp again, as much to the boys' amusement as before.

"I did not get a 'good mark' for speaking then, and I never did afterward. But the exercise did what it was meant to do; it taught us not to be afraid of the audience. And this, so far as I know, is all of elocution that can be taught, or need be tried for. I owe to the public school and to this now despised exercise of declamation that ease before an audience which I share with most New Englanders. I owe to it the great pleasure of public speaking when there is anything to say. I think most public men will agree with me that this is one of the most exquisite pleasures of life."

ALTHOUGH Sardou's new play is called "Une Belle Americaine," he has not laid any of the scenes in this country. M. Sardou, who is reported to be aging rapidly, is very regular in his methods of work, devoting about four hours daily to it, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon. This is contrary to the custom of most writers, who generally prefer the morning for toil. Sardou's handwriting is very minute, and he is continually making alterations in his work. He is thoroughly up in stage craft, and on the margin of his manuscripts may frequently be found outline sketches for the scenery and the disposition of the various characters.

DID it ever occur to you when reading a novel that the man who wrote it is—or ought to be—a person equipped with a vast amount of information on a wide variety of subjects? He knows, or is supposed to know, as much as his most learned character, and to be up in all the "specialties" he introduces into his story. But alas, authors are human, and therefore err, and not infrequently we find the most famous of them floundering in water too deep for them. The *British Medical Record* presents a list of some mistakes made by

novelists when venturing too far into the domain of disease.

"It is not surprising that even George Eliot, with all her knowledge of the innermost workings of the human mind, should have lost her way when dealing with the morbid changes of mind and brain. Tito's father, Baldassare, in 'Romola,' had been a great scholar, but after a long illness his memory upon recovery became a perfect blank; he could recall nothing of his scholarship, though he had not forgotten who he was. With all this, Baldassare is not represented as having lost his reason; he remembers his past life, but he can no longer read or write or recall any of the scholarship for which he had been so distinguished. It was no amnesia nor agaphia with which he was afflicted; it was a form of cerebral disease known only to the eminent novelist.

"Wilkie Collins made a specialty of his medical knowledge, and it was upon this account that he was induced to undertake an antivivisection novel, which he published under the name of 'Heart and Science.' The work was equally unsatisfactory both to the persons who inspired it and to the general public. Wilkie Collins's effort in this direction was a complete failure, and his medical men and his wonderful drugs could never have existed outside of his own imagination.

In Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities,' where Sydney Carton substitutes himself for the condemned Evremonde, we have premonitions of the chloroform which was to be discovered fifty years later—the chloroform of popular imagination, however, and by no means the CHCl of the 'Pharmacopœia.'

"The playwrights are, if possible, even worse offenders in the matter of their death scenes than the novelists. A man pulls a two drachm phial of some poison from his breast, swallows the contents, proceeds to make a two hundred line speech without a pang or a gasp, staggers gracefully backward to a conveniently placed seat, drops upon it, clasps the region of the heart with both hands, and dies after a little convulsive movement of the legs.

"Heart disease, too, carries off heroines in a fashion quite unknown to doctors, and, although it is of the variety known as 'broken heart,' has characteristics which must not be generally associated with fracture of so important an organ."

LOVELL, CORYELL & COMPANY are preparing one of the most sumptuous *éditions de luxe* that have been placed on the market.

The author thus honored is in every way worthy of the distinction, for it is J. M. Barrie, and the book is that sweet, strong story, full of pathos and the tenderest, purest sentiment, "The Little Minister." There will be only 260 copies printed, in two volume form, signed and numbered in the orthodox select fashion. The illustrations will consist of ten superb etchings, one of them a portrait of the author, printed on Japanese paper. The title page will be illuminated and each chapter is to begin with an ornamental initial letter printed in two colors. These volumes will form a matchless holiday gift, and will cost \$12. We understand that the Lovells are also to issue a \$5 edition.

HALL CAINE complains that the stories of the present day lack inventiveness. He asserts that the same old themes are used over and over again for plots. But what will Mr. Caine have his brother novelists do? Mortals are capable of experiencing just so many emotions and no more, and as the number of stories that have been written is rather a high one, it is not surprising that by this time the same old subjects should come up again for handling, the authors depending for the interest they arouse on the point of view from which they treat them.

But Mr. Caine will doubtless be gratified to learn that the American Syndicate of Writers is to send a delegation of its members on a tour of the world in search of fresh material for stories. Julian Hawthorne will head the expedition, which will charter a schooner and expects to sail from New York about January 1.

WALTER BESANT still continues to harp on his favorite theme, the poor pay authors receive. He has lately taken a new view point of the subject, and asserts:

"It is now well known that a man cannot live by practicing certain arts, crafts, and pursuits. No one, therefore, tries to live by them. Where is your starving poet? Where is your starving numismatist? Where is your starving physicist? They do not exist. Those who take up these lines begin by assuring for themselves the daily bread. They are civil servants, professors, teachers, persons of private income, some of them in business, some holding posts in museums, some are librarians or secretaries. None are starving, because none are so foolish as to try to live by what is, nevertheless, their only real and serious occupation."

THE STAGE.

It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to believe that New York's theater managers are reconciled to the darkened condition in which the Metropolitan Opera House is to remain during the coming winter. With the immense numbers of playhouses bidding for patronage in the metropolis, and new ones constantly opening their doors, the elimination of an opera house from the competition is not to be sneezed at. But with one temple of music counted out, there is to be a new one counted in. Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House in Thirty Fourth Street will be inaugurated this month. Its seating capacity is not far below that of the Metropolitan, and the interior arrangement of the auditorium will conduce to both beauty and convenience. We confess to not being carried away in admiration of the exterior, which rises out of the midst of buildings on either hand in unbroken lines suggestive of the factory or hotel. Although opera in the vernacular is to be made a feature of this house during the season, its opening attraction will be the English actress, Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who has been called the "Bernhardt of the London stage." Maurice Barrymore will be her leading man.

THE Casino has not made a "great big go" of its new career as a music hall. Fate appeared to be against it from the very beginning. The critics of the daily press seemed to feel called upon to view the first night in sportive humor; on the second night blunder succeeded blunder on the stage, and on the third night all the lights in the auditorium went out. The management has busied itself since the opening in cutting down its list of variety performers, as one after the other was found to be unsatisfactory to the public. In consequence the performance, which was advertised to last from eight o'clock until midnight, now closes before eleven. Indeed, it is doubtful if the audiences could be held longer. In spite of the avidity with which New Yorkers appeared to take to the roof garden entertainment, indoor performances of the same sort seem to puzzle them. It may be that variety strikes

them as out of place in a house whose traditions have all been operatic.

The degree of success that may attend the new Imperial Music hall will throw some light on this point. At any rate, one thing is assured: with the present order of things Mr. Aronson cannot hope to retain the same clientele that once supported his theater. If he cares to cater to another class, that is his own affair, we suppose.

Mr. JOHN DREW has made a great success of his starring venture in New York. The "Standing Room Only" sign has been placed in front of Palmer's night after night, and Mr. Frohman is reported as endeavoring to secure another theater in the metropolis, so that his star's stay here may be prolonged. He received a big ovation at the opening performance, and the speech he was compelled to make was no studied effort, but the warm outburst of a full heart.

Naturally there is a great deal of Drewiana floating about the press these days. It is rumored that Mr. Drew has a correspondent at Poole's in London who cables him announcements of the newest English fashions, which he at once adopts.

Mr. Drew's wife was a Miss Baker, formerly an actress in Wallack's company.

ACROSS Broadway, at Mr. Drew's former theatrical home, business has evidently not been so good. Although the critics have spoken well of "Little Miss Million," Mr. Daly has found it necessary to take it off before the limit he had himself set to its run. On his programmes he had it announced that it was to be followed by "Jarman's Own," a new and original American comedy, but October 18 saw the revival of "Dollars and Sense," from the old repertoire.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Daly's new leading man, is pronounced to be clever, but has not set the stage afire, to distort an old saying. He is a graduate of Oxford, where he won laurels as an amateur, and he has supported Mrs. Langtry.

HENRY GUY CARLETON's play, "Ye Earlie

Trouble," which had a six weeks' run at the Boston Museum last season, is at present occupying the boards at Proctor's, in the metropolis. The playbill styles it as "picturesque" and "romantic"; it is more than this. It is spirited in action, bright in dialogue, rollicking in humor, and abounds in dramatic situations that are cleverly led up to and do not smack of being "lugged in" because it is time for the curtain to fall.

The period is that of the American Revolution, Sir William Howe (capitally portrayed by R. F. McClannin) being one of the principal characters. Joseph Haworth is billed in large type as leading man, but his opportunities in the play are meager. The cast as a whole is one of universal excellence, but special praise must be awarded to Mr. William F. Owens, Miss Jane Stuart, and Mr. Harry Woodruff, a handsome young blonde, who will be remembered as a member of Mr. Palmer's company.

Coming attractions at Proctor's are, on November 7, the Trans-Oceanic Vaudeville Company, and on November 21, Mr. Neil Burgess and his "County Fair," which had its first production when this theater was opened, March 5, 1889.

"PURITANIA" is still running at the Fifth Avenue Theater, where November 1 is set down as the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth performance of the opera, dating from its first production in Boston during the summer. This house will witness the New York debut of the Italian tragedienne, Eleonora Duse, who is to make an American tour under the management of Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld. Her engagement will begin after the holidays. The intervening time, following on the run of "Puritania," will be filled in by Nat Goodwin in his repertoire of new plays. Among the other bookings for this house are the Mapleson Opera Company and Stuart Robson.

To the recent Columbian celebration we owe the pleasure of reading some interesting stage reminiscences from the pen of Francis Wilson, who contributed them to the "Columbus number" of the New York Press. His theme was the development of the American drama, and his contrast of things theatrical of today with those of a century ago is encouraging as well as amusing. Mr. Wilson reminds us that in those days it was the custom for privileged members of the audience to have seats allotted to them on the stage, a position

which afforded them an opportunity to deport themselves with great freedom toward the performers. Thus when David Garrick was playing *Lear*, one of these privileged spectators would advance and place his arms about Mrs. Woffington, who was the *Cordelia*, while she was replying to *Lear's* reproaches. It is quaintly recorded that such intrusions as these "annoyed" Garrick.

On the authority of Mr. Wilson, the first dramatic performance in America occurred in September, 1732, in New York City. Boston, now such a city of theaters, had no "regular theatrical entertainment" until 1756.

* * *

SOL SMITH RUSSELL is traveling through the country on a tour that is to continue for two years without a single week's vacation. This will include a six months' engagement in the metropolis, during which he may present three or four new plays. Russell is making money fast, and has already accumulated a fortune. He has no bad habits, is happily married to a daughter of the famous juvenile author, "Oliver Optic," and may be accounted as among the most fortunate members of a profession in which "hard luck" plays so prominent a part.

"Peaceful Valley" holds the boards with him at present, and an odd fact is to be noted in connection with Miss Adele Palma, who has been engaged to enact the rôle of *Niobe Farquer*. She was born and educated in Germany, has appeared on the French stage, and now adds English to her polyglot repertoire.

* * *

THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE is another star who is earning money, if newspaper reports are to be credited, one of which asserts that "The Isle of Champagne" drew some ten thousand dollars out of the pockets of the Pittsburghers in one week. Charles A. Byrne and Louis Harrison wrote the book, and W. W. Furst composed the music. Chicago and Boston have both given the piece crowded houses, and it comes to New York for a long run on December 5. At the same time metropolitan audiences will have two other successful comic operas before them—"The Fencing Master," with Marie Tempest, at the Standard, opening November 14, and Gilbert and Cellier's "Mountebanks," with Lillian Russell, at the Garden. Of these "The Fencing Master" has made a furore wherever it has been produced. On the first night in Buffalo, so runs the story, the

audience made such an uproar of applause after the first act that Miss Tempest thought a panic of some kind had arisen, and she picked up her skirts and ran for the stage entrance.

The stage manager shouted after her, "What's the matter? Why don't you come and answer the call?"

"Is that applause?" she asked, stopping.

"Certainly; don't you know the sound of applause?"

"How can you expect me to?" she said. "I've been so long with the Casino Company."

* * *

It seems as if Frank W. Sanger were determined to make a corner in unique stage scenes this season. In "My Official Wife," in which Minnie Seligman and her husband, Robert Cutting, Jr., are to appear, there is to be a railway station on the border between Germany and Russia, with all the local color effects fully brought out.

Another play, under Mr. Sanger's management, "The New Wing," shows the papering of a room against time. At this rate our managers will be offering prizes for suggestions in the way of fresh realistic effects, so many having been already appropriated. And the ideas in, they will proceed to get some dramatist to write a play around them.

* * *

SHAKSPERE was a long while in reaching the pinnacle on which he now sits. For generations his plays were scored by critics in a fashion such as would almost drive a modern writer to suicide or the mad house. A writer in the Boston *Transcript* has collected a list of these old time opinions on the Bard of Avon.

In 1661 Evelyn reports "his plays begin to disgust this refined age." Pepys preferred Hudibras, pronouncing "Midsummer Night's Dream" "the most insipid, ridiculous play" he had ever seen. In 1681, Tate, who became poet laureate a few years later, could find no epithet sufficiently opprobrious to express his opinion of "King Lear," and so he called it simply "a thing."

In Hume's condemnation Shakspeare and Bacon were yoked together as wanting in "simplicity and purity of diction." Addison styled the plays "very faulty," and Johnson asserted, with his usual emphasis, that Shakspeare never wrote six consecutive lines "without making an ass of himself."

Dryden, though not without lucid intervals of high appreciation, disapproved altogether of Shakspeare's style, describing

it as "pestered with figurative expressions, affected and obscure." One part of "Troilus and Cressida" he called "a heap of rubbish."

John Dennis thought himself competent to rewrite the plays, and actually put one or two of them, "revised and improved," on the boards without the least suspicion on the part of the spectators of any sacrilege.

Another astonishing critic was Rymer, indorsed by Pope as "learned and strict," who says of *Desdemona*, "There is nothing in her which is not below any country kitchen maid; no woman bred out of a pigsty could talk so meanly."

* * *

REPORTS from London announce that the theatrical season there has opened auspiciously, in spite of the disappointment over Sullivan and Grundy's new opera, at the Savoy, "Haddon Hall." "The Prodigal Daughter" is drawing "big money" to the Theater Royal. Mr. Irving has revived "King Henry VIII" at the Lyceum, but proposes to follow it soon with "King Lear." The critics have pounced upon and torn to pieces Mrs. Langtry's new play, "The Queen of Manoa," written by Haddon Chambers, author of "Captain Swift" and "The Idler." But these adverse comments appear to have had no effect on the sale of seats at the Haymarket. Nevertheless, Mrs. Langtry has already put in rehearsal her new piece, "Agatha Tilden, Merchant and Shipowner."

Sir Augustus Harris has transformed his Royal English Opera House into the Palace Theater, with the intention of making a music hall of it. But it has advanced only one step farther in this direction than our Casino, as the London County Council has refused to grant him a license for the sale of drinks in the auditorium, and the patrons must content themselves with smoking.

This smoking privilege, by the way, is sometimes subject to restrictions in music halls abroad. For instance, when the management succeeds in securing a prima donna who, in the pristine excellence of her powers has starred in the legitimate, they surround her with an added halo of pre-eminence by affixing to the curtain a huge placard, announcing that smoking is interdicted until after Madam So-and-So has made her appearance. While she is singing her encore piece one can hear the striking of matches all over the house.

* * *

So successful have the Bostonians been with "Robin Hood" that the management

has decided to duplicate the company. The original organization, which will continue to be known as "The Bostonians," opens at the Garden Theater, November 7, of course with "Robin Hood," while the new troupe, to be called the "Robin Hood Company," will tour the country, headed by Caroline Hamilton and John Peachey. Surely the United States will have plenty of opera during the coming season, if it must do without the "grand" variety of that article.

ITALY, the land of the theatrical song bird, is also the land of the hawk that preys on young fledglings. The Americans and English with promising voices, who go there to cultivate them and secure the éclat of an Italian début, pay dearly for the opportunities they enjoy.

"Out of all the singers at present in Italy," says a well known impresario, "there are not more than twenty who make their £800 to £1000 a year, and out of that sum they do not put more than one quarter in their pockets; the rest goes for the claque, subscriptions to theatrical newspapers, paid insertions, and theatrical agents. There are but two artists in Italy who pocket all their earnings."

This is the explanation volunteered by a well known Italian tenor: "I get £40 a night. Out of this I have to give £10 to my agent, £10 go toward insertions in various papers, and £10 for the claque each time I sing; so that only £10 remain to me out of £40. But, if I did not do all this, I should not get even £5 a night, and so I find that I am doing good business after all."

BISSON, the French playwright, is a most prolific author. Three of his pieces are now being performed in this country, all under the management of Charles Frohman, and each adapted by a different hand. Clyde Fitch did the work for Mr. Drew's play, "The Masked Ball;" Sydney Rosenfeld tinkered at "The Family Circle," while, as everybody knows, Mr. Gillette tampered with "Settled Out of Court."

The last named piece has been received with great favor at the Columbia Theater in Boston. Mr. Frohman, however, had a contract with William Lestocq, author of "Jane," to bring out his new farce, "The Sportsman," before October 20, and so he withdrew "Settled Out of Court" for a time, and "The Sportsman" was produced at the Columbia on the 17th ultimo with great success. This has given Americans a chance to pass on the play before their

British cousins. Mr. Frohman decided to take it when he saw it in its original form at the Palais Royal in Paris last summer. London is to have it some time during November at the Comedy.

At the Boston Museum, "Agatha," the new play by Isaac Henderson, has run for more than fifty nights. It is at the Museum that Miss Mary E. Wilkins's first play, based on an incident in the New England witchcraft epoch, is to be produced. Speaking of first productions, Mr. Charles Frohman's Boston theater, the Columbia, already alluded to in connection with "The Sportsman," proposes to make itself famous as the home of "new things." Here will be presented, "for the first time on any stage," Augustus Thomas's new play "Surrender," which, it is hoped, will duplicate the success of "Alabama"; then will follow the initial performance in America of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," to be succeeded by a new play from the pen of David Belasco, and another from H. C. De Mille.

The New York Lyceum Company have been appearing in their repertoire at the Hollis Street Theater, "The Gray Mare" taking the lead as a favorite. They are to open with this charming comedy on their return to the home theater in the middle of November. Miss Georgie Cayvan has been giving some interesting reminiscences of her last summer's visit to Japan in syndicate letters for the newspapers.

NEW YORK is surprised to hear that staid and prudish Bostonians crowded the theater both at evening and matinée performances during the engagement of Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew in Zola's "Therese Raquin." The play is—well, it is by Zola, and the mayor of Salem would not permit it to be given in his town. A newspaper paragraph states that the two principals do good work in the final suicide scene, and adds that somebody has suggested that it would be an eminently proper thing to place that scene first.

A PHILADELPHIA manager has recently had a memorable experience with a play of the "Therese Raquin" order, which was produced at the Chestnut Street Theater on Monday, October 3, and was hissed from the stage by the audience with such vigor that the house remained dark for the remainder of the week. If the public would everywhere take these effective measures it would not be long before the

playhouse would cease to be defiled by these degradations of the drama.

MATTERS at the select Theater of Art and Letters are in such a forward stage of preparation that the leading woman has already been engaged. The honor has fallen to Miss Mary Shaw, at present playing the part of *Joan* in "Ye Earlie Trouble."

Miss Shaw is a Bostonian, where, at the High School, she had Miss Georgie Cayvan for a schoolmate. One of the first productions at the Theater of Art and Letters, located at the Berkeley Lyceum in Forty Fourth Street, and to be opened November 26, will be a play by either Frank Stockton or Amelie Rives. Each piece will have but one presentation, but this is to be given with as much care as though it were booked for a hundred night run. The object of this new association of managers, actors, artists, and writers is to afford the first named an opportunity to judge of the value of a play by seeing it produced. Franklin H. Sargent is director of the new theater, for which only regular subscribers can obtain tickets of admission. As an instance of the wide diffusion at the present day of the dramatic instinct, we may mention that in the list of the advisory committee we find the names of Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of the *Christian Union*, and Mary Mapes Dodge, conductor of *St. Nicholas*.

CHICAGO'S theatrical offerings during Dedication Week were "The City Directory"; Crane in "The Senator"; Rosina Vokes in "The Paper Chase"; Richard Mansfield in his repertoire, in which "Beau Brummel" leads in the number of performances allotted to it, while "The Scarlet Letter" is significantly dropped; and "Gloriana," at the new Schiller Theater. Chicago is very proud of this latest addition to her playhouses, which is described in the advertisements as the "highest and finest theater building in the world." Performances in German are to be given on Sunday nights, and for the use of the critics manager Temple has provided a special room, supplied with oak desks, electric lights, and colored pages to carry copy to the various newspaper offices as it is turned out.

Now that we are so soon to see Oscar Wilde's play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," in this country, a few words concerning its author will be timely. He is best remembered as the leader of the æsthetic craze of a decade ago, so admirably satirized by Gilbert in "Patience." But per-

haps all do not know that he has long ago abjured the sunflower and returned to the long trousers of conventionality.

A Parisian writer claims for France the honor of making England properly appreciate Mr. Wilde. It seems that he went to Paris at the close of 1891, and "when he got home to England," says the *Revue Bleue*, "people were for eight days astonished at the reputation he brought back. Then the English reflected that if Mr. Wilde had become famous there must be a good reason for his being so. There could be but one reason, in their opinion, and this was that their fellow countryman has a talent eminently Parisian. And so, Mr. Wilde, who had become famous in Paris by virtue of his quality of English *esthete*, became famous in England by virtue of his quality of Parisian '*santaisiste*.'"

"Then Mr. Wilde wrote a drama, 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' produced at the St. James's Theater, which was a success, because the English found it so Parisian!"

It is refreshing indeed to witness again a comic opera of merit, even though it be not new, in these days of plotless rubbish and spectacular vulgarity. "The Lady or the Tiger," which is now on at the Broadway, has been seen before by most theater goers, but it is none the less meritorious because of this fact. The libretto is clever, and the music good, and good things bear repeating.

It has been revived by the DeWolf Hopper Company, and Hopper as the Spartan king appears at his best. He has the physique and the rugged energy that would be difficult to find in another, and his conception of the part is perfect. Jefferson De Angelis as the old prophet is exceptionally good. He is always clever, always amusing, and makes a capital old man. His acting and that of Hopper's in "The Lady or the Tiger" reach a degree of first rate art. The other members of the cast, with the exception of Samuel Reed and Della Fox, are hardly more than mediocre; but the opera is picturesque and well costumed.

THERE is an artist on the boards at present in New York who can take the busy man back to the credulous age of boyhood, where he will forget for the time the struggles of life, the disappointments, the deceptions and the tricks; forget his own cynicism and skepticism—that artist is Herrmann, the prestidigitator. On the billboards about the city one sees every-

where a Mephistopheles. This is Herrmann's advertisement of himself, and one is at once struck with the aptness of the likeness when he sees this wonderful conjurer on the stage. The thought is forced upon one that the professor must be a near relative of his satanic majesty, and this thought gains confirmation as he performs the unaccountable and extraordinary tricks that have made all the civilized world wonder. One who knows anything of the science of sleight of hand understands that it is merely a deception of the eye. But this knowledge does not enable him to penetrate the mysteries of Herrmann's magical art.

LAST month we made mention in this department of the fact that two plays with different English versions from the same French source were being presented simultaneously in New York. This coincidence seems to have set a *Sun* writer on a still hunt for "doubles" of a slightly different order, and after printing quite a lengthy list of them, he proceeds to remark:

"The reprehensible practice of masquerading old plays as new has never been so marked as during the early weeks of this season. It is probably true that at least thirty plays now on tour or about to start are put forth falsely as new material, when they are mere revisions of past ventures. In a very few cases, perhaps, the managers may be unaware of the deception, through having purchased unwittingly from unscrupulous playwrights; but as a rule the revival of old pieces under new titles is directly traceable to managers' suggestion.

"It is a question if an auditor who pays to see an alleged new play, and then discovers it to be one which he saw a year or more previously, and would not knowingly wish to see again, could not demand his money back on the broad assertion that it had been obtained through false pretences. Some day this interesting question will be submitted to a court and it is hoped the decision will be to the confusion of this system of petty swindling."

MR. HINRICHS'S American Opera Company, which has achieved fame beyond the bounds of the Quaker City by being the first to produce Mascagni's operas in this country, closed a long season in Philadelphia on October 15. The *Ledger* asserted that four thousand people were in the theater on this occasion, not all of them in the auditorium, however. There was not room for them there, so women sat on the steps in the lobby, where, although they

could not see the stage, they could hear the music. The bill included two operas, "Il Trovatore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the enthusiasm is described as being of the warmest sort. There were calls for Mr. Hinrichs at the close, but he did not respond—probably because he felt too depressed to realize that such apparent success still failed to pay. It seems that there is no hope for a continuance of good grand opera unless the State or a syndicate of millionaires subsidize it.

"A Trip to Chinatown," put on at the Chestnut Street Theater the middle of October, is advertised in Philadelphia as the "Nancy Hanks of Farce Comedy." The comparison is not so very inapt, as the piece has now held the boards at the Madison Square for over a year.

Speaking of Nancy Hanks, the Philadelphians have had "The Gray Mare," with the Lyceum Company, at the Broad Street Theater. At the home house Sothorn continues to play "Captain Letterblair" to crowded audiences.

JEFFERSON and Modjeska afford the lovers of the legitimate in comedy and tragedy an opportunity to see something that will give them a few evenings of genuine pleasure. Once again has genial Mr. Jefferson cast the spell of the Catskills over thronged audiences in the metropolis. "Rip Van Winkle" is a classic of which Americans may well be proud in a double sense—author and interpreter are both alike deserving of the laurel crown. He who has not seen Mr. Jefferson in this rôle has missed a dramatic nugget which may not be offered to him again.

Madame Modjeska's dignified, unostentatious presentation of "Henry VIII" has been received with that degree of appreciation and pleasure which is as creditable to the public as is her superb art to the actress.

Modjeska's penchant for the stage was manifested very early in life. When she was seven years old, it is related of her that she was taken to the theater. The production was an opera, part of it being ballet, in which a coryphee floated in the air. This feat took possession of the fancy of Helena. Next day in the kitchen she heaped two chairs on top of the table, one above the other, and then climbing up the pyramid tried to stand on its apex, tip toe. Naturally enough the experiment ended in disaster, and her mother vowed that Helena should never again be permitted to go to the theater.

ETCHINGS.

A MODEST POET.

WHITTIER's death has naturally set afloat many anecdotes of his career, some of them cast for the first time upon the sea of publicity, others bearing evidence of having only been stranded for a while in temporary forgetfulness. But a joy recalled is not infrequently a joy relived, and we shall not trouble ourselves by inquiring to which of the above classes the subjoined may be assigned.

The success of "Snow Bound" was a surprise to Mr. Whittier. In fact, he seemed to be without that pardonable vanity concerning his own productions which is not uncommon in authors. He was surprised that a visitor who saw him, not long before his death, should know so much of his poetry by heart.

"I wonder thou shouldst burden thy memory with all that rhyme," he said. "It is not well to have too much of it; better get rid of it as soon as possible. Why, I can't remember any of it. I once went to hear a wonderful orator, and he wound up his speech with a poetical quotation, and I clapped with all my might. Some one touched me on the shoulder and said: 'Do you know who wrote that?' I said 'No, I don't; but it's good.'"

"It seems I had written it myself. The fault is, I have written far too much. I wish half of it was in the Red Sea."

LOVE OR LUCRE.

WHEN I tell her I adore her
With passion's softest sigh,
A lovely blush sweeps o'er her—
My hopes are bounding high.

She says with low, soft sobbing,
My love she can't return;
My heart with pain is throbbing—
My cheeks with anger burn.

With mad despair I wait
To hear her tell the rest—
That though we'll never mate
She'll do a sister's best.

She said something or other
About the heart that's weak;
Then promised to be my mother—
And married the *père* next week.

THE ONLY WAY OF ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

DRUMMERS and theatrical folk, traveling about as much as they do, are bound to meet with more odd adventures than fall to the lot of stay at homes. The advance agent of a certain combination tells a pretty hard story of an experience he met with in a far Western town.

"I was examining into the accommodations behind the footlights and asked the manager where the dressing rooms were and how many he had.

"Here it is," he said, pointing to a rather dingy looking room.

I asked him where the others were, and he said he had no more.

"Well," said I, "you don't suppose the ladies and gentlemen of my company are going to dress in the same room, do you?"

"What's the matter; don't they speak?" said he."

A MISTAKE.

HER words were fraught
With—so I thought—
Meanings sweet as honey;
I loved her so,
Like Romeo,
When she called me "sunny."

But, oh! my eyes!
Disgust! Surprise!
(You may think it funny)
She turned me off,
It was a scoff,
She ~~had~~ called me "sonny."

DESCRIPTIVE POWERS.

AUTHORS of former times were able to acquire great fame by the gifted exercise of their "descriptive powers." In those days the grand test of the merits of a writer of fiction was the quality of his "descriptions of scenery." The wild and aboriginal people believed that a man who prefaced every chapter with a magnificent "prospect of old English oaks" or an "avenue of lime trees" was a magnificent genius.

In that dark era all outdoor nature paid tribute to the popular novelist, and "broad demesnes" and "lonely downs," "jutting crags" and "gloomy fjords" were unrolled before the delighted reader as regularly as the vices of the miserable villain or the vir-

tues and beauty of the noble heroine riding into the novel on a milk white palfrey. When the wild and aboriginal people read these books they said, "Oh, I do think his descriptions of scenery . . . oh, I do think!"

Novels have been written for six hundred years, but it was only after five hundred and ninety years that the aboriginal people, who had been hysterical over "scenery," attained that refined nicety of taste which enabled them to perceive that they had, alack, been barking up the wrong tree.

"Descriptive powers" are now relegated to baser uses; in truth, as all are aware, they are now almost wholly employed in setting forth the localities of terrible crimes. The novelist passes by the "fine old English park with its green verdure," "its gates with armorial bearings," and so forth, and utilizes his descriptive powers to tell us in a labyrinthine way that the "bedroom of the old millionaire opened into a hall at one end of which were heavy double doors, thick enough to muffle all sounds so completely that it was possible for the mysterious stranger, who had been assigned to a room in a distant wing, to pass the night very comfortably without slaying the snoring old millionaire in the execution of his orchestrated slumber song."

In the old times people used to try to picture to themselves sensuously the "scenery" that the novelist described; and in the same way there are people today who try to study out the scenes of the novel writer's crimes, so that they may have them bodily before the mind's eye. It is a fact that they never succeed in this, and that the more explicit the novelist's description, the more confused is the reader.

But the latter never acknowledges defeat; he keeps good heart, and attacks every new situation with spirit. He begins a description like this: "Now the dining room where Mrs. Livingstone was found dead had but two means of ingress, a door leading to the private secretary's study and a wide chimney; out of the private study opened a door to the billiard room and a second door which had for a long time been closed, leading to a basement attic . . ." and there is no concentration of mind comparable to that with which the reader knits his brows, and determines to figure out in advance just how the private secretary might have appeared simultaneously at the dining room

door and at the grate, and, by smiling sweetly from one place, have so put Mrs. Livingstone off her guard that he might shoot her as dead as a smelt from the other without raising any incriminating suspicion in her mind as to who did it.

DINER AVEC ORDINAIRE.

IN that queer quarter of the town
Where men of every sun and clime
In picturesque confusion dwell,
And all the tongues of Europe chime,
There stood a little brown *café*;
Its dingy sign in wording rare
Proclaimed to you "*pour 50 cents*
Un diner avec ordinaire."

And in those jolly days of yore,
When we were thoughtless, larking boys,
While carping care was yet unknown,
And youth and health were constant joys;
When appetites were keen and strong,
Though money scarce and purses bare,
We gathered there each night at six
For *diner avec ordinaire*.

A motley crew: two journalists,
A poet whose stumbling verse went lame,
Of velvet coated artists three,
A lawyer yet unwed to fame.
But hearts were gay and spirits high,
And stomachs used to humble fare,
And jollity supreme reigned o'er
Our *diner avec ordinaire*.

Where is that joyous company?
Alas! those days are long since fled.
To one has come great name and wealth,
Another sleeps now with the dead;
The lawyer wears a judge's robe,
The artists costume balls prepare.
Gone, gone forever are the days
Of *diner avec ordinaire*.

IN AN ART GALLERY.

MISS DAISY CHANE—"My! but isn't that dog natural? And so like my dear, lovely Tatters, too!"

Mr. Softe Toane (languidly, and with a covert sneer)—"I believe those blacks and whites of Von Skoon's *are* considered natural. Nowadays a man must fairly saturate himself with realism before he can get any one to look at his pictures. This fellow Von Skoon has been imbibing Mil-lais for the last two years and" (with bitter irony) "now, I suppose, he will become quite popular."

Miss Chane (to whom modern art jargon is an unknown tongue)—"Mercy me! I've always heard that artists and poets and people like that drink terribly, but I never knew it was as bad as that. But what's that picture over there? I can't quite make it out, but it looks like a thunder storm."

Mr. Toane—"Ah, Miss Chane; in the presence of that man we artists stand reverently, hat in hand. He has absorbed nature, and now he absolutely exudes it upon every canvas he touches." (Stands in attitude suggestive of rapt attention and silently describes an arc in the air with his right thumb after a fashion common among artists and connoisseurs.) "How tender and subtle! See how the shadows on the hills are handled, and how strong that figure of a woman is in the background. How splendidly she is drawn! You can almost see her move. To me the whole effect is as mystic and wonderful as—as—"

Miss Chane—"But the catalogue says that this picture is 'Thunder Storm in a Hay Field,' and that's a haystack and not a woman in the middle of it. I knew it was a haystack the minute I set eyes on it."

Mr. Softe Toane (with a superior, compassionate smile)—"Really, Miss Chane, you must be careful not to let your taste for realism, or, as you would call it in your Philistine way, what is natural, blind you to the ideal side of art. Now here is something which I fear will please you."

Miss Chane (delightedly)—"Why, it's a newsboy, and he's had his face all nicely washed, too. He looks as if his mother had fixed him up on purpose to have his photograph taken. I wish the little boys in my Sunday school class could all see that picture."

Mr. Toane (with a sigh of despair)—"Ah, my poor little Philistine! I fear your case is hopeless. You represent the misguided spirit of the age, always seeking the real and the practical, and missing the subtlety and suggestiveness of high art."

Miss Chane (bluntly)—"I don't understand all that, but I like the picture so well because the boy's so clean. I think it's a good example."

Mr. Toane (abruptly)—"Really, I am afraid we have not much more time to spend here, but before we go I would like to show you a little thing that pleased me very much, although there is nothing in it perhaps that you would call natural. It is by a new man, and I believe I may safely claim to have discovered him, although, to tell the truth, I have never even seen him."

Miss Chane (gazing intently at the picture)—"I can't quite make it out, but it's real bright, and that big splotch of crimson down in the corner is a perfectly lovely shade. That girl we met as we were coming in has a bonnet trimmed with exactly that color, and Mamie Clingfast—"

Mr. Toane—"How tender and subtle and exquisite! Ah, that sky! Ah, that lake with the wonderful sunset! What superb treatment! That man must have a soul."

Jack Daubley (a practical, modern artist, *sotto voce* to his friend)—"I told you that racket would work. You remember that piece of burlap I had in the studio to wipe my brushes on? Well, I cut it up and framed it. You saw this thing standing on my mantel just before the exhibition opened. That one had a crimson sky? I tell you it's the same picture, only I decided to hang it the other way, and now the sky's a lake."

Miss Chane—"Do let's hurry, or we'll be too late for the matinée." [*Exeunt.*]

JACQUEMINOTS.

FRAGRANT Jacqueminots from Jack
With a message from the boy
Asking me to be, alack!
Of his life the constant joy.

Ah, I love him as I ne'er
Can love any other man—
Life with him would be most fair
But he's 'neath the pauper's ban.

E'en these roses demonstrate
That I cannot say him yea,
For the man to be my mate
Must send roses every day.

And when flowers come so high
None but millionaires like Fred
Can be certain to supply
In all seasons, roses red.

So my answer must go back—
O, how heavy are life's woes!—
'Stead of ayes, alas! Alack!
I must send to Jack—my-noes.

INGALLS AND THE NEWSBOY.

EX SENATOR INGALLS is by no means a stout man, and on one occasion a friend of his, a doctor in Atchison, decided to make his leanness furnish him with a little sport. The doctor had been frequently annoyed by a newsboy, who would come into his office very unceremoniously and pester him by trying to sell papers. One day when Mr. Ingalls was with him the boy was heard coming up the stairs, whereupon the doctor rushed out an articulated skeleton, placed it in a chair by the desk, and then the two men withdrew to the back room.

In dashed the boy, and without noticing what was at the desk, came directly up to the skeleton. When he looked up and saw it grinning at him he was nearly scared

into convulsions, and bolting for the door, yelled murder.

The joke tickled the doctor, but Mr. In-galls's conscience pricked him, and going to the window, he looked out at the boy, who was standing below, crying.

"Come up stairs, my boy," he said. "I'll buy one of your papers."

But the boy began to yell harder than ever, and between his sobs he managed to blubber out: "Oh, you can't fool me, even if you have put your clothes on!"

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

THE meanest man who's heir to hate
From all the human kind, I say,
Is he who comes to dinner late
When all had hoped he'd keep away.

A. T. STEWART AND HIS "LUCK."

DOUBTLESS New Yorkers have sometimes wondered why nearly all the large dry goods stores on the great avenues of the metropolis are on the west side of the street. Nobody seems to know the reason for this, but there *is* a reason why the late A. T. Stewart's famous old retail house is on the east side. Cyrus W. Field, Jr., gives it in the course of some reminiscences of his father:

"Of Mr. Stewart I have heard my father relate many stories, and one of them in which he was concerned I might tell as throwing a light on the character of the growth of this city and the men who caused it.

"Just before the great pile of marble at the northeast corner of Broadway and Chambers Street was erected by Mr. Stewart, my father was one of his trusted clerks. He carried the check to the bank which paid for the real estate upon which the Stewart Building stands. A day or two afterward the president of the bank called at the dry goods merchant's office and in my father's presence talked over the new undertaking. The president expressed it as his opinion that Mr. Stewart had made a tremendous mistake in building his new store on the east side of Broadway.

"Why, nobody has dared leave the west side of the street to start a dry goods store opposite," said he. "There are no big stores there, and the people never walk on the east sidewalk. You won't get any new custom, and will gradually lose what you have now," he concluded.

"Don't be so positive about that," replied Stewart. "I'll keep all my trade, and I'll bring more. I'll make 'em cross over,"

he added, and he did make the customers come.

"It is odd to follow out Stewart's ideas. After he had become successfully established on the east side and decided in later years to move with the population up town, he was superstitious about his luck and built his last great emporium on the same side of the street. And today only one of the large dry goods houses of Broadway faces the setting sun, and that is Stewart's old house."

PERSEVERANCE IN PRISON.

AN interesting personal reminiscence of the war is told in the October *New England Magazine* by Captain J. W. Alexander, who in 1863 was executive officer of the Confederate ironclad Atlanta. In June of that year his ship was captured at the mouth of the Savannah River, and he was sent north to be held as a prisoner at Fort Warren, on an island in Boston harbor.

With Lieutenant Thurston of the Atlanta, Lieutenant Reed of the Tacony, and one other fellow captive, Captain Alexander attempted to escape from the fort. The four Southerners squeezed through a loophole in its walls, reached the sea wall of the island, and were crouching beneath it, at the water's edge, when two sentinels passed them. What followed is thus told by the writer:

"I believe I see something down here in the water," said one of the sentries. 'Stick your bayonet into it and see what it is,' said the other. The sentinel lowered the muzzle of his musket, and shoved it slowly toward Reed's breast, directly under him. The point finally rested on his *chest*! He never moved a muscle, but remained perfectly quiet. That was the bravest thing I saw during the four years of the war.

"But it was only for a moment. The man pulled his gun up, remarking, 'I am not going to stick my bayonet into salt water.' After this they stood for what seemed to us an age before they separated and moved off."

Two of the four—Alexander and Thurston—succeeded in swimming to one of the neighboring islands. There they found a boat, in which they put to sea, hoping to reach New Brunswick. They were recaptured, however, off Portland, a couple of days later, and landed in the jail of that city.

From this they attempted to escape by sawing through the iron bars of their cell door; but before they had made much

progress with the task they were sent back to Fort Warren. There they set to work to dig through a brick chimney, and had toiled several months when they discovered that the chimney was watched by a sentry on the outside.

Ultimately they were exchanged.

A FAIR FREE TRADER.

DIAMONDS at night were the wonderful eyes of her,

Luscious as balm were the love laden sighs of her,

Sweet was her breath as a breeze of the South ;

Many the joys and the exquisite blisses O

I drained from the wealth of the bountiful kisses O,

Sparkling like flames from her purple red mouth!

One evening this week while my beautiful blossom dear

Lay pensive at rest on my muscular bosom dear,

I bent with a smile o'er the winsome young maid,

And I asked her with all a true lover's precocity,

If she in our kisses preferred reciprocity;

"Oh, no!" she responded, "I'd rather free trade!"

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

As a rule bank checks are valuable not intrinsically, but only for what they represent, but the dealers from whom Mr. Gladstone purchases his books, it is said, sometimes elect to preserve the checks the great premier gives in payment, and exhibit them in triumph to their customers. When Mr. Howells received his first check for literary work (a poem published in the *Atlantic Monthly*), he was inclined to regard the magic slip of paper in this same reverent spirit for a time. But, so the story runs, it did not fill the full measure of his aspirations, for shortly after he demanded of an intimate friend, with much diffidence, but great earnestness:

"Jim, when you have a check for some money, how do you get the cash for it?"

The intricacies of this financial operation being explained, the amount of his check was placed to his credit in the bank.

The money was not destined, however, to form a part of Mr. Howells's ultimate estate, for shortly afterward he again repaired, somewhat embarrassed, to his more practical friend and asked in a quandary:

"Jim, when you have money in the bank, how do you get it out again?"

Since that time Mr. Howells has had little

difficulty either getting money into or out of a bank.

THE APPLE IN HISTORY.

APPLES seem to have had something fickle and untrustworthy in their nature. There is the Garden of Eden episode, only too sadly familiar to us all. Then the apple which William Tell, as we fondly believed in our youth, shot from his son's head, has been proven to be the baseless fabric of a legend; and now comes a Southern gentleman with the announcement that the apple tree of Appomattox is also a delusion and a snare so far as its claims to fame in connection with Lee's surrender go. This gentleman is the owner of the field in which the tree is supposed to have stood, and therefore his words are entitled to some weight.

"It is too bad, perhaps, to spoil this tradition, but it is purely a myth. General Lee came up with his army and encamped on that ridge you see yonder. Lee had hoped to get around by another road so as to get into Lynchburg, but he found that this could not be done. Sheridan had cut off his retreat by all the roads. General Lee had also received letters from General Grant suggesting the hopelessness of further hostilities, and when he saw Sheridan's army beyond him he realized the truth of that suggestion.

"I saw him ride down with his staff until they came nearly to the brink of the Appomattox creek. They halted right here, alongside of the orchard. Then they dismounted and went into the orchard, and somebody made a rough seat for General Lee out of fence rails. He was sitting under an apple tree, that one there near the bank. He seemed to be in consultation with his officers.

"At last one of the officers started out from the group with a white cloth tied to a stick, as it seemed to me. By and by there came from the Union army a group of officers who met General Lee and his staff in the field, just this side of the creek. I was told afterward that they had come to arrange with him for the meeting with General Grant in the afternoon. General Lee then returned to the orchard and sat for a while under the apple tree. Then he and his staff mounted their horses and rode back to the army.

"After the surrender was announced in the afternoon somebody started the story—I never could find out who—that Grant had met Lee in the orchard and that the surrender had been made under an apple tree.

That evening I saw scores and scores of Union soldiers in the orchard. In some way they had selected a particular tree, and before morning there was not even a fiber of its roots left. In getting the relics they had dug out this hole which you see here, and I have always left it just as they did on that night. I suspect that the story originated from the fact that the flag of truce was sent out while General Lee was sitting under that other apple tree nearer the road."

AN EVOLUTIONARY THOUGHT.

PERHAPS old Darwin's right, and man
A tail behind him once did drag;
In Twain, Bill Nye, and Eugene Field,
Still lives some of the wag.

THE LEGAL ASPECT OF HEADGEAR.

It was an old custom in English courts to have female witnesses and prisoners remove their bonnets. The reason for this was given in a neat reply to the query of a prisoner by Sir Edward Coke. It was at a murder trial, where the accused was a woman. She appeared before the court with her head covered, and Sir Edward ordered her to remove her hat, adding: "A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice."

The accused tartly replied: "It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man."

"It isn't strange at all," replied the judge, "for the reason that man, with his weak intellect, cannot discover the secrets which are known to God; and, therefore, in investigating truth, where human life is in peril, and one is charged with taking life, the court should see all obstacles removed. Besides, the countenance is often the index to the mind, and, accordingly, it is fitting that the hat should be removed, and therewith the shadow which it casts upon your face."

The hat of the prisoner was taken off, but she was allowed for modesty's sake (?) to cover her hair with a kerchief.

THE DUCHESS'S WATCH.

If all those who feel called upon to utter a reproof would do so in the gentle manner of England's queen, perhaps—but no, perchance offenders would then be multiplied.

When Her Majesty goes on her travels, says a press correspondent, if it be only across the street, she has to be accompanied by her retinue, all of whom have a smaller

retinue of their own. The moving of the court from Windsor to Osborne is worse than three fires and an earthquake, all happening at once. The queen loves to have all her pretty knick knacks around her, the comfortable easy chair in which she sits, her secretaire, sideboard, occasional table, cushions, hassocks, and the hundred and one things that furnish an ideal parlor. The royal chambers are practically stripped of everything except the carpet and pictures, and all those things have to be carted out of the rooms in the short time between Her Majesty's breakfast and the time she takes to put on her bonnet ready to start.

Upon one occasion the queen was all ready and had entered the carriage, when it was observed that the Mistress of the Robes, the late Duchess of Sutherland, was not in her place opposite the queen. The royal lady tapped her foot impatiently on the floor of the carriage and looked the annoyance which she too evidently felt at being kept waiting. A dozen people ran off in search of the absent one, who presently appeared, not walking, but positively running, while the perspiration streamed down her handsome face. She leaped into the carriage with the agility of a young fawn, scarcely daring to look into her royal mistress's face, and expecting a verbal explosion, such as will sometimes issue from the royal lips.

The queen, however, kept her temper, or, rather, recovered it, and with a smile of forgiveness remarked: "My dear duchess, I think your watch must be a very bad timekeeper. Let me give you a better one," and so saying Her Majesty took off her own "ticker" and handed it to the duchess, who could hardly restrain her tears at the kindly reproof, and who, it is needless to add, was invariably up to time ever after.

The story goes that she placed her resignation in Her Majesty's hands the next day; if she did so, it was not accepted, for she remained in her enviable position for many years after the incident.

A MISFIT RECITATION.

It seems difficult to realize that a certain leading exponent of farce comedy could ever be "rattled." But here is his own confession of it:

"You know I met Bopper in London," said he, "Bopper, who's a great card as a popular entertainer in the mansions of the rich and great. Well, one day, says he to me, 'How would you like to see some live duchesses and earls and things?' I told

him I hadn't brought my letters of introduction; but says he, 'A fig for letters! You know these English nobs are always on tiptoe for anything fresh and American, and anything more fresh and American than you are I don't believe could be furnished them at any price. Now I'm engaged to entertain at the Duchess of X——'s tonight; and if I take you along and introduce you as my friend the popular American comedian, I dare say you can reel 'em off a recitation or something, can't you? And the supper'll be royal!' That fetched me. I said he could count me in.

"Now you know I was never much on the recite, and it did occur to me once or twice that day that I'd taken a contract; but in an emergency I mostly emerge, and I didn't let it worry me. But that evening, about the time Bopper was presenting me to the Duchess of X——, I'll give in I was pretty limp. Of course I'm used to the highest social circles in America—yes, indeed! But there was something about those marble halls, so to speak—about the women and the diamonds, and the footmen and things, and I in the middle, making my little bow—well, to say I wasn't in it is to put it mildly.

"In about two minutes, it seemed to me, I heard it announced that the famous American comedian would now, etc. And there I was. Stage fright? Stage paralysis, more like! In the whole vast, uninhabited prairie of my intellect there loomed up just one thing, and that was an imbecile parody on 'Casabianca,' that began, 'The mule stood on the burning deck.' Might have passed muster on a up country canal boat—but there! Well, I went into it, driving along through that awful stuff; and the silence grew clammier and clammier, and my own voice sounded in hollow distance, and my collar wilted and ran down my back, and I could see Bopper glaring battle and murder at me from a corner.

"And I got through, at last, in a vacant squeak. The applause was not wild. And as I was sneaking away, with the idea of inquiring what parapet of London Bridge was most popular with suicides, the duchess bore down upon me with a wan smile. 'So very nice of you! So much obliged, I'm sure!' said she. 'But do you know that whenever I've heard those words recited before, I think it wasn't a mule that stood on the burning deck—I think it was a boy.'

"That finished me. I groped my way into some other gentleman's hat; and on my way home says I to myself, says I, 'I reckon my style is better adapted to Ameri-

can audiences. They know, anyhow, what kind of a fool a man is making of himself!'"

THE BIRD AND THE COIN.

By some 'tis said our emblem is the round almighty dollar,
While others say we meekly wear the haughty eagle's collar;
But 'tis quite plain to brainy men—to minds well trained and legal—
That we bow down to both of them in our great golden eagle.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE KISS.

It is serious sometimes to lose one's purse, it is often annoying to lose an article of wearing apparel, but imagine the state of mind of the young lady who lost her pocketbook on the Brooklyn Bridge not long since, conscious that the following slip was in it:

"Indulging in kissing to a certain extent is not detrimental to either health or love. We believe that fifty to a hundred kisses during an evening would do no harm. It isn't how often you kiss, but the manner of doing it that works the injury. For instance, there is one known as the 'dweller,' and we could cite several instances where young ladies have been suffocated, and in one instance the young man. There is one case on record where both became unconscious. But taking things all in all, let us by all means kiss when and as often as we can. It is far better than cigarette smoking, though it may be more expensive, for ice cream, tutti frutti and caramels must be paid for. Don't be slow, boys. Watch your chance, and take all you can."

DOUBTFUL PRAISE.

HAVE our readers ever heard of the elder who always included in his prayer meeting petitions a plea for the heathen living "in the uninhabited parts of the earth?" But the old man doubtless meant as well as did the old Scotch lady who was expatiating on the marvelous art of the late Mr. Spurgeon.

"The preacher had arrived, it appeared," says Mr. Winter, "at a place where he was to speak, and he had pleaded a headache as a reason for not speaking; but no substitute could be found and the famous orator was compelled to ascend the pulpit. 'And if you could only have heard him,' said this enthusiastic admirer to Mr. Winter, 'you wouldn't have thought he had a pain in his head—or anything else!'"

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

TO OUR READERS.

If you like this magazine—and we naturally assume that you do or you would not be readers of it—shall we not hope that you will now and again speak of it to your friends, who would perhaps find it a magazine to their taste? Little courtesies of this sort on the part of our readers are invaluable—they do for us what no advertising can accomplish. The best friends of a publication are its readers.

COLUMBUS DAY AND THANKSGIVING.

THE suggestion has been made that the anniversary of the discovery of America, whether the 12th or the 21st of October be considered as the proper day to celebrate, has a strong claim to rank with Independence Day and Washington's Birthday as a national holiday. It seems that there is a probability, or at least a possibility, that if the United States will thus honor the great Genoese explorer, the other American republics will follow the example, and Columbus Day will become a festival observed in common by every state on the two continents—a fact that would surely do something toward stimulating a sense of Pan-American sympathy.

In connection with this proposal we should like to revive the old suggestion that Thanksgiving might well be moved forward a little in the calendar. Why not hit these two birds with one stone by fixing on the 12th (or, if preferred, the 21st) of October as our day of rejoicing for the blessings of a fertile land?

The magnificent weather of the recent Columbus celebration in New York—weather quite characteristic of mellow mid-October—is far more befitting for a day of jubilee than the bleak, marrow cutting airs of late November. Thanksgiving in its present place has little significance and few distinctive points that are not found to a much greater degree in the Christmas holiday that succeeds it. Six weeks earlier it would come at the time when glorious

autumn is at her very best—and we have now no really autumnal holiday.

The crops are practically harvested at the earlier date, though the corn may still be unhusked and the humble but useful pumpkin be dotting the stubble fields with gold. It has been objected that turkeys are not "ripe for the table" in October; but we have excellent agricultural authority for the statement that there is no ground for alarm on this point. The markets would be just as full of fatted birds for an October Thanksgiving as for one in November.

Consolidation is a tendency of the day in business; why not, in this instance, apply it to our holidays and unite Thanksgiving and Columbus Day?

CRISES IN THE CHURCHES.

THE present month may be rendered memorable in the annals of religious thought as having brought to an issue the case that has been for a year and a half the burning question of the day in the Presbyterian church. The New York Presbytery, which last year refused to consider the charges against Dr. Briggs, is now compelled to do so by the orders of the General Assembly of the denomination, and the case comes up for trial early in November.

Both the opponents and the supporters of Dr. Briggs have abundantly proved that they are thoroughly in earnest. The questions at issue are questions that go to the very root of religious doctrine, and concern the primary sources of religious belief. The result of the renewed contest is awaited with the deepest and the widest interest.

The crucial point on which the General Assembly is on record as condemning Dr. Briggs is the verbal inerrancy of the Scriptures. An overwhelming majority of the church's governing body—the vote stood four hundred and forty against fifty nine—vetoed his appointment as professor of biblical theology at the Union Seminary on account of his avowed rejection of this doctrine. The voice of the church pronounced its disapproval of the critical

study of the book that should be of all books the most fruitful subject of study. It refused to admit that human understanding of revealed truth can have progressed or developed as has every other branch of man's intellectual and material power.

Against this verdict Dr. Briggs's adherents have taken a no less decisive stand. To quote from the remarkable manifesto issued by the most prominent of his colleagues, just before the Seminary first resolved to defy the Assembly's veto—a resolution recently and finally reaffirmed—they believe that "more light is yet to break from God's word. We would ever be found," they added, "upon the watchtowers to catch and transmit its rays. No theological school can take any other attitude without neglecting its duties to the present age and losing its hold upon the rising generation. That such a method may dissipate or modify certain traditional views as to the origin or date of the books of Scripture; that it may expose and correct certain long established errors of interpretation; that it may modify certain theological dogmas, is only what is to be expected."

Only second in importance to the case of Dr. Briggs is that of Dr. Heber Newton, which long seemed likely to become a burning issue in metropolitan Episcopalianism. It will be remembered that eighteen months ago several clergymen of the diocese memorialized Bishop Potter that there were abroad "grave and widespread rumors regarding alleged violations of the doctrine and discipline of the church" on Dr. Newton's part, and requested a committee of investigation. A committee was appointed, made a preliminary examination, and reported to the bishop, with the result that the charges have been pronounced insufficient, and dropped—at least for the present.

There is always a wide and deep sympathy ready to go out toward such men as Briggs and Heber Newton—admittedly men of the very foremost rank in their respective churches—when their colleagues attack them upon doctrinal grounds. The people at large are, consciously or uncon-

sciously, expecting and hoping to see the divisions of Protestantism develop a tendency toward a wider and not a narrower liberalism. They are coming to dwell more upon points of union than on points of dissension, and to think that persecution is an uglier word than heresy.

Three centuries ago Calvin, the revered



DR. CHARLES A. BRIGGS.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

founder of the Presbyterian system, had Servetus—a man almost his equal as a leader of the Reformation—burned at the stake for the heinous offense of differing from him on matters of theological doctrine. Dr. Parkhurst, who is certainly a loyal as well as an enlightened member of Dr. Briggs's communion, has declared, in a very striking sermon on this particular controversy, that the fiery precedent has—figuratively if not literally—been followed too often. "Orthodoxy, history through, has been happy in shedding the blood of heterodoxy. Of course, as civilization has advanced, modes of burning and burying alive have been modified and have assumed more æsthetic forms, but there is the same queer impulse back of it.



DR. R. HEBER NEWTON.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

"The church has always fought new ideas. It never subscribes to a discovery in science until it has to. It always widens its conceptions grudgingly and sulkily. The man who has a new understanding of things is always a hated man." A bold arraignment, truly—so bold that some of its sentences might have been uttered by an Ingersoll rather than by a Parkhurst. Yet seldom have more significant words been uttered in our pulpits.

It is impossible to fight against time, and time is on the side of liberal views and wider tolerance. The world has changed in three centuries. Progress is the grand law of humanity, not only in material things, but in ethics and even in religion.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE result of the triennial meeting of the governing body of the Protestant Episcopal Church has been principally of a negative character. Its chief work has

been the final formulation of a revised liturgy; and here the prevailing spirit was one of marked conservatism. Of the great number of amendments proposed none was adopted that had not the strongest claim to acceptance; and none of those that stood the test will make any change in the declaration of doctrine or any notable alteration of ritual. Indeed, the net result of the long mooted revision is so slight that it is thought the average worshiper will hardly notice the difference between the new prayer book and the old.

One of the rejected amendments, which proposed to omit the words "Protestant Episcopal" from the prayer book's title page, brought up the question of retaining or changing the present name of the church. It has been urged that the term "Protestant" has outlived its usefulness, and is unnecessarily militant at a time when the attitude of the body is no longer one of protestation. "The American Church" and "The Holy Catholic Church" are proposed titles that have found many advocates. But the motion was negatived in the House of Deputies, the majority of members apparently holding that the

old name is worth retaining although its derivational significance is no longer appropriate.

It had been vaguely hoped that the convention might do something in the direction of unity between the divided branches of Protestantism. It is undoubtedly true, as Dr. Huntington, the well known New York rector, told the deputies, that "the reunion of Christendom" is one of "the great questions destined to occupy the hearts of all Christians." Yet it is difficult to suggest what practical step can be taken toward the desired goal.

Organic unity is plainly impossible. In the case of the Episcopal body itself, for example, the first condition of coalition that other churches would propose would be the abandonment of its "historic episcopate." The demand would never be accepted. With the Baptists, again, the doctrine of immersion would prove an equally fatal stumbling block.

Probably the most and best that can be expected of the Episcopal divines would be a declaration of general Christian sympathy, comparable to that adopted four years ago by the Lambeth Conference in England—a recognition of the meaning of the text that declares, "There are different administrations, but the same spirit." A movement that has for its object the recognition of all denominations as parts of a universal Christian church, every member of which shall be ready to extend to its fellows a fraternal greeting and practical co-operation in the promotion of common causes—such a movement may do incalculable service to Christianity and the world.

The personnel of the Baltimore convention was a dignified one. New York, as befits the greatest center of Episcopalianism, was represented by a delegation of especial prominence and influence, including such leaders as Dr. Dix, of Trinity; Dean Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary; Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church; and President Low, of Columbia. It is worthy of note that the president of the House of Deputies is a New Yorker—Dr. Dix—and the chairman of the House of Bishops is a former New Yorker—for Dr. Neely is a native of the Empire State, a graduate of Hobart, and was one of Dr. Dix's assistants at Trinity when he was consecrated, twenty five years ago, to the bishopric of Maine.

THE DORÉ PICTURES.

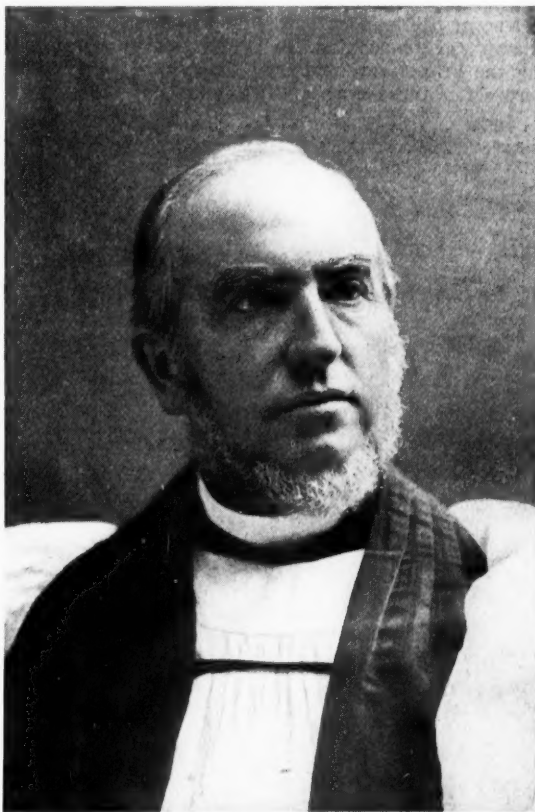
A COLLECTION of pictures now on exhibition in New York is noteworthy as giving an unusually complete conspectus of the work of a single artist—and that artist one of the most remarkable, in some respects, of his time.

Not that the canvases displayed at the Carnegie Music Hall are all, or anything like all, that Doré painted. He was probably the most prolific of all painters, the entire number of his productions, great and small, being stated at almost fifty thousand. The great extent of his work cannot be

accounted for, like Michael Angelo's, by the length of his career. His years were in number far nearer Raffaello's thirty seven than Michael Angelo's ninety.

He was born at Strassburg in 1833. His talents were extraordinarily precocious, and at eleven he was drawing cartoons for the French papers. At twelve he went to Paris, where he soon made his mark as an illustrator. Besides the pencil, he handled both the brush and the chisel with success. His canvases and his sculptures won him several prizes at the Parisian exhibitions, and when he died, in 1883, his reputation was world wide.

Of his vast number of drawings and paintings more than nine tenths were illustrations; but even his illustrations were executed on a considerable scale both as to size and as to elaboration. His ideal work, too, was great in its extent. He had a pe-



DR. HENRY ADAMS NEELY, PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF MAINE.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York

culiar fondness for huge canvases. Two of his most famous pictures—"Christ Leaving the Prætorium" and "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," both now in New York—are of the enormous dimensions of twenty by thirty feet, and several others are almost as large. Such works, which to other artists might have been a labor of years, Doré dashed off with a truly marvelous facility.

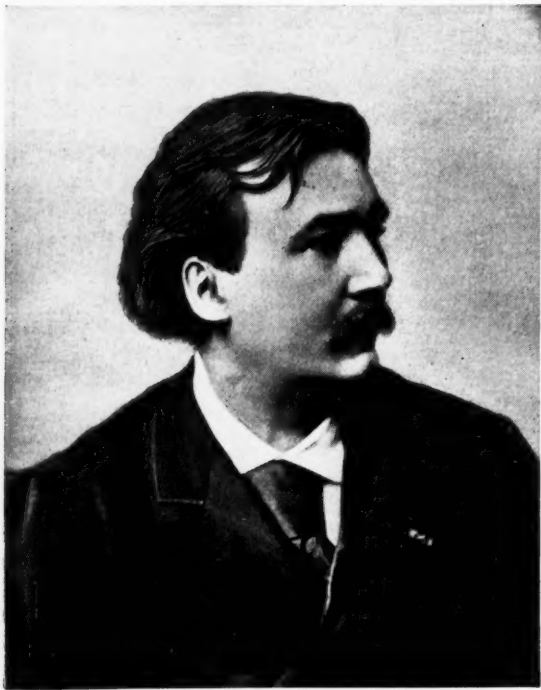
The story is told that while these canvases were on exhibition in London a Cockney mechanic who was gazing at them with rapt admiration remarked to his companion, "Ain't them there fine? Why, the paint on 'em must a' cost several pounds, let alone the young man's time a layin' of it on!" To a more intelligent observer they have many charms besides their wealth of coloring matter. The technique is not, of course, as perfect as that of a Meissonier miniature. Doré could not work on the scale of a scene painter without something of a scene painter's crudity. But they are triumphs of composition. In "Christ Leaving the Prætorium" and the "Entry into Jerusalem" there are literally hundreds of

figures, in a very turmoil of spirited and varied action, and yet in either case they are completely dominated by the central figure of the Saviour. The grouping and lighting are dignified and imposing.

That Doré could paint carefully is proved by some of his smaller pictures—figure pieces and landscapes. But his fame rests chiefly on his exuberant imagination, his rare power of dramatic expression, the strength of his grasp upon the sublime and the grandiose.

These qualities are admirably shown in some of his illustrative work. He did so much of it that not all is free from his besetting sins of haste and crudity, but in originality and power of conception it would be hard to name an illustrator who can be compared with him. His designs for "Don Quixote," "Paradise Lost," the "Inferno," and Tennyson's "Idyls" are widely known. The weird fantasies of Dante and Cervantes gave his pencil an especially congenial field.

All in all, Doré was certainly a very interesting figure in nineteenth century art. A very unique order of genius is revealed in his pictures.



PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ.
From a photograph.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

THE chief feature of the Presidential campaign now nearly closed is, to use a Hibernicism, its lack of features. Unless something extraordinary and unexpected shall develop in its last few days—as is scarcely possible—it will certainly rank as the quietest electoral contest since the war, and probably as the quietest since the beginning of our present system of party government.

The fact that both of the two great parties candidates for the Presidency are men of well known record and admittedly high personal character is no doubt a partial reason for the apparent lack of enthusiasm among the voters of the country. Beyond that, so far as it may indicate a deficiency of interest in public affairs, the phenomenon is one to be deplored; so far as it may be evidence that this is really the "campaign of education" of

which we have so often heard, rather than a contest of partisan excitement and personal bitterness, it is decidedly gratifying. The fullness of the vote cast on election day will perhaps throw light on this question.

There is a bare possibility that, as the would be promoters of campaign enthusiasm assure us, the approaching election will prove to be a landmark or a turning point in the history of our political parties. It is more likely, however, that victory or defeat at the polls will cause no important change in the principles, the attitude, and the clientele of Republicanism or Democracy. A revelation of great strength by the People's Party movement would be interesting; but it is hardly likely to occur.

Nor, again, has the contest brought to light any new political figures of first rate stature. The man to whose reputation it has added most has probably been William C. Whitney. Although Mr. Whitney modestly denies that it was he who nominated Mr. Cleveland, it is conceded that at least the manner of that nomination was his, and that no one else could have effected it with such dexterous diplomacy. And should the Democratic factions of the metropolis be "kept in line" up to the very day of election, the maintenance of "harmony" throughout a very intractable constituency will be justly ascribed, in great part, to the tact and skill of the Ex Secretary of the Navy.

MR. GLADSTONE'S GOVERNMENT.

WHILE politics in America has just reached its quadrennial acme of fervor, in England the cries of party warfare are in abeyance until the reassembling of Parliament. Then will begin the new government's attempt to accomplish the apparently impossible—to frame and pass a measure of Home Rule for Ireland that shall satisfy both of the two parties to the bargain of the Act of Union.

The octogenarian premier is of course the overshadowing figure of the cabinet that has succeeded Lord Salisbury's. It was his personality that won the electoral battle for his party, and the policy to which that party stands committed is preeminently his own. Next to him in interest, as holders of the most important official posts, and as the coming leaders of British liberalism, are Lord Rosebery and John Morley.

They are the two lieutenants whom Mr. Gladstone could not possibly spare. As foreign minister Lord Rosebery commands



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

the confidence of the country to an extent that no other statesman of his party can equal or even approach. He is young, as English public men go—in his forty sixth year; he has birth, wealth—both by inheritance and by his marriage to a daughter of Meyer Rothschild—literary talent, and practical ability proved by a previous foreign secretaryship and as chairman of the London County Council. His acceptance of his present post was an unwilling one, but the call was too urgent to be resisted.

John Morley is, personally, a more remarkable man than Lord Rosebery. A journalist and litterateur by training and instinct, he has come to play a peculiar part in public affairs. Born in Lancashire, a rich man's son, and educated at public school and college after the usual fashion of English youth, he won early distinction in letters. Till it became associated with Ireland and Irish questions, his name was always identified with the *Fortnightly Review*, of which he was the editor for twenty five years. For the last three of the twenty five he directed the *Pall Mall Gazette* too. He left both editorial chairs, ten years ago, to enter Parliament as member for the coal capital, Newcastle-on-Tyne. That, by the way, was a little more than fifty years after Mr. Gladstone's first appearance at Westminster.



JOHN MORLEY.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Mr. Morley is a man of fifty four, a Londoner by residence—his home is in Chelsea—a student, a philosopher, a freethinker. It is strange that one of such a type should be the one English politician who as Irish Secretary is thoroughly acceptable to the representatives of Ireland's nationalist aspirations. He is the only member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet who stands outside of all religious denominations. Of the Catholic Church, like his chief, he has written in severe criticism; and yet an essentially Catholic movement regards him as its friend, and even as indispensable to its success. Unlike his chief, he is not a man to be swayed by enthusiasm for the cause of an oppressed, or supposedly oppressed, nationality; nor is he one likely to sanction any socialistic experiments with property rights. And yet he is the repository of much of the hope and trust of a party whose rallying cry is "Ireland, a nation," and to whom landlords are an abhorrence.

The presence of an Englishman at the head of a department charged with the administration of the government of Ireland is an anomaly that has become an invariable feature of British cabinets. The offices whose functions are confined to Scotland are assigned to Scotchmen—or at least such semi Scotchmen as the present Secretary for Scotland, Sir George Trevelyan, the nephew of Macaulay. But in recent years there has been no Irish Secretary. No premier has ventured to give the post either to a north of Ireland Tory or to a Home Ruler—nor, probably, would the latter have accepted it if offered. The recent incumbents whose names are remembered are Mr. Forster, an able and amiable man to whom the irony of circumstances gave the truculent nickname "Buckshot"; Lord Frederick Cavendish, butchered ten years ago in the awful tragedy of Phoenix Park; Sir George Trevelyan, now Scotch Secretary; and the scholarly and sarcastic Balfour, on whom his somewhat acrimonious opponents but partially succeeded in

fastening a bloodthirsty reputation. To a post that proved literally fatal to the two former, and perilously trying to the two latter, Mr. Morley succeeds at a crisis that renders him the observed of all political observers.

A figure to which Mr. Gladstone's cabinet making has given added prominence is that of Henry Labouchere, M. P. for Northampton, and editor and owner of *Truth*, the London "society" weekly. The prominence comes by reason not of his inclusion, but of his exclusion. That Mr. Labouchere is one of the ablest members of his party is well known. But he is too erratic for a high administrative office. In his youth he is said to have traveled through Mexico with a circus, spent six months in the tents of a Chippewa tribe in Minnesota, and achieved several other exploits sufficiently curious for a Cambridge graduate and the heir to a considerable fortune; and though with advancing years

—he is past sixty now—he has sobered down a good deal, his closest friends rarely venture to predict what he will do next.

Mr. Gladstone does not seem to share President Harrison's penchant for appointing editors to office. No member of his government holds a position on the press, and he preferred to leave Mr. Labouchere as a free lance, if not a guerrilla, rather than to make him a colleague in the administrative harness.

THE MOVEMENT FOR BETTER ROADS.

It is gratifying to see that the movement for better wagon roads is attracting a constantly increased degree of attention and support. The public spirited individuals who are keeping the subject before the public have drawn a crushing and absolutely unanswerable indictment against the existing system of road making and road maintenance, and their work is already beginning to bear practical fruit.

It is a familiar fact that throughout a great part of the United States there are six weeks or thereabouts at the beginning of winter, and as much at the beginning of spring, when the country roads are almost universally impassable. Now statistics show that there are on the farms of the whole Union more than sixteen million horses and mules over two years of age. To keep these in idleness costs at least four million dollars a day.

But the total figures of the loss are far larger than that. A horse can draw at least twice as large a load on a properly constructed highway as on the average dirt road as we know it; therefore half of the existing number of draught animals would be sufficient to do all the hauling of farm produce in the country, under an improved method of road building. But supposing that only one eighth of the present total could be rendered unnecessary, the saving in the cost of their keep is calculated at more than a hundred million dollars annually, apart from the value of the

animals, which would more than double that figure.

We are going through the same experience on this point that England went through sixty or seventy years ago. The pioneer road builder of the world was Rome, whose splendid highways, stretching from the Eternal City to every quarter of her mighty empire, made her the central point of civilization. Of these highways many were destroyed or abandoned during the dark ages, but many remained to become the models of later road makers.

Of these there were none in England worthy of the name before the days of Macadam and Telford. The former declared that his predecessors had never had "any other idea of repairing a road than bringing a great quantity of material and shooting it on the ground"—precisely the plan too long followed in this country. Roads were controlled by "parish management," and the farmers commonly "worked



HENRY LABOUCHERE.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE.

From a photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.

out" their road taxes—again a too familiar system. Not until 1835 did Parliament, after several years of agitation from outside, pass the general highway act, under which works already begun were continued and extended until in 1868 the mileage of good "carriageable" roads in the United Kingdom was estimated at 160,000.

This improvement of her road system, together with her extensive canal construction and her position as the pioneer in the introduction of railroads, was a powerful if not a determining factor in the development that made England the greatest manufacturing and trading center of the world.

France, too, has been immensely benefited by her good roads. They are under the direct control of the government *Bureau des Ponts et Chaussées* (Department of Bridges and Roads), which maintains a hundred and thirty thousand miles of the finest highways in the world, and spends about eighteen millions of dollars annually

—an amount undoubtedly trifling in comparison to its results. Ease of intercommunication has certainly contributed to the prosperity and contentment that are the rule among the rural people of France.

Ocean transportation costs, on ordinary freight, about one eighth of a cent per ton per mile. Railroad rates in this country, where they are exceptionally favorable to the shipper, are as low as half a cent. But over a dirt road, even if in fair condition, the cost is not less than from twenty to twenty five cents per ton per mile, and if the roads are bad it may be three or four times as much; while it could be cut in half by the introduction of well constructed highways. Farmers who complain of the exactions of the railroads might do well to consider the extravagance of poor wagon roads. And the interests of the farmer are the same as those of the consumer—that is, of everybody; for it is a simple economic axiom that the consumer must pay the cost of production and of transportation on every article he purchases. The

average farmer—on the authority of Senator Peffer of Kansas—is five miles from a station. It now costs him as much to carry his grain to the cars as to send it two hundred and fifty miles by rail.

But the benefits to be derived from good roads are manifold, and not all of them can be reckoned in dollars and cents. During the season of impassable highways a country house is practically a prison whose inmates are shut off from intercourse with the outer world. Firm and well drained roadbeds would do away with this. Ease of intercourse has social and intellectual as well as commercial possibilities. In more ways than one it renders rural life profitable and pleasant, increases trade and travel, and enhances the value of farms and homesteads. The boarder from the city, the sportsman, the pedestrian, the cyclist—these are visitors whom bad roads repel, and the countryman is learning that they are worth attracting.

The cyclist is especially dependent upon

smooth highways, and it is as the cyclists' champion that Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston, is taking the lead in the movement for road improvement. Colonel Pope, with commendable foresight and public spirit, is calling attention to the great opportunity for popular education on this subject offered by the approaching World's Fair. Very much might certainly be accomplished by an exhibit that should show to the myriads who will flock thither from all over the Union the methods, the materials, and the results of scientific road making. There are to be a few samples and models bearing on these matters scattered through five different buildings. Colonel Pope urges that to be effective they should be grouped together, and reinforced with educational exhibits that will teach twenty million people how good highways are constructed.

Colonel Pope is moving in this matter with an energy that should bring results. A bill is to be presented to Congress at the approaching session to authorize the expenditure of \$100,000 on a building for such a display. It is to be hoped that the idea will be adopted. If the World's Fair brought the movement for good roads to the realization of its aims, it would have repaid all its cost even if it accomplished nothing more.

BROKEN WILLS.

It has become almost a matter of course, latterly, that when the owner of a great fortune dies the possession of his estate should be a bone of legal contention. The latest conspicuous instance of this sort is the dispute over the will of the late Daniel Fayerweather, the New York merchant who amassed five or six millions in the leather trade and left it to various charitable and educational institutions. The terms of his will bequeathed two millions to certain specified charities, and gave the residue absolutely to his executors, whom he had before his death directed to devote it to similar purposes. Action was brought by the widow to break the will on the ground of alleged "mental incapacity and undue influence," but before the suit had gone far it was withdrawn. A compromise had been effected whereby the trustees gave up a portion of the estate to the widow and other kinsmen. For the remainder they proceeded to draw up deeds of gift in favor of sixty or seventy charitable organizations.

But the matter was not to end thus. Mrs. Fayerweather died in July last, and a relative of hers thereupon brought a motion to

revive the suit on the original grounds of action. The motion was granted by the Supreme Court two or three weeks ago, and the whole estate may be said to be once more "in chancery." How long it will remain in that unsatisfactory condition, what share will ultimately reach the objects to which its late owner intended to devote it, and how much will be absorbed in the expensive luxury of a prolonged litigation, it is quite impossible to predict.

Following so closely upon the overthrowing of Samuel J. Tilden's great public bequest, this Fayerweather case prompts the inquiry whether it be not a waste of time for a rich man to make a will. If Mr. Fayerweather had sufficient mental capacity to amass five millions of dollars in commerce, but not enough to make a proper disposition of his money, how shall other men feel any confidence in the security of their testamentary arrangements? The Tilden case is still more disquieting. Mr. Tilden was known as one of the most expert and sagacious masters of financial law in the financial center of America. He had prepared, or examined and approved, great railroad leases and mortgages involving hundreds of millions of dollars, and none of them has been found defective. He had very probably framed valid wills for many other testators. He was known, too, as one of the keenest and shrewdest politicians of the day, and his judgment in acquiring and investing his fortune made him many times a millionaire. If such a man, with all his knowledge of men and things, and with his especial mastery of the legal side of finance, failed to make an invulnerable will, how can others tell what will become of their money when they are dead?

And the answer is that they cannot—at least as far as bequests to charity or public purposes are concerned. Of course many such bequests are being made, and either paid without question or, occasionally, tested and found valid; but too many others, in whose regularity the testators no doubt had no less implicit trust, are found defective and annulled. To so fine a point has nineteenth century legal ingenuity been sharpened, that if it can once get a will into court it can generally find in the document some weak point where its keen edge can be inserted with fatal results.

The survival of a portion—a greatly diminished portion—of the Tilden library fund is owed to what may be called chance—that is, to the extraneous fact that Mr. Tilden's niece is a lady possessed of public

spirit. The fund is indeed no longer the Tilden bequest, but an entirely new gift of which Mrs. Hazard, and not Mr. Tilden, was the donor.

Mr. Tilden and Mr. Fayerweather would have been far wiser had they followed the example of Peter Cooper, of Senator Stanford, of the late Mr. Pratt, and other founders of great public institutions who have carried out their philanthropic projects during their own lives. As "Matthew Marshall," the writer of the *New York Sun's* clever weekly essays on finance, said about a year ago: "A man who wishes to invest his money in any other way than in giving it to his children or to his immediate blood relations, had better do it himself in his lifetime than by his last will and testament. He will thus deservedly get the credit of a voluntary rather than an involuntary act of munificence; he will be sure that his gifts go as he intends them to go, and he will enjoy seeing their good results; whereas, if he postpones action until after his death he never can be sure that his testamentary intentions will take effect, and he certainly will never witness the fruits of his bounty."

This puts the matter, perhaps, a little too much on the ground of self interest; but it certainly points out the most satisfactory method of carrying out charitable designs.

LITERARY NECROLOGY.

WHEN great men die there is always a feeling that they have left behind them none worthy to fill their places; that a light has gone out and left the world in darkness. Yet as time passes, and the first sense of loss is over, we find that our fears were greater than they need have been; that the world's work and the world's thought go on; that new lights arise in the intellectual firmament; that the law of genius is a continuous one.

It is, however, hard for the lover of literature to find such consolation at a time when the obituary of a few weeks shows such names as:

George William Curtis, August 31.

John Greenleaf Whittier, September 7.

Ernest Renan, October 2.

Alfred Tennyson, October 6.

Rare as are the men whose places cannot be filled, how shall the lofty seats these writers held in the temple of literature find new tenants?

France has no second Renan—no master of a literary style quite so sparkling, no leader of thought so influential with his countrymen as the author of the "Life of

Jesus." Still less can England find a successor to Tennyson. The contrast between the dead poet's greatness and the little reputations of those suggested for the vacant laureateship is indeed a marked one. Robert Buchanan, Alfred Austin, Austin Dobson, William and Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Theodore Martin—what a falling off is here after Alfred Tennyson! Even Swinburne, undoubtedly the foremost survivor as far as poetic genius goes, is small beside the silent master. When the newspapers recounted the names of these possible successors, there were not a few, even among those who would not care to be ranked among the illiterate, who inquired what Swinburne has written. For the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Songs Before Sunrise" has made, in comparison with Tennyson, but very little impression on the mind of the age. He is a singer for the few; he has no touch of Tennyson's power to move the heart of a race.

Human genius is continuous, but not evenly continuous. It has its rises and lapses, its ebbs and flows. The present is certainly, in English poetry, a time of low tide—just such a time as that in which Tennyson won his first laurels. Byron, Shelley, and Keats had passed away within three years of one another; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Moore were alive, but all were well beyond fifty, and all had passed their poetic prime. The field was clear for the group of singers whose appearance may be dated at about the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign—Tennyson and Browning the leaders in England, and Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier the chiefs of a contemporary school in America.

With Tennyson's death that chapter of literary annals ends. The poet of the "May Queen" and the "Light Brigade"—ballads so literally household words that they are almost too trite to name; of such still finer idyls as "Dora" and the "Lord of Burleigh"; of the "Idyls of the King," the one epic of the century that has been read; of "In Memoriam," the best loved and most quoted of religious poems; the man who has done, as perhaps no other poet ever did, work of large extent and high excellence in almost every branch of his art—this man has passed into history, and there is none on whom his mantle has fallen.

America's recent loss has been no less severe. The deaths of Whittier and Curtis, following those of Whitman (March 12, 1892) and Lowell (August 12, 1891), have

left vacancies in our world of letters that will be hard to fill. In a sketch of Mr. Whittier that appeared in this magazine as recently as last June, it was said that "of the goodly company of writers and thinkers that made the middle decades of this century the first notable era of American literature there remain today but two survivors." There is now but one. Dr. Holmes, who has passed his eighty third birthday, is the last of the famous coterie that won for Boston her former literary primacy. He is, too, it is interesting to note, the last but one of the group of famous men who were born in the year 1809. His fellow survivor is Mr. Gladstone; among those who have passed away are Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin, Tennyson, Monckton Milnes, and Alfred de Musset.

Eight years ago the *Critic* formed, by a vote of its readers, an "Academy" of the forty foremost American litterateurs. Dr. Holmes's name stood first on the list. Next came James Russell Lowell's; then Whittier's. George William Curtis was sixth. It is strange that of these six leaders three should have been taken away by death within so brief a space.

WHAT DEATH IS.

"WHAT sensations are experienced at the moment of death?" or, in plainer language, "How does it feel to die?" is a question that has received some contemporary discussion. It is certainly a subject of universal import.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,

and there are few for whom speculation on the nature of death has not a fascination.

The prevailing opinion of death is, no doubt, that it is a moment of supreme anguish, of darkness and horror. Man has an innate dread of it. The instinct of self preservation, as we term it, is one of the strongest and most natural impulses of the mind. It is powerful even in those to whom existence might be supposed to be worthless. The crippled beggar holds to life, as it were, with the most tenacious grip of which his palsied fingers are capable. The criminal sentenced to hopeless toil in a narrow cell, and without hope of release, rejoices that he has escaped the gallows. A Schopenhauer may proclaim that existence is an evil, and yet all the world clings to it—because it is afraid of death.

Legend, allegory, and poetry have painted gloomy pictures of the King of Terrors, as they call him. Milton tells how "Death grinned horrible, a ghastly

smile." Bunyan describes the grewsome horrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Quotations might be multiplied *ad libitum* to show how firmly the idea of death as an awful monster is rooted in tradition and literature.

Yet such evidence as can be gained from actual experience is directly contrary to this notion. Of course the testimony of an individual who has actually died can never be secured, the pretended feats of the spiritualists to the contrary notwithstanding. But many men have—generally through drowning or some other form of suffocation—stood on the threshold of dissolution, and have recovered consciousness after the vital spark has seemed to be extinct, and perhaps has to all intents and purposes been extinct. The *Pall Mall Gazette* recently published a letter from a correspondent to whom such an adventure had fallen.

He related that he was skating on a frozen lake when without an instant's warning he fell through an unseen air hole. The impetus of his motion carried him for some distance under the thick ice, against which his head struck as he rose from his first downward plunge. Then came a struggle for life—a struggle to escape death. "I gasped and swallowed a great deal of water," he writes. "I felt my lungs filling. A moment of suspense, during which I knew perfectly well I was drowning, intervened; and then—I died. I was drowned and dead. Just before I died, however, I noticed—deliberately noticed, for I am psychological by nature—that my whole past life did not come up; as I had been given to understand it would, in a single flash before me."

He describes his sensations, during the moments that intervened before he lapsed into total unconsciousness, as neither horrible nor terrifying. He found himself in a dreamy state, of which he only remembers that it was a pleasurable relief from the struggle that preceded it. Death as he knows it "isn't half as bad as breaking your arm or having a tooth drawn. In fact, the actual dying itself, as dying, is quite painless; as painless as falling asleep."

Before he actually died, it is hardly necessary to add, he was brought from under the ice and resuscitated, although when he was recovered there was no perceptible action of heart or lungs, and, as he puts it, "there was nothing more to happen to me to make me any deader."

Similar testimony has been given by the

New York *Sun* on the authority of several others who have felt the insensibility of death. One of them was a Californian who was twice hanged by a lynching party and twice apparently suffocated beyond restoration to life. Another was picked up for dead after a fall, and a third had passed through the coma of a seemingly mortal fever. All of them agreed that the moment of passage from the seen to the unseen world is not merely painless, but actually pleasant; and the *Sun* draws the conclusion that "such real knowledge as we have on the subject shows that 'man makes a death that nature never made,' and that the fear of dying is death's most awful feature, if not indeed its only terror."

But in all this evidence there lies a fatal weakness in the fact that of course not one of the witnesses actually died. They were snatched back from the jaws of death before the spark of life had actually left their bodies, or they would never have been able to tell of their sensations. We are brought back to our starting point; neither the dead nor the living can say what death is.

Medical science is little given, as a rule, to psychological speculation. To the physician a man whose vital functions have finally ceased is dead. Yet the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* quotes a doctor as speaking thus:

"I have stood by the deathbed of men who told me they were going to hell, and saw them pass peacefully to their long sleep. I have looked at their dead faces a few minutes later and saw thereon a look of fear, of horror, that was not visible when the heart gave its last faint throb and then stood still. I have had others tell me almost with their last breath that they were going to heaven. They passed away with wan, weary faces that were pitiful to contemplate, but before they became rigid a smile sweet as an angel's dream overspread the pallid features. The deep lines of suffering faded out, the aged looked almost youthful, the weary and worn became fresh and radiant.

"What causes this change, which every physician has noticed? When does death occur? We say when the animal machinery stops, when the breath and pulse cease. That is what the doctor calls death, but it may not really be death after all. The spirit may not leave the body, may not take its departure from earth with the last breath, the last faint heart beat. It may cling for some moments to its shattered tenement before it takes flight, before it faces those terrors or enters into those

transcendent glories which the poet has painted.

"The death of the body, with which doctors only deal, may be but the prelude to a more important act, the departure of the spirit. Science has gone far, but it has not yet lifted the veil of mystery which the Almighty has hung over the couch of death."

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

A NEWS item that appeared in the daily press a few weeks ago stated that a judge in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, had refused to naturalize an applicant who did not know the name of the President and had never heard of the United States constitution.

It is remarkable that such a refusal should be considered sufficiently extraordinary to be worth telegraphing by the news associations. It is the right and the duty of every judge before whom applicants for citizenship come to make adequate inquiry into their fitness, and to reject all those who do not show an understanding of the government to which they proffer allegiance. Of the tens of thousands of immigrants who seek naturalization each year, undoubtedly a considerable proportion are utterly unworthy of the privilege, especially in these latter years when we are receiving from Europe the very lowest elements of her population. The cases in which citizenship is refused should number thousands, instead of being so exceptional as to be individually reported in the newspapers.

In New York alone over ten thousand aliens were naturalized during September and October. The spectacle presented during the "rush" to the courts of record was not one to gladden those who honor American citizenship. Of course it was mainly an affair of politics. Each of the two leading parties had its "naturalization bureau" near the court rooms, and each strained every nerve to make the product of its "vote factory" as large as possible. The method of operation is a carefully systematized one. Eligible candidates are "drummed up" in all quarters of the city by the district leaders and their lieutenants, and sent to the party bureau with a card that entitles them to its gratuitous services. At the bureau, if necessary—and it very frequently is necessary—they are put through a laborious process of what college boys call "cramming," until they can reply to the following questions:

What form of government is the United States?

Who makes the laws of the United States?

Who makes the laws of the State of New York?

Who is the highest official in the land?

Who is the highest officer in the State?

The correct answers to this difficult series of conundrums being firmly fixed in their minds, the would-be citizens are marshaled in squads of three or four, and ordered to "follow the gentleman with the papers." The "gentleman with the papers" is a clerk, who conducts them to the court room, with their witnesses and their "first papers." He also attends to the payment of the necessary fees.

Just before the last registration days three courts—two State and one Federal—devoted the whole of their time to naturalization, and each passed an average number of three hundred applicants daily. Very few were rejected.

"My idea," the New York *Sun* quotes one of the judges as saying, "is this. If a man comes before me who, from his appearance and his own and his witnesses' testimony, impresses me as a sober, industrious man, anxious to acquire the privilege of citizenship, he is not to be put through a civil service examination. Of course, if he cannot answer the few political questions I ask him, or his witness fails to give satisfactory testimony, I refuse to sign the certificate. That does not happen often."

That the justice relaxed his vigilance because, as happened to be the case, he was a candidate for reelection a few weeks later, we do not believe. No doubt he was fully as strict as are most of the judges who pass upon applications for citizenship. If, as many think, American citizenship is a privilege too lightly regarded and too readily bestowed, the fault lies with the laws that regulate the existing system of naturalization.

THE RESTRICTION OF MARRIAGE.

THERE are few thinking people who have not had this question forced upon them by the many sights of poverty and disease and crime that come before their notice. Only to the idiot and the raving maniac is marriage forbidden by our laws. The criminal whose crimes may be of the most cruel and revolting nature is free, so far as the statute law goes, to marry and become the father of children who by the laws of heredity would naturally possess his evil tendencies. And the bad blood of the father in this last case is not all. The ex-

ample and the influence of such a parent would in themselves be enough to convert a family of well born children into a family of criminals.

Statistics assert that insanity is steadily increasing among the peoples of the civilized world, and yet there is no statute to prevent the marriage of persons in whose family madness is a settled characteristic. There is no law to say that the drunkard, however low he may have sunk in degradation, shall not marry and beget another generation of drunkards. Neither are there any restraints to prevent one whose immoral life has vitiated his blood with an ineradicable poison from transmitting the taint to posterity and foisting upon the world crippled and disease born children.

A shiftless man whose family for generations has been marked by extreme poverty—who has not the fiber, the energy, the pride, to rise above the wretched condition in which he was reared, marries, and all the misery of his own life is repeated in the lives of his starving, half clad children.

And thus poverty and crime and disease spread their poison in the lifeblood of the nation, and the laws of our land are silent. And why? Why should sentimentality stand in the way of moderate and reasonable restrictions of the marital relation, when so great a good would follow proper legislative enactments on this problem?

That the idea of restricting marriage should be at first thought repulsive to human nature is but natural, for the axe would seem to strike at the very root of man's liberty. But the same is true of other restrictions that have been enacted with the advance of civilization. Whenever a new barrier has been set up by law it is likely to seem a too rigid one at first, and to be unjustly coercive of the class for whom it was designed. After it has stood, however, for a period of years and its resultant effect is demonstrated to be advantageous to the social fabric, then the repressive side of the measure loses its disagreeable aspect and the people marvel that its enactment was so long delayed.

Are there many offenses more cruel, more far reaching in the misery and suffering they cause, than that of bringing into this world crime cursed children, or infants with whom disease began with their very conception? If restrictions bearing on evils of less danger to the community have been fruitful of good results, why should not like barriers be erected against this greater, inestimably greater danger to our social life?

There is no subject more worthy of serious consideration than the marital problem, and it is safe to assert that there is none on which less thought is bestowed. Had the pulpit given more attention in the last half dozen centuries to this vital and ever timely topic instead of wearying its congregations with fruitless discussions on such themes as the fall of Adam, it would have educated public sentiment to a higher plane of thought on a matter that bears so intimate a relation to the future of the race.

The purity and health and strength of the world for each succeeding generation must depend upon the discretion of the one that precedes it. Millions of men would respond to our country's call were its honor in danger, giving their lives cheerfully to perpetuate its existence for the present generation and those that are to come. But what is the percentage of these men whose heroism is of so fine a type as to lead them to deny themselves the marital relation because of the disease that they have inherited or brought upon themselves? What is the percentage that would make this denial, thinking of offspring with dwarfed intellect, deformed bodies, or an enfeebled constitution that forbodes an early grave?

A thin chested, hollow cheeked man with shrunken figure, whose ancestors have fallen victims to that dread disease consumption, marries and becomes the father of children who bears the marks of death upon their tiny features when they are born into the world. Think of this man, deliberately, or thoughtlessly if you please, becoming a father, and judge of the depth of his crime—a crime that is little less than that of the murderer of his own children.

When public sentiment has been awakened on this subject by the pulpit and the press, the two great agencies of popular education, sickness and disease will diminish, puny men and weak women will be fewer in numbers, and the occupation of physicians will dwindle to an insignificant proportion of its present dimensions.

Apropos of this may be noted some remarks recently made by Dr. W. M. L. Fiske of Brooklyn before the Homeopathic Medical Society of New York. "The great question," he declared, "which we are trying to and must solve, is how to prevent the increase of the unfit. Heredity is responsible for many of the diseases and much of the crime and pauperism of our communities.

"When we realize what an immense amount of capital is invested every year

for the improvement of our live stock, even our dogs, and then see with what blind, thoughtless, wicked recklessness people enter into marital relations, the contrast makes it appear absolutely criminal. It is our duty to point out, wherever and whenever possible, the dangers of heredity, and the teachers in our schools and colleges should be thoroughly posted, that they may impress upon the young the necessity for purity in everything relating to their lives. And yet, with all the pleading, and all the warning that you and I may give to those about to enter the married state, our advice, ninety nine times out of a hundred, is set aside, and incongruous marriages are consummated that are outrages upon posterity."

THE news of Mrs. Harrison's death, received just as we go to press, will cause a feeling of deep and universal sympathy to go out toward the President from all over the country, and indeed from all over the civilized world.

The fierce light that beats about such places of honor as the White House has never revealed in the President's wife any traits save worthy and amiable ones. She was known to be a true and sterling woman in every family and social relation. Through nearly forty years of married life, not all of which were years of ease and prosperity, she was a loyal helpmeet to her husband. In their early struggles she bore her part with wise counsel and old fashioned domestic thrift. She cared tenderly for her children and for her children's children. When professional success and political promotion came, she wore the honors of an exacting position with tact, modesty, and dignity. She made the home life of the White House a model for every home in the land.

At such a loss no earthly compensation can assuage the grief of a bereaved one who has sought and found happiness in the affection of his family. Worldly ambitions are lost sight of, and the question of political success or defeat becomes a matter of little moment. Only if the electoral contest now nearly closed had been waged with rancorous personalities, those responsible for it would have had cause for bitter self reproach. That such has not been the case is a subject for general congratulation at a moment when partisanship is forgotten beside the open grave.



“AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS.”
From the painting by Lorenz Alma Tadema—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.